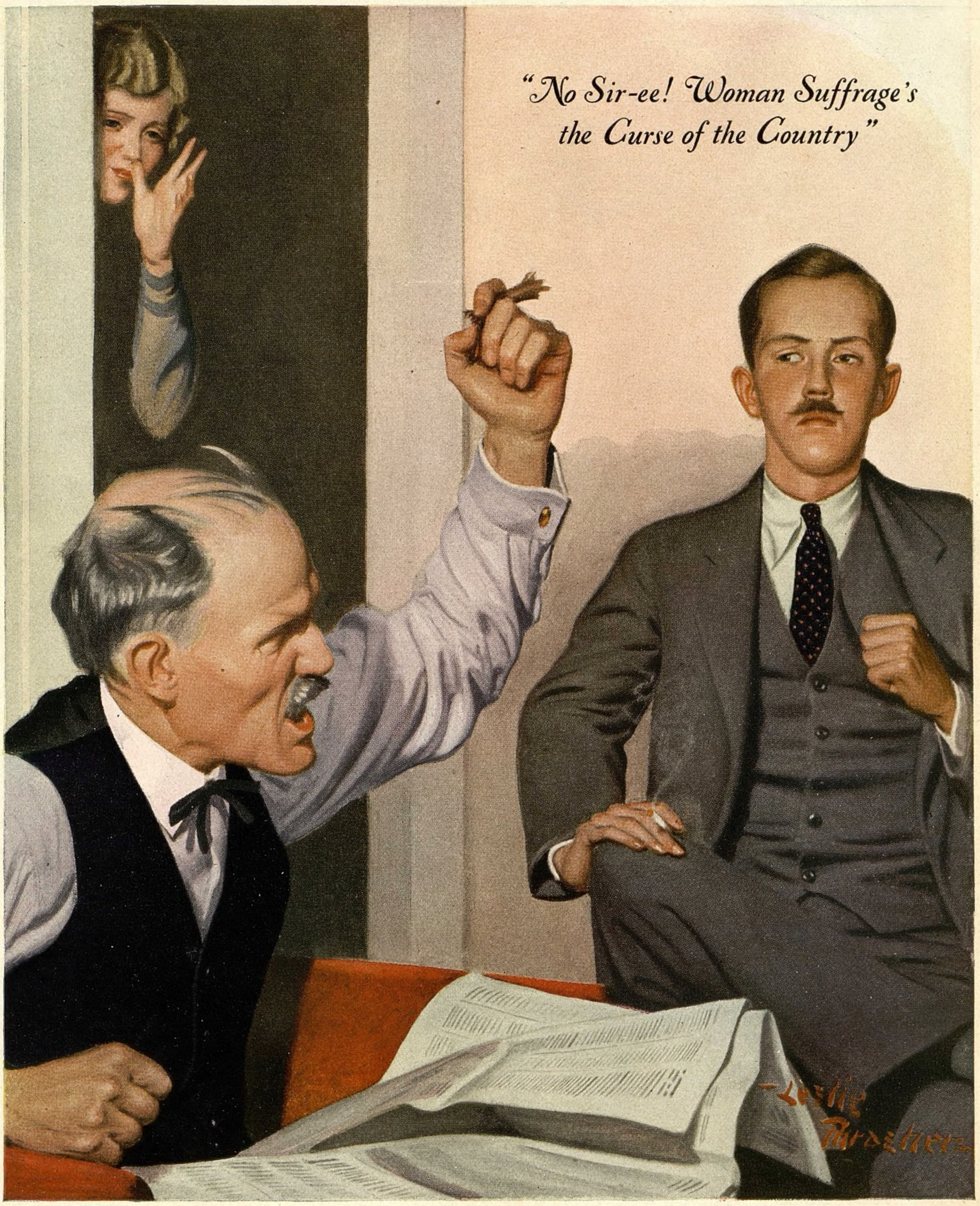
WEEK ENDING OCT. 13, 1928

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

## *"No Sir-ee! Woman Suffrage's the Curse of the Country"*



DELMAR ~ MORRIS ~ CHAMBERS ~ ECKERSALL ~ GREEN

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
Had a wife and said: "I'll *keep* her!"
Put her in a pumpkin shell
With Double Mint to keep her well!

*MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE*

Taste the New and Better Peppermint flavor in **WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT.**

There's enjoyment *and benefit* in this delicious, lasting sweet.

It aids appetite and digestion—cleanses the mouth, sweetens the breath.

I-67A

***After every meal***

MAJOR DOUBLE MINT,
Wrigley Building, Chicago.
Please send me a message from the Magic Isle, home of the Wrigley Spearmen, with samples of Wrigley's and cut-out figures of the Wrigley Spearmen.

Name .....

Street and Number or Box .....

Town and State .....

*This coupon must be sent in before December 31, 1928.*

# Does she dare approach marriage *without knowing the truth about feminine hygiene?*

***This new booklet is the surest, quickest means of getting the facts.***

MARRIAGE brings many new ideas and new outlooks to the young wife. In most ways she has prepared herself for the new responsibilities. Yet how often does she approach the new life blindly so far as the intimate matter of feminine hygiene is concerned.

On no other subject is it easier to get incorrect or misleading information. But in this enlightened day the truth *can* be obtained. Thousands of women have found the answer to this most perplexing problem in the frank little booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene."

### *Misinformation has caused untold harm*

This booklet has one very definite purpose—namely, to banish once and for all time the dangers which have transformed a wholesome and cleanly routine into a serious menace. No wonder women have been filled with dread. Desiring the utmost in cleanliness, they have been advised to use an antiseptic of germ-killing strength. But to the question "What antiseptic?" the answer has always been "*This poison!*"

Physicians alone can tell what deadly harm has resulted from the continual use of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid. They *know* of the hardening of delicate membranes—of the formation, in countless cases, of irreparable areas of scar-tissue.

But can real surgical cleanliness be attained without resort to poisonous antiseptics? *Most assuredly it can!* Today there is a preparation called *Zonite*, an antiseptic which physicians as well as thousands of women regard as a godsend.

**In Millions of Homes**

**Discovered during the World War, Zonite today serves mankind in a more vital struggle—that against disease. It is in millions of homes. The everlasting enemy of germ-life! The sure protector of human-life!**

### *Why Zonite is recommended for feminine hygiene*

Zonite will not injure sensitive membranes. Zonite will not cause areas of scar-tissue. Zonite is absolutely non-poisonous, non-irritating and non-injurious. Yet it is a true germ-killing antiseptic, actually *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Think of it! The utmost in protection without the slightest risk!

### *The free booklet gives more complete information*

Be sure to write for the free booklet "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This booklet discusses its vital subject frankly and with scientific thoroughness. In a *refined* way. Simply send the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

* * *

*Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, sunburn or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tubes, 50c.*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 30D

*Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.*

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

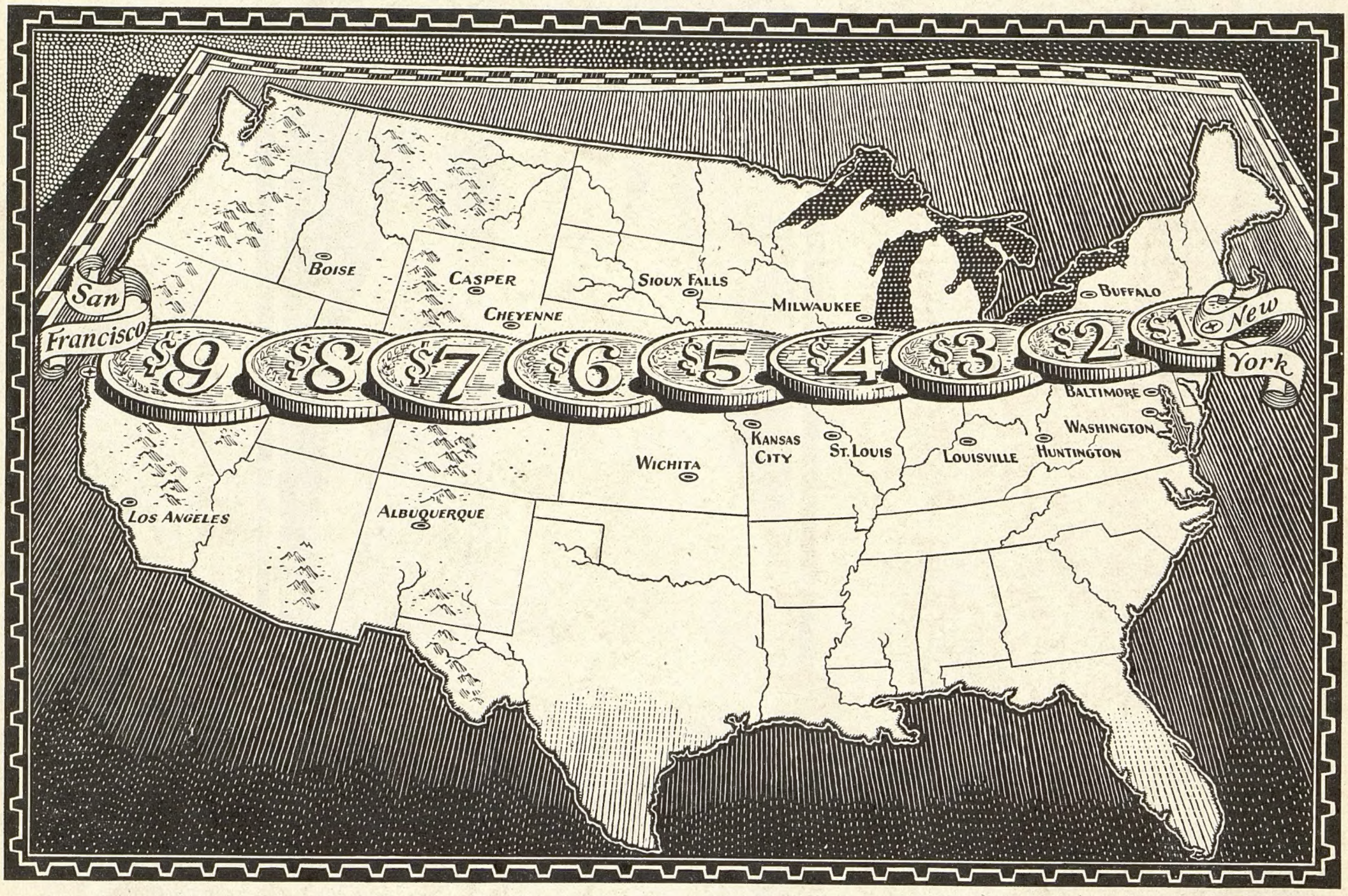
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

*(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)*

# How Cheaply you can "Travel" by Telephone




*An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service*

UNDER the latest station to station day rates, you can now "travel" the thousands of miles to a point across the continent and return by telephone for only $9.00. From Dallas to New Orleans and return for only $2.20. From Detroit to Chicago and back for only $1.35. From San Diego to Mexico City and return for only $10.50.

A Chicago business man recently had to endeavor to close negotiations with 30 concerns in 12 cities. Preliminary work had been done, but personal contact was necessary. In one day, he saved 5000 miles of physical travel and at least ten days' time from his office. He made four long distance calls to New York. Two to Buffalo. One to Syracuse. One to Covington, Va. Six to Pittsburgh. Five to Cleveland. One to Louisville. Two to St. Louis. Two to Kansas City. Two to St. Paul. Three to Milwaukee and one to New Orleans. His negotiations were successful in 60% of the calls. "In many cases," says this man, "the long distance telephone call is actually superior to a personal call. It gets an immediate audience."

The president of a large Philadelphia rubber company has each one of his salesmen call him at the end of the day. Often large sales that a man is about to give up as hopeless are saved by the suggestions received from his president by Long Distance.

What distant trips could you profitably make today by telephone? . . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

OCT. 13, 1928

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 5 No. 41

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

**Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City**

*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## NERVOUS NELLIE IN WONDERLAND

Please read this extract from a Washington news story published in the New York *Times* the morning after Secretary of State Kellogg returned from his peace treaty trip to Europe:

> Pending the return of President Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg would not discuss the Anglo-French understanding directed at naval armament limitation, but he emphasized that it had nothing whatever to do with the treaty against war. . . .
>
> "I don't think that it has anything to do with the treaty," he declared. "I don't understand that there is any Anglo-French treaty. Both countries concerned say there is none."

Now please read this extract from a Geneva news story published in the *Times* on the same day:

> Tonight he [French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand] assured the correspondent of the Associated Press that the French had definitely decided to make the full [Anglo-French] accord public during the disarmament discussions before the Assembly committee; . . . there were no secret clauses. . . .

Then there was a naval accord between Great Britain and France. It plainly amounted to a solemn treaty, if it was not a treaty in fact. Kellogg had just been to Europe on the business of procuring signatures for his renunciation-of-war treaty. He had had lengthy conversations with most of Europe's diplomatic leaders. He ought to have known what it was all about.

But Kellogg did not know of the existence of a naval agreement between two of Europe's most powerful nations; and if there was such an agreement he didn't "think" it had any bearing on the treaty which he had just finished selling to Europe. He didn't know.

Mr. Kellogg has been called Nervous Nellie. In this instance he has acted like *Alice* in Wonderland. The performance would be entirely charming and naïve, except for the fact that Mr. Kellogg does these things as Secretary of State.

Briand's statement followed a fiery speech before the League of Nations assembly. Part of the speech was given over to a series of thinly veiled threats against Germany. It was an interesting footnote on the hope of world peace in our time, and on the league's chances of bringing about world peace.

An election of league members was held the day Briand mentioned the accord that Kellogg knew nothing about. Spain was let into the league; China was let out. Persia and Venezuela got in, but, as far as we can divine from the league's remarkable ballot system, Denmark and Norway and Siam had no luck.

That is the hodgepodge of nations which the United States was asked to join as an equal partner after the war. The Senate kept us out. One effect of Mr. Kellogg's treaty, if the Senate adopts it as it stands, will be to slip us through the back door of the league.

Looking over the Geneva aggregation, we can't help feeling happy that we didn't intrust our national sovereignty or any part of it to that body.

We hope, too, that the Senate will not let itself be dragooned into ratifying Kellogg's treaty; or that, if it must ratify, it will make every reservation necessary to preserve the Monroe Doctrine intact and to keep this nation free from European entanglements.

## IN THIS ISSUE

The Little Theater.....By VIÑA DELMAR 11
*The story of a rebellious husband and a woman's wisdom*

An American Wife.....By EDWARD DOHERTY 16
*An intimate picture of Mrs. Alfred E. Smith*

Bully Missionary.....By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS 21
*A story of cannibals and the South Sea Isles*

Well—Who Did Discover America?.....By NORMAN S. HALL 29

Passion and Pomp.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 34
*The Wedding March and others: A page of movie reviews*

The Wolf and the Fold.....By ARTHUR CHAPMAN 37
*A story of a dog and dangerous duty*

A Second to Think.....By WALTER ECKERSALL 49
*A football reminiscence: Notre Dame vs. Southern California*

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 55
*Thirty-third spasm: A little flier in the ether*

Gasoline Gypsies (Part IV).....By GRACE ROBINSON 59
*The record of a transcontinental motor pilgrimage*

I'm All Figured Out.....By TONI, JR. 66
*As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly*

The Middle Passage.....By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 75
*The fourth episode in The Happy Parrot series*

War Bugs (Part X).....By CHARLES MACARTHUR 85

News of the World (p. 27); Bright Sayings of Children (32); Vox Pop (50-51); For the Love o' Lil (52); Fashions (53-54); Twenty Questions (65); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (69); Mind Tests (70); Cross Word Puzzle (71); Food (72); Index to Advertisements (89).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

## IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

*"It Is Now My Privilege to Introduce to You Mrs. Herbert Hoover,"*
*by*
Adela Rogers St. Johns

*The Rubaiyat of an Address Book, a story of too many women,*
*by*
Elliott White Springs

*Hard as Nails, a story of old and young love,*
*by*
Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

*Havana Succeeds Florida, why Cuba has become so popular,*
*by*
Sidney Sutherland

October 13, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 41

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

**Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.**
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

Over 100,000,000 Little Blue Books Have Been Sold!

THINK of it! In less than 10 years we have sold over one hundred million *Little Blue Books* in every land on the globe. Not a trashy, cheap book in the lot. Join the throngs of *Little Blue Book* readers! Get the *Little Blue Book* habit! The world's lowest price—5c per book, delivered to any address in the world! . . . Educate yourself, entertain yourself, enlighten your mind, develop your character, learn about ideas, about life, about love, about passion, by reading Little Blue Books!

# Amazing Bargain!

ANY 20 *for* $1 LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

HERE is the greatest, the most amazing book bargain in the entire history of printing! Never before was there a chance like this—any book in this list of hundreds of titles for only 5c, postpaid to ANY ADDRESS IN THE WORLD!

## LOVE

84 Nun's Love Letters
87 What Is Love?
89 Great Love Letters
98 How to Love
175 Hindu Love-Book
197 Frenchwomen on Love
203 Women's Love-Rights
546 Emerson on Love
675 Love Code of a Parisian Actress
929 Love Maxims
987 Art of Kissing
1113 Comments on Love
1244 Love-Letter Guide
1247 Love Psychology

**Great Love Affairs:**

123 Mme. du Barry: King's Mistress
434 Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton
438 Secrets of a French Mistress
712 Shelley's Loves
713 Byron's Loves
747 Duse's Love Affair
786 Catherine the Great
907 Sex Obsessions of Saints
975 Cleopatra's Loves
976 Casanova's Loves
977 Pope Alexander's Loves
990 Wagner's Love Affair
1085 Sand's Love Affairs
1213 Balzac's Loves

**Great Love Stories:**

178 A Cleopatra Night
285 Unconventional Love
317 A Night Flirtation
345 Harlot and Vampire
375 Old Maid's Love Story
672 Illicit Love
1176 A Mad Love
1190 What Price Love?
1195 First Love, etc.
1202 Forbidden Love

**French Love Tales:**

Guy de Maupassant:
6 Love, etc.
199 French Prostitute's Sacrifice
292 Mlle. Fifi
915 Artist's Wife
916 Whitechapel Night
917 Room No. 11
918 Violated, etc.
920 Queer Paris Night
921 Mme.'s House
922 Wife's Confession

Honore de Balzac:
344 Passion in Desert
1043 Study of Woman
1044 Study of Another Woman
1045 Mad Sweetheart
1046 Coquette vs. Wife
1067 French Courtesan

Emile Zola:
953 Four Days of Love
954 A Bath, etc.

**Miscellaneous:**

21 Loves of Carmen
29 Dreams. Schreiner
46 Salome. Wilde
107 Dream-Woman
182 Daisy Miller
225 Strange Loves
296 Lyric Love

## HOW TO ORDER

### Order by Number

WRITE down the numbers of the *Little Blue Books* you want, as they appear before the titles in this list. Do not order by titles and authors. Be sure to order at least 20 books at one time—20 or more—minimum order $1. Remit at the rate of 5c each, and we pay the postage. Thus, 25 books cost $1.25, 50 books $2.50, 100 books $5, etc., postpaid to any address in the world. Remit by check, money order, cash. (Postage is added to C.O.D. orders; remit with order if you want us to pay the postage.)

## UNDERSTAND LIFE

### Sexual Hygiene and General Bodily Health

**Sex Explained:**

14 Facts for Girls
653 Facts for Boys
654 For Young Men
655 For Young Women
656 For Married Men
657 For Married Women
689 Woman's Sex-Life
690 Man's Sex-Life
691 Child's Sex-Life
692 Homosexual Life

**Facts of Life:**

74 Sex Physiology
91 Manhood Facts
127 Expectant Mothers
536 Women Past 40
645 Chats with Wives
648 Sex Rejuvenation
726 Venereal Diseases
804 Sleep and Sex Dreams
846 Womanhood Facts
864 Chats with Husbands
903 Syphilis Facts
1089 Sex Common Sense
1318 Sex Sterilization

**Marriage:**

83 Origin of Marriage
176 Unmarried Mother, etc. Ellis
189 Eugenics
208 Is Birth Control Immoral?
209 Aspects of Birth Control
228 Plain Talks with Husbands and Wives
789 Marriage Laws
964 Married Happiness
1225 How to Avoid Married Troubles
1250 Judge Lindsey on Companionate Marriage
1258 Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage
1272 This Marriage Business

**Courtship:**

172 Evolution of Sex
221 How to Know Women
717 Modern Sex Morality
727 Psychology of Affections
988 Art of Courtship
1238 Beginning Marriage Right
1283 Are Petting Parties Dangerous?
1316 Revolt of Modern Youth
1320 How to Get a Husband
1322 Confessions of a Modern Woman

**Everyday Health:**

81 Care of Baby
136 Child Diseases
137 Home Nursing
167 Health Rules
278 Healing Quacks
688 Mouth and Teeth
703 Physiology Manual
761 Food and Diet
794 Patent Medicines
870 Tuberculosis
875 Diabetes
1000 Wonders of Radium
1050 X-Ray, Violet Ray
1070 Nervous Troubles
1091 Cancer Facts
1126 Eating for Health
1242 Care of Skin and Hair
1298 How to Select Your Doctor
1321 Fasting for Health

**About Women:**

106 Frenchwoman's Views of Life
473 Lives of Chorus Girls
479 How N. Y. Working Girls Live
644 Women who Lived for Love
730 Mistresses of Today
755 Hollywood's Extra Girls
1177 Woman and the New Race

**Psychology:**

190 Psycho-Analysis: Key to Conduct
417 Nature of Dreams
651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
731 Differences Between Men and Women
782 Psycho-Analysis: Mind and Body
784 Psycho-Analysis Tests
800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis
843 Can We Control Our Conduct?
861 Behaviorism
904 Sex Symbolism
980 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself
1052 Our Emotions

**Morality:**

966 Rational Sex Ethics
1061 Human Morals
1076 Morals in Babylon
1077 Morals in Egypt
1078 Morals in Greece and Rome
1095 Christian Morality
1123 Puritan Immorality
1265 Is "Elmer Gantry" True?
1281 What Is Good and Evil?

**Prostitution:**

286 Ancient Prostitution
383 Prostitution in U. S.
1111 Medieval Prostitution
1135 Modern Prostitution

**Modern Life:**

494 Negro Life in N. Y. Harlem
834 Younger Generation
838 Paris Fashion Puppets
985 Psycho - Analysis of America
1057 N. Y. Chinatown
1058 N. Y. White Lights
1106 N. Y. Greenwich Village

**Sex in History:**

163 Sex in Greece and Rome
177 Subjection of Women
213 Ellis and Sex Sanity
372 Overpopulation
661 America's Sex Impulse
718 Famous Women
1079 Sex in Religion
1122 Woman's Degradation
1148 Sex Crimes

**Story of Woman:**

401 Woman the Warrior
529 Woman the Criminal
901 Woman the Eternal Primitive

## Literature of Life: Marriage, Passion, Human Problems

**America Today:**

484 Menace of Blue Laws
647 Truth About Los Angeles
650 K-K-K Kreed of Klansmen
652 Is K-K-K Destructive?
711 Odd Facts About American Life
752 Facts About California
757 Facts About Today's South
788 Negro and His Problems
852 Are Newspapers Sincere?
863 Bunk of Advertising
974 Ordeal of Prohibition
1053 N. Y.'s Strange Sections
1124 On the Bum: Tramp Life
1260 A Southern Lynching
1269 Do We Need K-K-K?
1273 Truth About Evangelists
1274 Truth About Preachers
1275 Truth About "Deluge"
1276 Truth About Yokels
1288 America's Fakirs and Guides
1291 America: Greatest Show on Earth
1294 Minneapolis vs. St. Paul
1295 Detroit: Midwest Mecca
1297 Facts About Arkansas
1300 Intolerance in America
1309 Is the Yankee Vanishing?
1314 Bigotry Trust in U. S.

**Vital Questions:**

26 On Going to Church
43 Marriage vs. Divorce
122 Is Spiritualism True?
129 Rome or Reason?
171 Has Life Meaning?
206 Capitalism vs. Socialism
234 Is Socialism Practical?
366 Religion vs. Crime
464 Is Progress Real?
524 Death and Its Problems
638 Crime of Poverty
677 What Can Free Men Worship?
706 Should Bible Be in Schools?
723 What Is Soviet Govt.?
762 Optimism vs. Pessimism
777 Riddle of Behavior
883 Capital Punishment
884 Prohibition Debate
910 Is Life Worth Living?
911 Is Man Progressing?
983 Is Christian Science True?
1007 Revolt vs. Religion
1087 Facts About Fascism
1128 Church and the School
1147 Communism in Russia
1188 Sex and Garden of Eden
1252 For and Against Prohibition
1256 Darrow Dry-Law Debate
1271 Prisons or Prevention?

**Marriage, etc.**

811 Facts of Genetics
812 Facts of Heredity
950 Determination of Sex
1197 Moral Divorce, etc.
1212 Marriage in Soviet Russia
1230 Her 5th Marriage, etc.

**Passion:**

196 Marquise: Secret Passion
252 Othello. Shakespeare
314 Tales of French Life
350 Hedda Gabler. Ibsen
355 Aucassin and Nicolete
377 Joy and Sorrow
455 Salome of Strauss
456 Bizet's Carmen
539 None Beneath the King Shall Enjoy This Woman
595 Hypocrite's Love-Life
659 Lost Phoebe. Dreiser
733 Brazilian Love Stories
745 Bull-Fighter and Lover
793 Nun's Desire, etc.
909 Amorous Tales of Monks
951 Amateur Peasant Girl
957 Italian Passion Tales
958 Love Tales of Italy
963 French Love-Artists
1163 Policewoman's Daughter
1178 Chorus Girl and Lover's Wife
1196 Girl With 3 Husbands
1198 Devil's Mother-in-Law

**Literature:**

8 Lady Windermere's Fan
16 Ghosts. Ibsen
27 Last Days of Condemned Man
28 Toleration. Voltaire
45 Stories by Tolstoi
52 Hugo on Voltaire
66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas
77 Great Men About Women
131 Love's Redemption
134 Parisian Widow's Lovers (Misanthrope)
144 Was Poe Immoral?
165 Discovery of Future. H. G. Wells
198 Majesty of Justice. France
219 Human Tragedy. France
232 3 Strangers. Hardy
280 Happy Prince. Wilde
304 Women About Men
332 Man Who Was. Kipling
336 Mark of Beast. Kipling
418 Bacchantes. Euripides
571 Kant's Philosophy
582 Paris Nights
601 Truth About Wilde
619 Dr. Faust. Marlowe
630 2nd-Story Man
631 The Naturewoman
642 New Atlantis. Bacon
664 Wilde's Letters to Sarah Bernhardt
676 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
735 Confessions of St. Augustine
787 Harlot's House, etc.
816 Lines from Shakespeare
828 Wisdom of the Ages
887 Necklace. Maupassant
888 Mme. de Stael's Memoirs
925 Stories by H. G. Wells
933 Skeleton in Closet. Clarence Darrow
1048 Gargantua. Rabelais
1054 Civil War Tales
1081 Debunking Tales. Bierce
1086 Favorite Murder. Bierce
1099 Cynic and Life. Bierce
1151 Hawthorne's Tales
1168 Stories by Jack London
1248 Religious Literature

**Soviet Russia:**

505 New Lives for Old in Russia
633 Was Lenin Great?
880 What I Saw in Russia
1234 Business in Russia
1235 Workers in Russia
1236 Peasants in Russia

**Evolution:**

13 Story of Man
47 Ancient Sea Animals
49 Creation Controversy
71 Evolution Verses
274 Ancient Land Animals
275 Building of Earth
321 Story of Evolution
327 The Ice Age
415 Age of Mammals
474 Is Man an Electric Machine?
481 Man's Stone Age
509 Are We Machines?
555 Earth's Structure
567 Darwin's Beliefs
598 Haeckel's Comments
686 Records of Evolution
694 Evidence for Evolution
695 Embryology and Evolution
826 Other Ancient Animals
1008 Origin of Religion
1059 About the Soul

**Crime:**

2 Reading Jail. Wilde
139 Crimes vs. Criminals
149 Historic Crimes
279 Markheim's Murder
293 Villon: Thief, Rogue
311 Lodging for the Night
315 Pen, Pencil, Poison
927 The Stolen Bacillus
1001 Italian Bandit Tales
1028 Crime Stories
1042 Crime at Red Inn
1132 About Witchcraft
1134 Inquisition Horrors
1162 Tales of Villains

**Debunking:**

33 Smasher of Shams
53 Insects and Men. Darrow
88 Defense of Paine
130 Christian Controversy
236 Reason vs. Bible
374 Suicide Explained
445 Spiritualism Frauds
461 Freethought Studies
472 Butler's Candid Notes
477 Bunk of Theosophy
506 Life of Voltaire
599 Haeckel's Beliefs
611 Mencken, Anti-Christ
640 Apostate. London
643 Terse Truths of Life
678 Story of a Debunker
991 Notes of E. W. Howe
1060 Belief Debunked
1066 Old Testament Facts
1071 Jesus Psycho-Analyzed
1098 Candid Opinions of Bierce
1104 Resurrection Fallacy
1107 Legends of Saints
1121 Christian Doctrine
1144 Facts About Jesuits
1187 Purpose of Parables
1205 Revolt vs. Bible
1217 Why I Didn't Enter the Ministry
1243 Missions Exposed
1287 Brann, Who Cracked Dull Heads
1307 Satan in the Bible
1308 Harvard vs. Religion
1312 Reasonableness of Skepticism
1315 Debunking of a Lawyer

**Biography:**

5 Life of Samuel Johnson
10 Percy Bysshe Shelley
22 Tolstoi, Russian Novelist
51 Bruno the Martyr
55 Spencer, Great Intellect
64 Eucken's Philosophy
142 Bismarck and Germany
147 Cromwell & His Times
183 Life of Jack London
305 Machiavelli, Merciless Schemer
312 Laurence Sterne, Humorist
328 London Life in Addison's Time
338 Emerson and His Philosophy
339 Thoreau, Who Escaped from the Mob
359-360-361-362 The Man Shakespeare: His Psychology. Harris. In 4 vols.
423-424-425-426 Representative Men. Emerson. In 4 vols.
429 Jonathan Swift, Dean of Satirists
433 Jean Paul Marat, the Radical
436 Life of Henrik Ibsen
448 Montaigne, Pascal, Voltaire
450 Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, Wm. Blake
451 Remy de Gourmont, Lord Byron
453 Joseph Conrad, Oscar Wilde
490 Life of Michelangelo
508 Bergson and His Philosophy
515 Louis XVI and His Corrupt Court
519 Rabelais and His Humor
525 Life of Goethe
526 Life of Julius Caesar
427 Aechsylus and His Plays
530 Camoens, Portuguese Poet
533 Friends of Jesus
566 Youth of Haeckel
617 Hamilcar, Great Man of Carthage
622 Xenophon's Memorabilia of the Man Socrates
666-667 Memories of a Parisian Actress (Sarah Bernhardt). 2 vols.
680 Life of Pasteur
765 Life of Francis of Assisi
769 Life of Thos. Jefferson
809 Marcet Haldeman-Julius' Intimate Notes on Her Husband
832 Life and Poems of Catullus
854 Loyola: Founder of the Jesuits
867 Cicero as Revealed in His Letters

**Miscellaneous:**

3 Skeptic Essays. Voltaire
15 Atheist's Mass. Balzac
30 What Life Means. London
48 Truth, etc. Bacon
50 Paine's Common Sense
61 Religion. Tolstoi
100 Red Laugh of War
101 Thoughts on Man
124 Reincarnation Explained
148 Strength of the Strong
204 Early Sun Worship
207 The Olympian Gods
210 Stoic Philosophy
211 God in Nature. Mill
229 Ridiculous Women
273 Social Contract
300 Terrorism in France
365 Religious Statistics
381 Wit of Dickens
442 Oscar Wilde in Outline
463 Art of Reading
487 Philosophy of Clothes
510 Electric Energy
534 Mystic Materialism
564 Ruins of Empires
581 Life and Death
602 The Great Pyramid
636 Greatest Thing in World
671 Moral Discourses
702 Intellectual Rowdies
736 Morals of Seneca
797 20 Years in Africa
803 Costa Rican Tales
878 Napoleon as Emperor
899 Life in Decadent Rome
937 Deism Refuted
981 Songs of New Age
1051 Nature of Genius
1094 Insanity Explained
1130 The Dark Ages
1137 Moorish Civilization
1145 The French Revolution

## STORIES

**Adventure:**

151 Man Who Would Be King
161 Country of Blind
288 Far North Tales
482 5 Weeks in Balloon
485 Voyage to Moon
516 Real Adventures
580 Polar Adventure
944 Adventure Tales

**Detective:**

102 Sherlock Holmes
162 Murders in Rue Morgue
290 Poe's Gold Bug
819 Strange Murders
942 Detective Tales

**Ghost Stories:**

145 Ghost Stories
906 The Yellow Cat
940 Weird Tales
1075 Ghost Tales
1080 Haunted Houses
1170 Funny Ghost Stories

**Sea Stories:**

23 Great Sea Tales
301 Sailor Songs
399 Sinbad the Sailor
558 Great Pirates
1157 The Sea Beast
1158 Sea Mysteries
1169 Tales of Ships

**Love Stories:**

404 Romances of Paris
410 Love Misadventures
540 Bright French Tales
541 French Love Tales
746 Daughter of Eve
810 Parisian Scandals
817 Her Burning Secret
892 Follies of Lovers
938 French Passion Tales
955 Italian Love Tales
1017 Without Benefit of Clergy
1133 Queen of Navarre Love Tales
1164 Unlovely Sin
1165 Jazz, etc.
1166 Infatuation, etc.
1167 Sinister Sex
1193 Woman's Way
1194 Love's Heroism

**Western Tales:**

363 Bret Harte's Tales
378 Covered Wagon in West
770 Kit Carson, Hero
1024 Tales of Big Snows

**Mystery:**

12 Poe's Mystery Tales
108 House of Usher
943 Mystery Stories
969 Strange Tales
1155 Mystery Tales. O'Brien
1156 Great Mysteries
1161 Mysterious Tales

**Collections:**

58 Decameron Tales
220 Dog Stories
400 Arabian Nights
420 Spanish Stories
673 Love Tales. Boccaccio
945 Oriental Tales
946 Tales of Desert Places
948 Russian Stories
956 Italian Stories
1292 Best Stories of 1928

**Miscellaneous:**

24 The Kiss. Chekhov
230 Quest for Blonde Mistress
239 26 Men and Girl
277 Man Without a Country
379 Lustful King Enjoys Himself
397 Irish Tales
698 Chicago Tales
865 Main Street Tales
896 Wages of Sin
912 Kipling's Army Tales
1040 Bedtime Stories
1062 Humoresque. Hurst
1115 Ridiculous Tales
1119 Follies in Fiction
1200 Nonsense Stories
1263 Serpent's Tooth

*Address All Orders to . . .*

LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO.
Dept. N-25
GIRARD, KANSAS

# Great Books for Only 5c

READ books you've always wanted to read. Buy them—own them—for only 5c apiece, 20 books for $1, postpaid to you no matter where you live! Books of every kind—for everyone—for every need—are here. Just pick them out.

## Byrd Antarctic Expedition Carries Little Blue Books

THE Byrd Antarctic Expedition, under Commander Byrd, is carrying a complete set of 1,300 *Little Blue Books*—for the 70 men to read during their stay of some two years far from civilization. . . . The compact, pocket size of the *Little Blue Books* is thus emphasized, together with their outstanding excellence and variety of contents. The books average 64 pages or 15,000 words each—a total of over 20,000,000 words in the series! A nickel never bought more!

## FUN

**Games:**
606 How to Play Chess
715 Auction Bridge
847 Card Games
1006 Children's Games
1183 Checkers
1239 Party Games
1254 Contract Bridge

**Sports:**
440 Baseball
535 How to Play Golf
749 Camping Manual
750 Hiking Hints
1186 Golf Rules
1206 Swimming

**Amusement:**
347 Riddle Rimes
411 Phrenology
470 Jazz Music
493 Novel Experiments
704 Palmistry
767 Astrology
840 Crossword Puzzles
845 Fortune-Telling
876 Number Curiosities
893 500 Riddles
1064 Radio Manual
1103 Puzzles
1261 Tongue-Twisters

**Entertainment:**
92 Hypnotism
658 Book of Toasts
995 Piano Playing
1010 Magic Tricks
1023 Recitations
1049 How to Sing
1209 How to Entertain
1210 Fun with Figures
1277 Hindu Magic
1278 Ventriloquism
1279 Sideshow Tricks
1284 Theatrical Tips
1285 Gamblers' Tricks

**Pastimes:**
346 Old Songs
501 Book of Knots
518 Candy Recipes
805 Beekeeping
1016 Nonsense Verse
1018 Funny Limericks
1093 Amusing Puns
1108 Woodworking
1139 Photography
1175 Riddle Book
1192 Bookbinding
1251 What Do You Know?

**Good Reading:**
17 Joys of Walking
34 Man in Iron Mask
40 House and the Brain
76 Bryan's Prince of Peace
80 Pillars of Society
85 Attack on the Mill
96 Plato's Dialogues
104 Battle of Waterloo
105 Seven Hanged
125 Wilson's Speeches
152 Son of the Wolf
157 Plato's Republic
174 Dialogues by Voltaire
223 Wife of a King
235 Chesterton's Essays
281 Lays of Ancient Rome
309 The Show-Off
333 Mulvaney Stories
352 13th Century Tales
376 Woman of No Importance
384 Strindberg's Plays
416 God of Vengeance
469 Egypt of Yesterday
489 Yiddish Stories
521 Life of John Brown
532 Essays on Jesus
561 African Tales
612 Life of Disraeli
693 Animal Psychology
900 Arabian Marriage
941 Tales by Poe
1100 Civil War Horrors
1127 Christianity and Slavery
1142 Medieval Science

## TEACH YOURSELF!

### High School and College Subjects—Self-Teaching Handbooks

**Better English:**
82 Common Errors
367 Conversation
681 Spelling
682 Grammar
683 Punctuation
821 Vocabulary
822 Rhetoric
823 Composition

**Dictionaries:**
25 Rhymes
56 American Slang
192 Synonyms
452 Scientific Terms
639 4,000 Essential Words
696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
697 Words Often Mispronounced
734 Useful Phrases
902 Foreign Words
1002 Sea Terms
1204 Musical Terms

**Practical Guides:**
78 Public Speaking
364 How to Argue
708 Romance of Words
855 How to Write Letters
986 How to Debate

**Writing for Profit:**
326 Shortstory Writing
342 News Reporting
437 Movie Scenarios
496 Writing Plays
514 Writing Poetry
764 Writing Book Reviews
894 Writing Advertising
1131 Writing for Market
1143 How to Prepare Manuscripts
1240 Shortstory Course

**Mathematics:**
856 Arithmetic (1)
857 Arithmetic (2)
748 Plane Geometry
801 Rapid Calculator
835 Useful Tables
1324 Mechanical Problems

**Business:**
431 Commercial Geography
459 Writing Telegrams
751 How to Merchandise
1009 Typewriting
1074 Commercial Law
1174 Business Letters
1304 How to Go into Business
1305 How to Get Patents

**Money-Making:**
705 100 Professions for Women
729 How to Budget
775 First Aid for Investors
998 How Wall Street Works
1004 How to Save Money
1031 Own Your Home
1189 Making Money at Home

**Gardening:**
407 Up-to-Date Farming
430 Poultry Raising
1032 Home Gardening
1090 Raising Fruits

**Interior Decoration:**
685 Practical Hints
881 Interior Decoration for Small Homes
1041 How to Cane Chairs
1073 Painting Woodwork
1219 Making Homes Homelike

**Reference:**
499 Classical Dictionary
629 Legal Forms
754 Famous Authors
815 Quotations
872 Parliamentary Law
905 Biblical Allusions
1259 Geographical Names

**Foreign Languages:**
465 Esperanto
637 German Dictionary
862 German Self-Taught
999 Latin Self-Taught
1011 French Dictionary
1021 Italian Dictionary
1105 Spanish Dictionary
1109 Spanish Self-Taught
1207 French Self-Taught
1216 Italian Dictionary
1222 Spanish Readings
1226 French Readings (1)
1227 French Readings (2)

**General:**
405 Economics (Money)
467 Evolution
491 Psychology
679 Chemistry
709 Sociology
710 Botany (Plants)
725 Zoology (Animals)
895 Astronomy (Stars)
994 Physics
1185 The Weather
1280 All About Heat
1323 All About Light

**History:**
42 History of Man
110 The World War
126 History of Rome
150 Lost Civilizations
503 The Civil War
563 Prehistoric Peoples
596 History of Mexico
597 American Revolution
627 History of Jews
687 U. S. Constitution
898 History of Japan
1065 Lives of Presidents
1241 Outline U. S. History
1317 Meaning of Constitution

**Reading, etc.:**
7 How to Get a Liberal Education
9 Great Poems
75 Choosing Books
86 Reading Guide
109 Facts About Classics
387 Facts About Painters
403 Facts About Music
435 100 Best Books
466 Facts About Sculptors
468 Architecture Facts
868 Self-Improvement
897 How to Enjoy Reading
973 What Art Means
1223 How to Work Way Thru College
1253 General Quizzes
1255 Questions and Answers
1290 Digesting Ideas
1319 How to Study

**Science:**
133 Electricity Facts
238 Modern Science
408 Einstein's Relativity
409 Great Scientists
419 Origin of Life
557 Is Moon Dead?
609 Are Planets Inhabited?
607 About Comets
806 What Science Is
808 Man and the Sun
1211 Science vs. Religion
1237 Scientists' Beliefs
1262 Is Evolution True?
1299 Darwin Was Right

## LAUGHS

**Jokebooks:**
287 Jokes About Doctors
422 Best Yankee Jokes
768 Jokes About Lawyers
820 Jokes About Married Life
879 Jokes About Preachers
889 Jokes About Kissing
959 American Humor
960 American Wit
971 Funny Anecdotes
972 Popular Jokebook
1012 Best Negro Jokes
1013 Best Irish Jokes
1014 Best American Jokes
1033 Best Russian Humor
1034 Best Spanish Humor
1035 Best Italian Humor
1036 Best German Humor
1082 Best Jewish Jokes
1146 Best College Humor
1184 Best Scotch Jokes
1191 Latest Broadway Jokes
1214 Best Ford Jokes
1220 Best Rube Jokes
1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
1246 Best Hobo Jokes
1249 Best Lover Jokes

**Yearly Series:**
842 Best Jokes of 1925
869 Best Jokes of 1927
1231 Best Jokes of 1926

**Famous Humor:**
18 Idle Thoughts
20 Let's Laugh
187 Whistler's Humor
205 Ward's Laugh Book
216 Wit of Heine
368 Ward's Comic Trip
369 Ward's Funny Travels
382 Best Lincoln Stories
668 Funny Fables. Mark Twain
669 Josh Billings' Funny Sayings
670 Comic Dictionary, Billings
771 Humor of Bill Nye
1116 Funny Dramatics. Leacock
1117 Human Follies, Leacock
1118 Comedy of Life, Leacock
1120 Serious Spoofing. Leacock

**Comic Verse:**
961 Comic Verse (1)
962 Comic Verse (2)
989 Hunting of the Snark
1015 Comic Dialect Poems
1173 Alphabet Rimes
1199 Laughable Lyrics

**Funny Tales:**
54 Importance of Being Earnest
70 Origin of Roast Pig
90 The Mikado
188 Munchausen's Lies
307 A Tillyloss Scandal
572 Beggar's Comic Opera

**Mark Twain:**
166 English As She Is Spoke
231 Humorous Sketches
291 The Jumping Frog
662 Funny Answers
663 Old-Time Journalism
930 Comic Excursion
931 Stolen White Elephant
932 Funny Experience

## General Educational and Helpful Little Blue Books for Everyone

**Personality:**
112 Secret of Self-Development
217 What Is Personality?
414 How to Be Happy
447 Auto-Suggestion
475 Developing Sense of Humor
488 How Not to Be a Wallflower
556 Hints on Etiquette
759 How to Conquer Stupidity
773 Forming Good Habits
850 Breaking Bad Habits
858 How to Lead
882 Building Character
891 Developing Talent
996 Dual Personality
1003 How to Think
1069 Conquest of Fear
1097 Memory Helps
1221 Will Power Facts
1268 Are You a Babbitt?
1286 What Is Free Will?

**For Women:**
649 Art of Cosmetics
1092 Beauty Hints
1096 How to Dress
1182 Cosmetic Recipes

**Cooking:**
877 French Cooking
997 Home Cooking
1179 Pies and Pastries
1180 Fish and Meats
1181 Ice Creams
1233 Better Meals

**Culture:**
140 Life and Destiny
406 Essay on Man
737 Meaning of Life
934 Art and Literature
992 Sinner Sermons
1005 Enjoying Orchestra
1030 World's Religions
1063 What Is Laughter?
1125 American Shams
1208 Success vs. Failure
1289 Facts About American Literature
1302 What Life Means to Me
1303 Lessons Life Has Taught Me

**Religions:**
111 Sermon on Mount
132 Major Religions
218 The Talmud
325 Buddhism
340 Life of Jesus
428 The Koran
600 The Bible
684 Essence of Judaism
753 Essence of Catholicism
1084 Did Jesus Live?
1224 Religion in Poets
1229 What Materialism Is
1270 Among the Mormons
1311 Aims of Catholicism
1313 Freedom vs. Fundamentalism

**Philosophy:**
94 Trial and Death of Socrates
153 Chinese Philosophy
829 Who Was Voltaire?
890 Epigrams of Nietzsche
1282 Guilt and Bad Conscience. Nietzsche

**Will Durant's Books:**
19 Nietzsche's Philosophy
39 Aristotle's Philosophy
159 Plato's Philosophy
443 Bacon's Philosophy
512 Voltaire's Philosophy
520 Spinoza's Philosophy
641 Kant's Philosophy
700 Schopenhauer's Philosophy
772 Spencer's Philosophy
802 European Philosophers
813 American Philosophers
839 Anatole France

**Wisdom and Wit:**
59 Famous Epigrams
65 Golden Sayings
155 Napoleon's Maxims
160 Voltaire's Wit
444 French Epigrams
471 Wisdom of Confucius
1056 Devil's Dictionary

**Skepticism:**
4 Age of Reason
62 What Is Religion?
97 Bible Contradictions
191 Evolution vs. Dogma
269 Can Faith Heal?
354 Facts About Christian Science
628 Story of Old Testament
701 Why I Am a Heretic
781 Catholicism and Sex
851 Sources of Bible
935 Necessity of Atheism
1020 Why I Am an Infidel
1138 What Atheism Means
1150 Churches and Progress
1203 Infidel Presidents
1215 Robert G. Ingersoll

**Music:**
476 Guide to Operas
507 Wagner's Music
859 Enjoying Music
984 Harmony Self-Taught

**Famous Books:**
1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
32 The Raven. Poe
38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
44 Aesop's Fables
57 Rip Van Winkle
95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater
158 Alice in Wonderland
222 Kipling's Vampire
246 Hamlet. Shakespeare
247 Macbeth. Shakespeare
249 Julius Caesar
250 Romeo and Juliet
268 Merchant of Venice
284 Burns' Poems
289 Pepys' Diary
308 She Stoops to Conquer
329 Dante's Inferno (1)
330 Inferno (Part 2)
353 Doll's House. Ibsen
35( Charge of Light Brigade
43 12 Years in a Monastery
504 Paul Revere's Ride
538 Robin Hood
554 Child's Garden of Verse
559 Robinson Crusoe
620 Pilgrim's Progress
674 Falcon. Boccaccio
716 Mother Goose
738 Poor Richard's Almanac
741 Whittier's Poems
836 Bluebeard, Cinderella
844 Gulliver's Travels
849 One Hoss Shay
871 Abelard and Heloise
1025 Casey at the Bat
1026 Sherlock Holmes
1068 Pickwick Papers
1201 Swiss Family Robinson

**Famous People:**
11 Friedrich Nietzsche
69 Mary, Queen of Scots
128 Julius Caesar
141 Life of Napoleon
276 Geo. Washington
323 Joan of Arc
324 Life of Lincoln
343 Diary of Columbus
393 Frederick the Great
394 Boswell's Life of Johnson
395 Cellini: Artist-Sinner
412 Mahomet
432 Oscar Wilde
517 Mark Twain
522 Thomas Paine
523 Benjamin Franklin
528 Wm. Shakespeare
537 P. T. Barnum
568 Charles Darwin
604 Theo. Roosevelt
610 Martin Luther
665 Sarah Bernhardt
724 Luther Burbank
824 Torquemada, Torturer
982 Mary Baker Eddy
1019 Bluebeard's Wives
1072 Wm. J. Bryan
1088 Mussolini

**Poetry:**
73 Whitman's Poems
427 Keats' Love Poems
616 Lady of the Lake
740 Bryant's Poems
783 Kipling's Mandalay
795 Kipling's Gunga Din

**Ancient Literature:**
316 Prometheus Bound. Aeschylus
421 Yoga Philosophy
478 Sanskrit Proverbs
497 Legends of Greek and Roman Heroes
500 Woman Medes. Euripides
502 Hippolytus. Euripides
511 King Oedipus. Sophocles
560 Woman Electra. Euripides
562 Woman Antigone. Sophocles
613 Ancient Philosophers
623 Woman Electra. Sophocles
758 The Frogs. Aristophanes
760 The Agamemnon. Aeschylus

**Upton Sinclair:**
583-584-585-586-587-588 The Jungle: Novel of Chicago. In 6 vols.
589 The Pot Boiler
590-591-592 Millennium: Comedy of Year 2000. In 3 vols.
594 The Overman
632 The Machine
634-635 Captain of Industry. 2 vols.

**Fannie Hurst:**
1037 Get Ready the Wreaths
1038 T. B.
1039 "Ice Water, Pl—!"

**Nathaniel Hawthorne:**
1152 7 Vagabonds, etc.
1153 Haunted Mind, etc.

**Famous Operas:**
441 I Pagliacci
457 Lohengrin
458 Tannhauser
495 Rigoletto
569 Gotterdammerung

**Emerson's Essays:**
60 Compensation and Friendship
542 Power and Behavior
543 Experience and Politics
544 Poet and Nature
547 Spiritual Laws and Circles
548 History and Intellect
549 Nominalist and Realist
551 Beauty and Worship
552 Fate and Illusions

**Drama:**
31 Pelleas and Melisande
99 Tartuffe: Sinner in Saint's Clothing
226 The Jew-Haters. Schnitzler
295 Master Builder. Ibsen
302 Wild Duck. Ibsen
303 Rosmersholm. Ibsen
337 Pippa Passes Gamut of Love
371 Empedocles on Etna. Arnold
396 Embers: Sheriff and Convict
462 Everyman: Morality Play

**Shakespeare:**
240 The Tempest
241 Merry Wives of Windsor
242 As You Like It
243 Twelfth Night
244 Much Ado About Nothing
245 Measure for Measure
251 Midsummer Night's Dream
254 Taming of the Shrew
255 King Lear
256 Venus and Adonis
262 Comedy of Errors

**Proverbs (Wit and Wisdom) of Many Lands:**
113 Of England
114 Of France
115 Of Japan
116 Of China
117 Of Italy
119 Of Ireland
120 Of Spain
121 Of Arabia
348 Of Scotland
380 Of Jugoslavia
388 Of India (Hindu)
825 Of Turkey
979 Of Modern Greece
1129 Of Persia

**Rudyard Kipling:**
331 Finest Story in World
357 City of Dreadful Night
913 British Soldiers in India
914 Army Life Tales

**Church History:**
67 Medieval Church
169 Modern Church
170 Ancient Church
614 Religious Philosophers

**Russian Literature:**
385 Chelkash. Gorki
386 Creatures Once Were Men. Gorki
389 Fellow-Traveler. Gorki
390 Death of Ivan Ilyitch. Tolstoi
947 Queen of Spades. Pushkin
949 The Cloak. Gogol

**Miscellaneous:**
72 Color of Life
93 How to Live 100 Years
103 Pocket Theology
138 Studies in Pessimism
185 The Gods. Ingersoll
202 Survival of the Fittest
212 Life and Character
214 Lincoln's Speeches
224 God: Known and Unknown
233 Comments on Life
267 Ford's 5-Day Week
271 Is Death Inevitable?
297 Is Religion Needed?
322 Buddhist Philosophy
413 Need for Art in Life
446 Psychology of Religion
460 Studies in Rationalism
498 Greek and Roman Mythology
513 Marco Polo's Travels
545 Character and Manners
550 Self-Reliance. Emerson
553 Wealth and Culture
593 As a Man Thinketh
722 Electricity and Life
728 How Bees Live
778 Facts About Life
779 Fitness of Life
796 How Butterflies Live
814 Cat and Dog Book
818 How Dragonflies Live
827 How Apes Live
833 How Ants Live
840 Lies of Civilization
841 Religion's Future
885 How Spiders Live
908 Brief Burlesques
928 Religion of a Darwinist
965 Life-Philosophies
978 Psychology of Jung

## HOW TO ORDER

**Order by Number**

ORDER by number instead of title and author. Thus, if you want "How to Love," put down 98, and so on. Minimum order 20 books or $1 worth—as many more as you like. . . . To protect *Little Blue Books* while reading, you can get a black levant leather slip-cover—just add 50c to your remittance and ask for a leather holder. . . . Remember that 5c apiece is all you pay for these books; 5c each pays for book and postage to your address. Remit by check, money order, cash. (Postage is added to C.O. D. orders; remit with order if you want us to pay the postage.)

CANADA AND FOREIGN: No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must remit in advance by international postal money order or draft on any U. S. bank. We pay the postage to any address in the world!

*Address All Orders to . . .*

# LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO.

Dept. N-25 GIRARD, KANSAS

# They said we couldn't do it!

A LITTLE more than four years ago a new weekly magazine came into being. It entered a general publishing field that had known a long casualty list—a field in which a few publications were so deeply intrenched that many men thought no new magazine could survive.

And when experienced publishers learned that the new magazine would not hire subscription solicitors, would not give away premiums, would not lower the price for yearly subscriptions, or accept installment payments, or sell at a cheaper rate in combinations with other magazines, they said: "It can't be done."

We asked: "Why not?"

"Because," they said, "you need a flywheel of subscription lists to keep your circulation even, to keep returns down, to maintain a permanent group of readers. If you depend entirely on voluntary week to week sales, a million people may buy one week, 500,000 the next, and an entirely different group of a million the following week. That sort of thing will break you.

*When Summer Comes*

"And when summer comes, you're done for. People don't buy magazines in the summer. Even the best periodicals lose hundreds of thousands of readers — naturally all newsstand sales. Without the momentum of big subscription lists, you'll be down to nothing in the summer."

LIBERTY considered this advice. But we knew that voluntary week to week purchases meant readers who maintain week to week interest. And that newsdealer sales would enable us to direct circulation into the big markets.

We were convinced, too, that if people liked our magazine enough they would continue to buy it, week after week, winter and summer.

So LIBERTY laid its own course and developed 99% newsdealer circulation. Every week more than 1,500,000 persons buy LIBERTY. The remaining 1% complained that if they didn't buy a copy the day it went on sale, they couldn't get it at all. So they subscribed.

*Sales Are Constant*

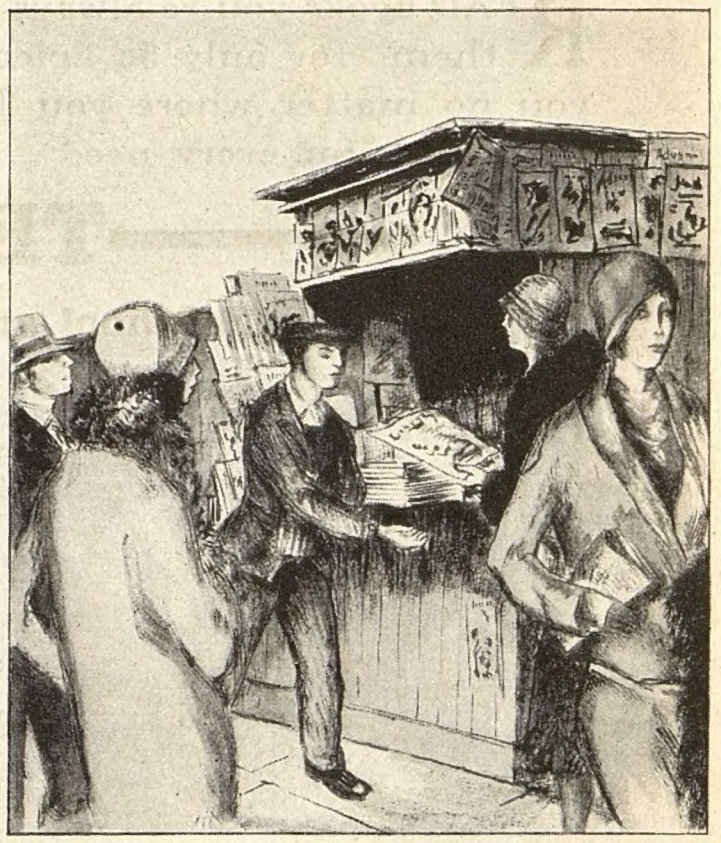
LIBERTY keeps a daily record of copies returned by newsdealers. The total of returns is infinitesimal for a perishable product distributed throughout America. There are always a number of spoiled copies, strays, and copies delayed in distribution. But the variation in sales from week to week is less than ½ of 1%—often only ¼ of 1%. Could any magazine ask for a more constant circulation?

*Now over 1,500,000 average net paid circulation guaranteed...For 1929, a larger circulation and no increase in advertising rates.*

The same people buy LIBERTY every week. If we had to depend on a million new customers for every issue, the supply of new readers would have been exhausted long ago.

We challenge any magazine, no matter if it has a subscription list a mile long, to show a variation in sales so slight as LIBERTY'S.

And how about summer?



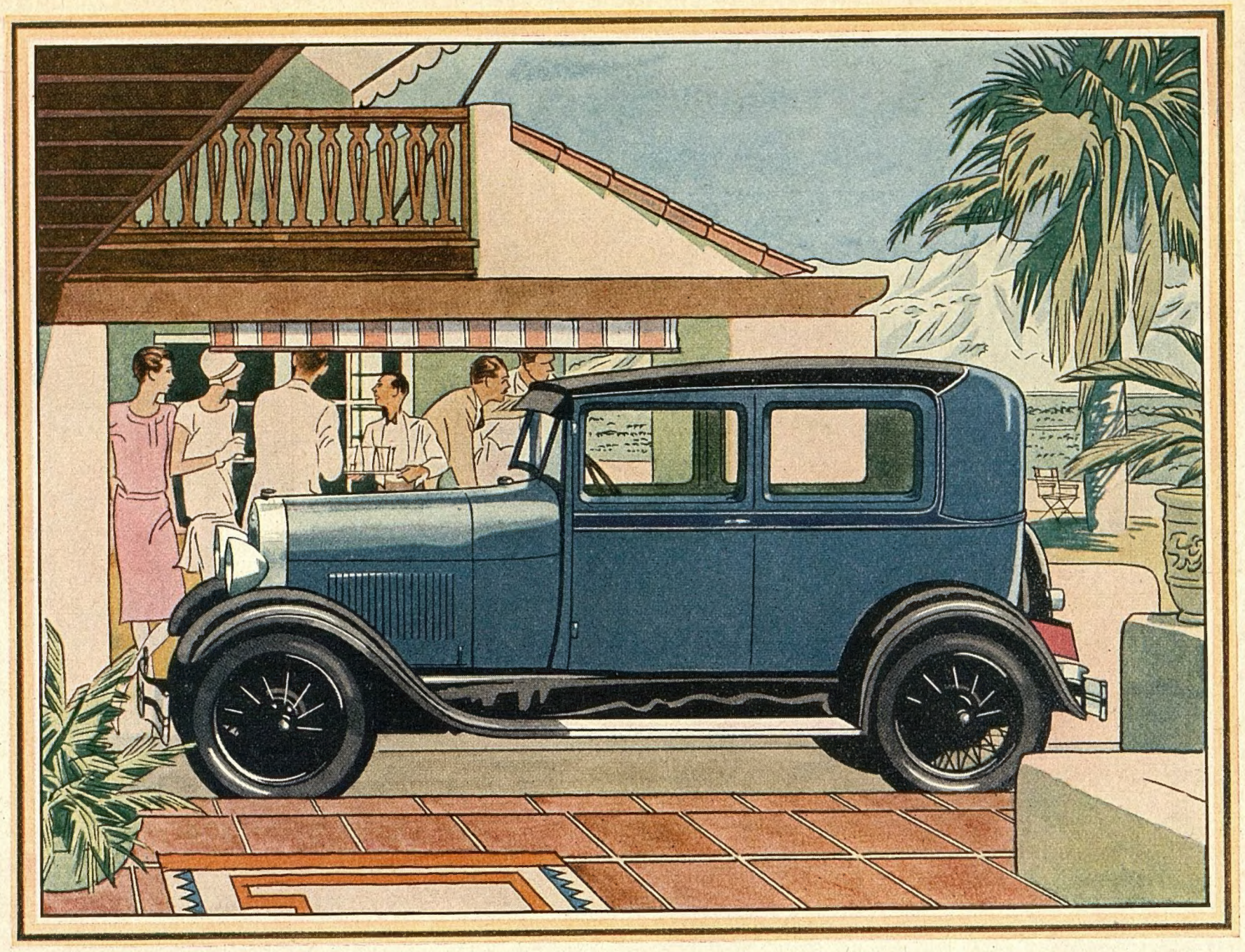
Study your A. B. C. reports. Note that some of the so-called best publications lost more than 300,000 circulation before the summer was well started. LIBERTY'S print order was never cut. No issue ran below the 1,500,000 figure guaranteed for the year's average (net paid circulation). LIBERTY'S summer circulation alone stayed put, although it depended 99% on separate newsdealer week to week sales.

*Inspires Loyalty*

There is something to a magazine that inspires such loyalty. Where is there a better type of reader for an advertiser to talk to? Where can he find a more active, responsive, interested audience? And add to this the fact that LIBERTY circulation is concentrated in the big markets where sales of merchandise are greater, easier, and more economical than in any other part of America.

**Liberty**

*A Weekly for Everybody*

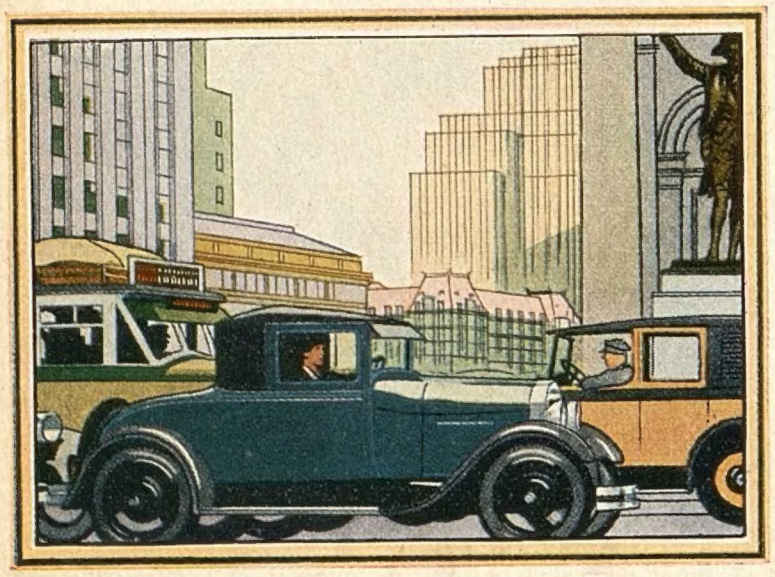


# There is something quite remarkable about the easy-riding comfort of the new Ford

When you see the new Ford you are impressed instantly by its low, trim, graceful lines and the beauty of its two-tone color harmonies.

As you watch it in traffic, on hills, and on the open road you can note how quickly it accelerates and get some idea, too, of the speed and power of its 40-horse-power engine.

But only by driving the new Ford yourself can you fully appreciate the easy-riding comfort which is such an outstanding feature of this great new car.



*The Ford Business Coupe—a splendid car for constant use in all kinds of weather. The body has been specially designed to meet the needs of business executives, salesmen and physicians.*

One reason, of course, is the fact that the new Ford is equipped with four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers—two front and two rear. Yet even these shock absorbers of themselves do not account for the complete riding comfort of the new Ford.

Equally important is the low center of gravity and the low ratio of unsprung weight to sprung weight, due principally to the design and construction of the new transverse springs.

The riding quality of any car, as you may know, depends to a great extent upon the ratio of the weight carried above the flexible ends of the springs (the sprung weight) to the weight carried below the flexible ends of the springs (the unsprung weight).

Unsprung weight is, in effect, a hammer with which every unevenness encountered by the wheels deals a blow against the sprung weight. The flexible ends of the springs must absorb these blows if the car is to ride comfortably.

Ford

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

It follows that the lower the proportion of unsprung weight, the less violent will be the hammer blows delivered against the frame, body and motor of the car.

Here you can see the advantage of the transverse type of spring used in the new Ford. In this design, the springs rest on their flexible ends with the heavy center part uppermost. The weight of the springs, therefore, becomes part of the sprung weight instead of the unsprung weight and the force of road shocks is thereby reduced.

Unsprung weight is further reduced in the new Ford because the rear spring shackles are attached to the axle housing almost directly over the rear wheel bearings. This means that the axle housing carries very little of the body load and can consequently be made entirely of forged steel yet kept comparatively light in weight.

The most sensitive part of the spring receives the shock first, diminishing the effects of sharp impacts before they reach the sprung weight.

Rebound of the springs to road shocks is controlled by the Houdaille shock absorbers, specially designed for the new Ford.

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
For your enjoymint — after eating!
Aid digestion and sweeten the breath with
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

# The Little THEATER

## The Drama of a Husband's Rebellion

By VIÑA DELMAR

*Pictures by* RICO TOMASO

*(Reading time: 28 minutes 6 seconds.)*

SOMETIMES, after their guests had gone, Dick Thurman would have a minute alone with his wife. She made a point of waving good-by to the departing cars from the veranda, and when the last one had disappeared she would return to the house, light another cigarette, and sit for a minute or two recalling the high points of the evening.

There would be a warm sparkle in her eyes, a strange but not unpleasant inclination on her part to treat Dick as though he were her last remaining guest. She was extremely pretty, he thought, and he would remember without a pang that she had been the popular lady of the evening.

She would sit there chatting gayly, making attractive little gestures and smoking with a careless grace.

"Did you hear how Anne Gorman hinted that she wanted to play *Joda* in Black Morning? I don't want her to play that part. She isn't typed for it, and, heavens! I don't know how to tell her. Really, running a little theater with one's intimate friends as actors is a job for a diplomat."

Dick would smile after the manner of an amiable guest, and perhaps compliment her politely on her exquisite tact. She would demur, call attention to her failures, and finally fall into a happy silence.

The same scene had been enacted on so many occasions that Dick went through it mechanically. He knew where to put his most enthusiastic emphasis to bring forth Lola's smile.

"Yes," she would say; "it's no holiday, this little theater business."

The little theater! To Lola the little theater was a cunning building which she had had erected in the heart of the town.

To him the little theater was this house of theirs in which they lived together, indulging in their meaningless dialogues and presenting to each other every day facial expressions carefully prepared beforehand. She had not the morbid curse of self analysis or introspection. She did not know that their marriage had been wrong—wrong—wrong.

At this stage of his thoughts Dick Thurman would leap to his feet suddenly. Lola would say:

"I guess it is time to go upstairs. I am quite sleepy."

And he would answer, "So am I. I'll see you at dinner."

*For one enchanted candlelit hour he had believed that he and Lola could make each other happy.*

So they would kiss each other good night and the curtain would fall once more on an oft acted scene in Richard Thurman's little theater.

HE remembered well when Lola's little theater had been built. He had been the architect—his first really well paying commission. Lola had been a pampered, officious young woman with an incredible amount of intelligence and a pantherlike grace. She and her friends were mad on the subject of self expression. She had built the theater. She selected and directed the plays. The receipts were given to charity.

Something about the serious, businesslike architect had attracted Lola. True, his conversation was not stimulating. He had a rare but

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LITTLE THEATER
Continued from page eleven]

delightful smile. He did not fawn upon her. No other man had ever awakened her interest so completely. On the other hand, Dick had been hardly aware of Lola. She had been his client, someone he had to please. They had met frequently over the plans of the Lola Terence Theater.

Then, one night, when the theater was almost ready to open, they had met on the deserted stage. There had been candlelight—soft yellow triangles of radiance that created grim, fearsome figures in the small, dark auditorium, and which had brought an elfin tenderness to Lola's face. Somehow, Lola and he had drawn closely together. Her full red lips had tilted upward to him. The scornful sweep of her eyelashes had lifted and shown a pair of very blue, yearning eyes.

And somehow he found himself saying, "But how could I, Lola? God, it would be impertinent. I have nothing."

She had defeated him in argument. For one enchanted candlelit hour he had believed that he and Lola could make each other happy.

Three years had passed since then. The Lola Terence Theater still functioned. And back in the broad green sweeps of the residential section there was another little theater. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thurman. He had laid the plans for that, too.

The Lola Terence Theater and Lola herself had brought him commissions. He was not a failure. No man who had married Lola could have been a failure. She would not have allowed it. Dick knew this was true and he took without pleasure what people called his success.

Sometimes he would catch his reflection unaware as he passed a mirror. He would quickly turn away. He could not look himself in the eye; for he was ashamed. Ashamed of the weakness to which he had succumbed in that candlelit hour. Ashamed of the success Lola had handed him on a jeweled tray. Ashamed that he did not love his wife, who had given him everything the world offers.

He could not love her. He knew now that he had never loved her. He knew, too, that other men had and there was no reason why he should not. She was a strikingly lovely woman and her intelligence was far above par. She was kind—very kind. He was shackled by her kindness. One does not suddenly fling oneself out of the life of another when this other has given all that she could give.

STANDING at dusk on a hilltop, Dick Thurman would think of his wife. She struck him as being minutely small and insignificant. She was small minded. She had petty emotions, small jealousies, tiny triumphs, shallow affectations. He remembered her at Napoleon's tomb permitting her chest to rise and fall so that no one might think that she had been left unimpressed. He wished that he had not met Lola on the dimly lit, deserted stage of a little theater.

In the spring of the third year of their married life, Black Morning was produced at the Lola Terence Theater. The receipts of the performance were to be given to a charity of which Lola approved. Nobody cared which charity was selected. The actors were persons who had forgotten money because they had so much of it. Anne Gorman played the rôle of *Joda*.

Lola gave a party after the performance. Everybody who had taken part was present. Dick sat very quietly by the window, watching the moonlight play on a fountain. He did not turn his eyes toward the hot, smoky room.

He could hear Lola talking about a current novel.

"My dear, it has an incredible amount of energy in it. It has dynamic force. It's amazing what that man can put into words."

"Isn't it?" Marvin Wells speaking. "I rather fancied that you would like it. But, Lola, this isn't the moment to speak of other people's accomplishments. I think the show was splendid. You did a remarkable job of directing. You have an amazing knack of transmitting to someone else's brain the quality of beauty which you feel."

Dick did not look at Marvin Wells or at Lola. He knew that Lola was standing facing Wells; that her gown was a gleaming sheath of green; that she was smoking with a long, emerald studded holder. He knew that Wells would be looking at Lola with tender, yearning glances. Dick kept his eyes on the fountain.

Other people joined Wells and Lola. The favorite words of the crowd were battered aimlessly about the room. "Fixation," "phobia," "æsthetic," "matriarch." Everybody endeavoring to prove that they knew so much more modern jargon than anyone else. The little theater.

Anne Gorman detached herself from the circle of heavy thinkers and pulled at Dick's sleeve. She motioned to the starry night outside the window. She was a small, slim girl with a jagged mass of chestnut hair. She wore a golden dress with something on it that chimed faintly. Dick took her walking.

"It's hot in there," she said, "and I've smoked so many cigarettes that my head aches."

"Yes; you and Lola do smoke a lot," he said.

"Oh, had you noticed?"

She stopped walking and leaned against a tree, her arms twined behind her, gripping the tree trunk. Her young, lithe figure stood in radiant outline in the moonlight.

"I never thought you noticed anything," she went on. "You're so distant and aloof."

"No, I'm not."

"You've always seemed so." Her voice had grown soft and wistful. "I've always wondered if you were unhappy."

"Why should I be unhappy?"

"Oh, there isn't any reason; but, unfortunately, the lack of reasons for being unhappy doesn't always secure our happiness."

Dick flashed her a startled glance. This thought had come to him often.

"You're a philosopher, aren't you?"

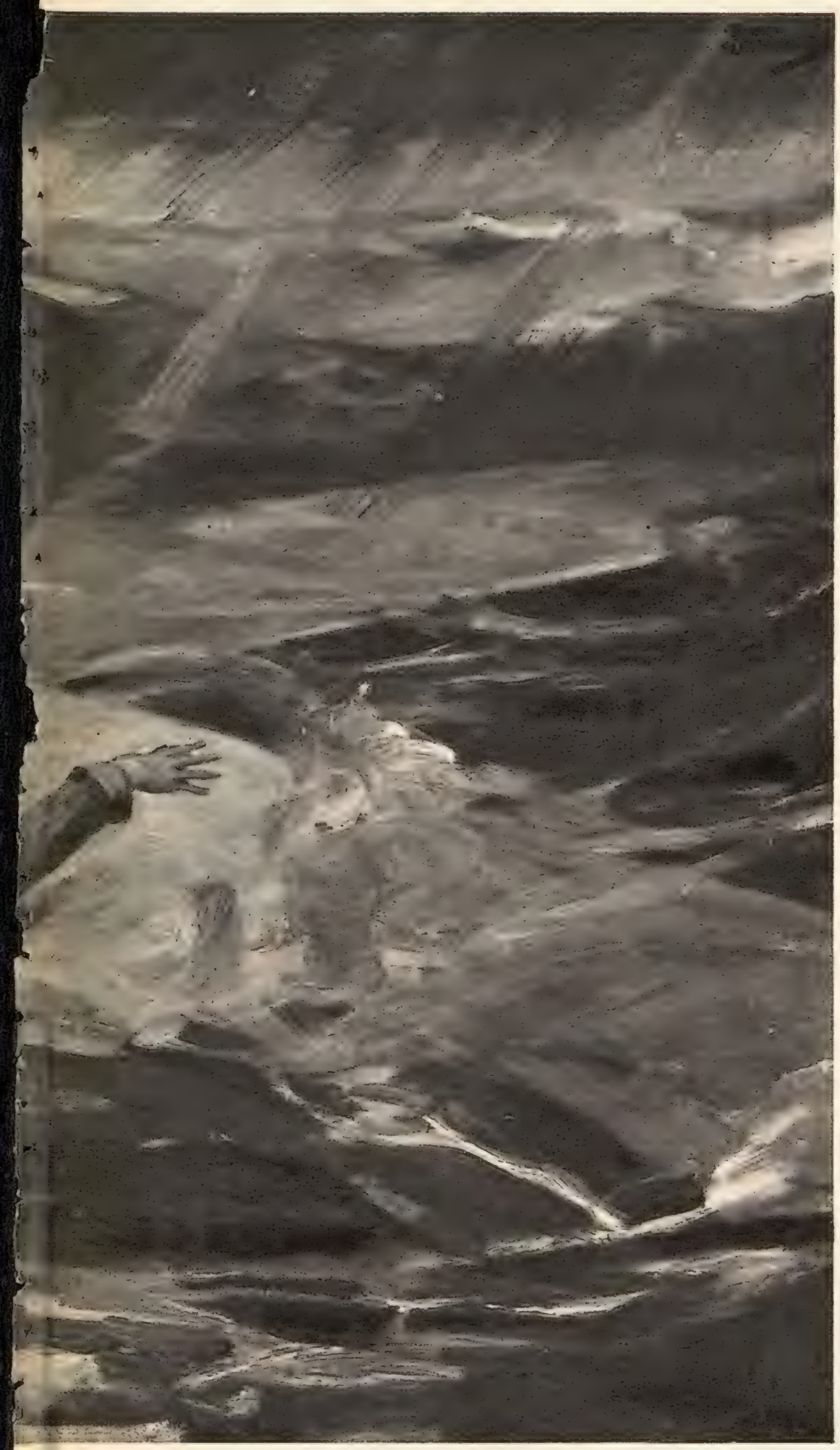
"No; I'm just a woman." She threw her arms wide in a sudden, careless gesture. "I don't suppose you've ever noticed *that*," she added.

"Yes," he said; "I've noticed that you are a woman with an unusual amount of talent. You were splendid in the show."

"You *are* distant and aloof." She laid her hand on his arm and looked up into his face. "Richard, I can't make you out, but—I'm crazy about you."

"You're a sweet thing, Anne," he said, and he kissed her lightly on the cheek. "If I were you I wouldn't give me a second thought."

*Somewhere in the darkness death had come to her. Those dream filled eye*



*ad seen a spinning world rushing toward her, engulfing her.*

"There's something nice about you, Dick. I've always felt like this toward you. You don't feel, I suppose—"

"Anne, it's awfully chilly out here. I'm afraid you'll have pneumonia. How is that headache now?"

She sighed. "Having been fictitious to start with," she said, "it can't have improved any, can it?" Her eyes wandered afar, covering Lola's acres with a sudden bitter glance. "My, your wife owns a lot of valuable property," she said. "Perhaps it's best if I forget you."

He did not answer her. They walked in silence to the house. Anne rejoined the crowd about the fireplace. They were putting Sophocles in his proper back seat. Dick took his place again by the window. He did not watch the moonlight on the fountain. He sat with his eyes tightly closed.

Somebody made a motion to go home. The motion was carried. Dick got up and began to help the women into their wraps. He walked with Lola to the door and stood at her side as the party packed themselves into their cars. Lola waved to them as the cars started. The last one disappeared and the door was closed.

Dick Thurman was about to have a minute alone with his wife.

"Wasn't it a lovely evening?"

"Perfect, dear."

"Isn't Anne Gorman the sweetest thing?"

"She certainly is."

"Do you think the play came off all right?"

"It was wonderful, Lola. Your directing was what put it over, of course. With somebody else directing—"

And so on, while Lola made demurring little gestures with her emerald studded holder. She had given herself and brought him success. Now she wanted a few praising words. Fair? Perfectly fair. Was she to suffer because he had been deluded by the yellow light of four spluttering candles?

"I think you should have played *Joda* yourself, because you are so much prettier and cleverer than Anne." (That for getting me the work from the Royce-Roberts.)

"Your constant coaching showed in Anne Gorman's performance." (That for the commission to do General Halstead's house.)

"Well, good night, darling."

"Good night, sweetheart. It's kind of you to think that I did the show well."

There was an old nursery rhyme running through Dick's head:

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper—

"My, your wife owns a lot of valuable property! My, your wife owns a lot of valuable property! My, your wife—"

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper—

COLONEL CHARLES LINDBERGH made his historic flight, and the world cheered and wept with joy. Others followed his lead. Some were successful; some were not. Gentlemen with money and a greater interest in science than in humanity gambled with aviators, their money against the aviator's life. It was not called gambling. It was said that a man offered a prize.

There was nothing known of Lally Fay before the Appleton prize was offered, but when she appeared as a contestant she gained great publicity because of her sex, her youth, and her small, appealing face. She had a crop of short dark hair and a gallant little figure. Her eyes were brown and filled with dreams.

One had the feeling that she did not know the dangers of what she contemplated. She laughed with childish glee, and carried for a mascot a tiny purple velvet cat which had a ridiculous grin and white whiskers. The whiskers weren't pure white, because Lally's hands weren't always perfectly clean. She had the small girl faculty of forgetting to wash them.

Dick Thurman found her in the banquet room of a hotel. There was a dinner being tendered to Lally Fay and her pilot. He saw Lally looking frightened to death for fear she would be asked to speak. She wore a pink dress which wasn't very becoming, and the toes of her slippers were grievously worn.

Somebody had made Dick come. That somebody now introduced him to Lally. A dignitary of more or less importance made a speech praising the courage of Lally Fay and her pilot. Their airplane was called the New Hope. Dimly Dick Thurman wondered what this signified. What had been Lally Fay's hopes before she had decided to go after the Appleton prize?

She was at the right hand of the dignitary, and Dick was beside her. Once she turned to Dick and said, "Gee, he knows a lot of big words."

Her pilot, at the left hand of the speaker, was solemn, grave eyed.

Lally whispered to Dick, "Wouldn't you think, to look at him, that we were undertaking something dangerous?"

In that minute Dick knew that those little none too clean hands might not hold the actual control of the airplane, but that in Lally Fay lay the morale and spirit of the adventure.

She made a playful gesture at the pilot. He smiled faintly.

"He's thinking of his wife and kid," Lally explained. "Gee, it's a cute kid, too." A thoughtful, worried expression appeared in her eyes. "I didn't know," she said, "that the duty of a speaker was to tell people how tough a job they've picked out for themselves."

She began to crumble a piece of bread into small pieces. Dick watched her.

It came about with cataclysmic suddenness. Dick Thurman, who had a beautiful, ladylike wife, fell reasonlessly in love with Lally Fay, who was on the brink of tempting death. There was a breathless, mad beauty about it for Dick. A careless abandon for Lally. She greeted love with her little paws outstretched, her eyes scornful as the eyes of one who has watched eagerly for a friend who has come just too late.

In the days before the flight she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Green, the pilot and his wife. They had taken a small apartment in which Mrs. Green was to wait with her small son for Bill's return.

Dick Thurman visited Lally there. He sat with her in the little front room. The scenes in that little room were showers of staccato pleas and refusals.

"Lally, you can't, you can't. It'll drive me mad. This aviation is insane. Think of your life, girl."

Lally folding a handkerchief into precise little squares. Lally looking up at him suddenly with age old eyes.

"I've thought of my life, sweetheart."

"Then think of my life."

"I have. I've thought of your life. You've accepted your wife's love and her financial backing. You owe it to her to stay hers."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ THE LITTLE THEATER
Continued from page thirteen ]

"But I'm not hers."

"You never were, so I don't blame myself; but she has the right to continue to think that you're hers. If I didn't go on this flight I should go back to my own home town. You couldn't quit your wife."

"Maybe not, Lally. But I'd know you were safe somewhere. Please—"

"Oh, I couldn't be a quitter, Dick. Bill needs me. He's as yellow as hell, and this wife of his thinks he's a hero. Don't you see? If I don't go he'll back out, and there will be a perfectly good marriage on the rocks. She's got the public idol bug. And—oh, Dick, I'd hate myself if I didn't go! Don't worry; I'll be safe."

"Don't worry! God, Lally, I'm a wreck. Don't go."

Mrs. Green tiptoeing about the apartment, letting them have their time together. Dick Thurman holding Lally in his arms, praying for the first time in twenty-five years.

The hop off would be any day now, and Lola was giving a dinner which he must attend.

They talked of Lally at the dinner table. Somebody said that she was a publicity hound who would back out of the flight at the last minute. Anne Gorman said that she had heard from reliable authority that Lally Fay back in her home town had been a girl with more friends than morals. Marvin Wells said that he had heard that Lally was past thirty, although she gave her age as twenty-four. Lola said there was no point in talking about her. Dick said nothing. He ate little. His nerves were badly frayed. Allen Holt had been terrifyingly full of details on the latest aviation disaster.

Dick thought of Lally asleep on that little bed of hers at the Greens'. Her small face with its dream filled eyes. Her young, pink lips that had said so many times the words that gave him a painful, stinging pleasure.

At length he felt rather than saw that the groups were departing. He stood up. Men were shaking hands with him. Some woman dropped a kiss on his cheek. He felt a sudden force of cool air, and he knew that he was standing beside Lola at the door.

Now they were inside again. Lola was lighting a cigarette.

"Did you hear what Jack Norman said about Marvin joining the club? Wasn't that killing? I do think everybody had a good time tonight. Rita Waterman was hinting that she wanted the lead in the next play we put on. Dear me, I don't know what to say. She can't act."

"You can teach her, Lola. With your directing you could make a canary bird act."

"Oh, Dick, don't be such a flatterer."

"It isn't flattery, dear. Why, I never dreamed that the person lived who could make Claudine Wright do a scene such as you had her do in that show she played in."

"Well, I did work hard with her."

"It showed, all right, Lola."

"I'm awfully sleepy tonight, Dick. Shall we go upstairs?"

"Yes, let's."

"You haven't been sleeping well, Dick. I heard you prowling around again last night."

"Oh, I was trying to dope out something Mrs. Helgrath would like for that hideous castle of hers she wants on the river."

"Well, thank God, your worries are small ones. How would you like to be the ruling spirit in a little theater?"

"Yes that *would* be trouble, wouldn't it? Good night, dear."

"Good night."

The little theater!

ON the last night that Dick sat in the Greens' parlor with Lally, he could think of nothing to say. He knew now that it was useless to plead with her. It was equally useless to tell her that he loved her. She knew it.

They sat close together on a little couch. Dick held Lally's hand, and sometimes he squeezed it so that she winced.

She did not speak, either. Her eyes were closed doors. Looking at them, Dick felt that he had been definitely shut out. There was no place for him in her future. Her future! Had she one? Small, game Lally facing death like *Peter Pan*, giving out to the world that it was an awfully big adventure.

She was so little to dare the ocean, the wind, the rim of the world, in a tiny man made contrivance. Nothing he could say would stop her. Nothing he could do would stop her. She would go to meet her destiny, while he stayed safe and firm in his silly, solvent world, drawing pictures of houses, kissing Lola good night, thinking up pleasant phrases for use in formal company.

Was he quite sane?

He looked at her, and looked away lest he weep for her tininess, her inadequacy, her courage. Her hair was rumpled and her skin was wind burned. She was not beautiful. She was not brilliant. She was just Lally, and he loved her. She was with him now. He could see her. He could see her young, pink mouth, her short, straight lashes. Tomorrow he would not be able to see these things. Tomorrow he would see nothing.

The room began to mist strangely before his vision. He arose abruptly. It would be the last time he would say good-by to Lally. The last time. He reached for his hat.

"Lally."

She came to him and put her arms around him. Her lips clung to his and he felt her lashes blinking hard against his cheeks. She was being game.

"Good-by, Dick. I'll cable you from the other side." There was a crooked little cocksure grin on her face.

"Yes, Lally, do." His voice was not under control. His last word was high pitched, ridiculous.

"Good-by, Dick. Don't worry."

"Good-by, sweetheart. Good luck."

"Thank you," she said, and closed the door swiftly.

He stood for a moment in the hall. Was this a nightmare? Could it be? Didn't her prim "thank you" at such a moment prove that the whole affair was a fantastic unreality? Presently he would awaken. Bathed in a cold perspiration, he reached the street.

There were some people in the house when he got home. A small portion of the usual crowd. Lola gazed at him, and he guessed that in some manner or other he looked unusual.

"Grinn has just told a lovely story, darling," she said. "Perhaps he'll tell it over again for you."

Grinn would. He told the story. When he came to the point of it and relapsed into silence, Dick laughed hilariously.

"That's a peach," he said, and he laughed again.

He felt that he'd never stop laughing. He became alarmed at his laughter, for he had not absorbed one word of the story. He leaned against the banister rail and gave himself up to the paroxysm. The others looked on, amused at the reception he had given a not extraordinary story.

Lola poured him a drink. She smiled knowingly at Rita Waterman. "He doesn't need this drink," she said. "Poor, darling Richard is plastered now."

He grabbed the glass rudely from her hand and drank. It had been a stiff drink and he had had no dinner. A merciful oblivion drew itself graciously across the balance of the night.

HE awoke to find himself in bed. The sun was not yet up. Zero hour. In the Greens' parlor Bill was kissing his wife and kid good-by. Lally was standing close by, waiting for him, touching him gently now and then with her strong, firm hand, transmitting to him strength and nerve.

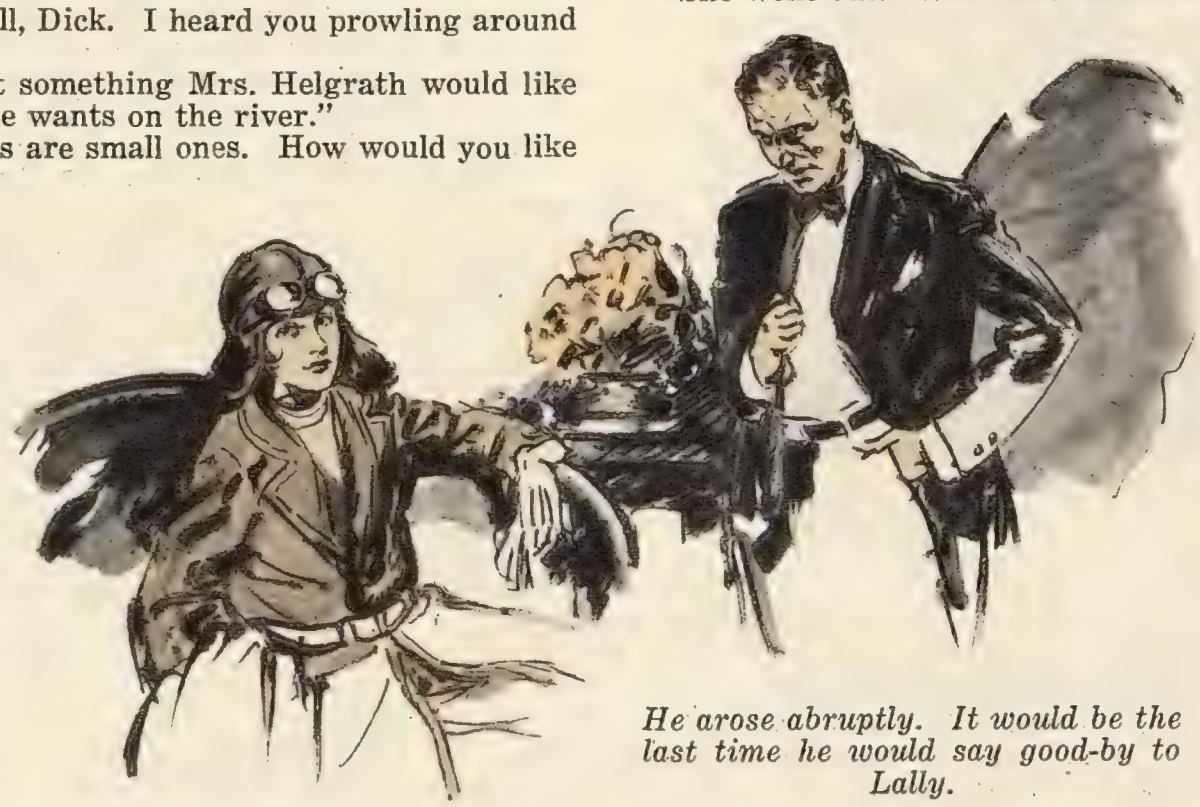
A groan escaped Dick's lips. A swish of chiffon followed close upon the groan. Lola was bending over him, trailing a length of golden sleeve across his bed.

"Head ache, darling?"

He nodded dumbly.

"I'll get some ice."

She went out. When she came back she brought ice and a headache tablet. He took the tablet and allowed her to prepare an ice pack for his head. She pulled the dark shades down and departed noiselessly.



*He arose abruptly. It would be the last time he would say good-by to Lally.*

He lay taut and wakeful in his bed. How could he sleep? He seemed to hear the whir of a motor. He closed his eyes and saw a tiny black speck high, high against the heavens. He jumped suddenly. The basin that had held the ice rattled and clanged to the floor.

Lola returned.

"Can I get you anything?" she said.

"No," he said sharply. "Pardon me for my gruffness, dear; I'm feeling terrible."

"Yes, I know how it is," she said. "I don't mind your being gruff."

She retired once more to her own room. He lay there waiting till it was a normal time to arise and prepare for the office. Lola helped him dress. He was grateful for the tolerance of modern wives who, believing their husbands to be nursing hangovers, are gentle and helpful.

"Must you go to the office today?" she asked.

"Yes. It's necessary," he answered shortly.

He did not care for breakfast, he told her. He remembered to kiss her good-by, though it was rarely she was awake when he left for the office.

"If you don't feel better by noon, come home again," she said in parting.

"Yes, dear."

"The Burgesses will be in for dinner tonight."

"Yes, dear. Good-by."

He did not buy a paper. In passing a news stand he caught a flash of the New Hope. He closed his eyes and hurried on.

There was someone waiting in the office to see him. He went through the interview. It seemed to him later that he had agreed to design an Italian villa.

He went home at his usual hour. The Burgesses were dear friends of Lola's. She wanted him to be there and to be nice to them.

He was there and he was nice to them. Mr. Burgess commented at length on topics of the day. He had noted, he said, that the New Hope had been sighted over some place or other.

"Plucky kid, that Fay girl," he said.

"Yes," said Dick.

"She'll get hers," said Mrs. Burgess. "A good plop in the ocean will teach her that's no business for a woman."

"On the contrary, my dear, it will teach her nothing at all," contradicted Mr. Burgess—"unless, of course, there is something to be learned on the other side of glory." He laughed heartily for no apparent reason.

Dick's fork fell with a terrible jangle upon his plate. The room went black for him. He felt Lola's hand on his arm and he heard her voice asking him if he felt ill.

"No; I—I dropped my fork. Stupid of me. What do you think about Druber for Congress, Burgess?"

Burgess thought much about Druber for Congress. Dick sat there gazing at him but not seeing him—hearing the steady rumble of his voice, but not being able to arrange the sounds so that they made sense.

It was dark outside now. Somewhere against the stars a tiny speck of black was moving. Somewhere in the vast spaces a gallant little figure was sitting with a purple velvet cat in the pocket next her heart—a whimsical little cat with white whiskers that were not very white. Tiny company in the infinite stretches twixt sky and water. A frightened man, a small girl, and a velvet cat.

The Burgesses left early. Some other people came. Dick heard himself talking to them, joking a little, arguing about the merits of ginger ale as opposed to seltzer. Somebody wandered in after midnight with a morning paper.

"I see," said the new arrival, waving his paper, "that the New Hope has not been sighted."

"That's probably paper talk," said Lola. "They've tried to stir up interest in Lally Fay all along and this is good for a few columns about her."

Dick stood frozen to the floor. He could not move to take the paper. He stood holding on to the back of the chair, not daring to let go. His eyes were seeing through the brick wall of the house. He was seeing Lally—his Lally—falling, falling, falling—

*Far away somewhere there was Lally. Very far away—*

"Would you like to dance?" Rita Waterman asked him. "Nobody will dance with me."

"I've never danced," he said. "Just can't do it. Sorry."

"Of course you can dance, Dick." A dozen voices shouted in his ear.

"No, I can't, really. So the New Hope hasn't been sighted?"

Somebody answered him. Dick got into a chair and sat there till it was time to go to bed.

He did not sleep. He lay all night, miserably cold in his body and fiendishly hot in his head. The New Hope was lost. It was a publicity stunt, Lola had said. God! didn't the woman have a heart or a soul? The New Hope was lost. He found himself thinking of poor, yellow Bill, of the wife and kid he'd left behind him.

In the morning he tried again to avoid news stands. He had never before realized that there were so many of them. They leaped at him with their scores of papers, each flaunting a heavy black heading: "New Hope Lost."

He thought of visiting Mrs. Green. There was no one else to whom he could talk of the thing within his brain that soon must burst if not relieved. He rejected the notion as impractical. Mrs. Green had her own sorrow, and doubtless there were friends and relatives to help her bear it. There was no one to help him bear his. It must stay hidden.

HE walked through the morning like a somnambulist. He was not conscious of the passing of time. He heard the word lunch, and he got his hat and left the office. His assistant stared after him wonderingly.

A noon edition of a paper bore a headline which made his heart beat faster: "Hope Still Held for Missing Plane."

He managed, after this encouraging news, to swallow some food. He sat with the paper bolstered up in front of him, reading again and again every comforting word.

Home in the evening. There was to be a theater party in town and supper afterward at his own house. Everybody was going. The same old crowd.

Dick went, marveling at the control that keeps a man doing what he has always done, the something that aids him in polite deceit. Far away somewhere there was Lally. Very far away—

"Yes," he said to Marvin Wells, "I've always admired that actor, too. I know whom you mean, but I can't think of his name, either."

The show was over. They were riding back to his house. Lola was beside him in the car, telling him how—had she been the playwright—she would have finished the play.

Supper. The long table in the dining room glimmering with glass and silver. Amber lights and the sweet, spicy scent of fresh flowers. Lola in black, looking queenly and beautiful. People laughing and talking. People whose minds weren't roving to deserted, wind swept spaces, searching the infinite for the sight of a tiny gallant craft.

"Where's Hal?" asked Lola, looking about her.

"He'll be along in a minute," said Anne Gorman. "He and Phil stopped for a paper. You know, they're insane about aviation."

Conversation crackled about Dick Thurman's ears. He took no part in it. He was waiting for Phil and Hal to come with that paper. Wine was poured.

"Let's wait for Phil," begged Anne.

Dick could hear the man opening the door for the tardy arrivals. They seemed to take no end of time dispensing with their hats and coats. They came at last into the dining room. Hal held the newspaper in his hand.

"Come on, boys," called Marvin Wells. "We haven't had a drink yet. We've been waiting for you."

"What news of the daring lady flier?" asked Rita Waterman.

"Lost," said Hal. "Undoubtedly lost. Just another aviation disaster."

"Oh," said Anne Gorman, "that's too bad."

A sudden silence fell over the room, during which Anne got to her feet. She never missed a chance to show her little theater training. Here was drama. She held her wineglass high in the air.

"Godspeed into the hereafter, gallant Lally Fay," she said. "Godspeed, Bill Green."

Slowly, solemnly, the others got to their feet. They drank. Two tears appeared in Lola's eyes and splashed upon the table damask. Dick remembered her at Napoleon's tomb. He turned from her and closed his eyes so that he would not see these people who found this terrible moment replete with dramatic value.

"Lally Fay, your courageous little soul flies on to glory," breathed Anne.

To glory! The little brave soul with the purple velvet cat. Somewhere in the darkness death had come to her. Those dream filled eyes had seen a spinning world rushing toward her, engulfing her.

Perhaps the little not too clean hands still held the purple cat with its whimsical smile. Perhaps the childish mouth had said a last word of encouragement to Bill. Lally had faced the ocean and the sky and found them too big for her, too vast for her New Hope.

She had flown to the dark angel with a gay word on her lips. She had had no God, no philosophy to strengthen her. She had just been game. And now she was gone. Somewhere in the cold distances that small body lay hidden from the world, just as forever he would have to hide his sore heart.

"We shall not forget you, Lally Fay," Anne went on, lowering her wineglass. "Nor you, Bill Green. Godspeed."

"OH, don't say any more, for the love of God!" cried Lola. "Forget it. Eat, drink, and forget."

Dick pushed his chair back and rushed from the table. He could not bear another moment of this and keep his sanity. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead. He wanted to go somewhere and cry. He wished that he could sob the soreness from his heart, the clouds of misery from his brain. He wanted to run from this little theater where it was somehow necessary to act. He had found it necessary. Those others downstairs seemed to find it necessary, too.

He dropped to his knees beside his bed, and grasped with frantic, aimless hands the folds of the satin comforter. It seemed hours that he knelt there asking questions of Someone who did not answer. Downstairs he heard the cars starting away.

He heard Lola on the stairs, and prayed that she would not come in. He got to his feet and switched off his light. The moon gleamed through his window—the same moon that had seen Lally whirling, whirling into eternity. He rubbed his hands across his hot eyes.

Lola was turning the knob of his door. He must play his little scene.

"I'm sorry," he said, "that I rushed away so abruptly. I'm not well. I—"

She came to him, and he saw that she was crying. Her arms went around his neck in a tender, comforting embrace.

"My poor darling," she said. "My poor Richard." Her tears glittered in the moonlight and fell warm upon his hand. "She was so brave. Such a gallant little figure in this world of make-believe—your little Lally."

She had known! She was crying for Lally and for him, and for the love that had lived in their hearts and had been frustrated because they each had done what they had to do—what the world expected of them. His own tears came now. Lola held his head against her breast and patted his cheek softly.

They stood so for many minutes, Richard Thurman and his wife.

THE END

P. & A. photo

*The Executive Mansion at Albany, New York, where Mrs. Alfred E. Smith presides.*

# An Ameri

## The Story of

By Edward

*(Reading time: 15 minutes 35 seconds.)*

ONE of the favorite jokes of American grownups is the old chestnut that any boy may grow up to be President. "Wash behind your ears, do what papa says, don't talk back to mama, and some day, my boy, you may find yourself telling Congress what to do."

It is a joke because it is so incredible.

Yet every few years some boy born in a musty small town, a rocky farm, a hamlet in the hills, or a backwoods cottage, goes to the White House to live.

It is but one of the impossible romances of America.

And with the boy goes the girl who perhaps has been the village belle, the small town schoolteacher; the girl who has borne the children, scrubbed the house, done the marketing, made out the bills, and wondered, some days, how she could pay next month's rent!

From the lower East Side of New York this year comes Al Smith, a Horatio Alger hero risen from the tenements, running for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket. And with him is Katie Dunn, the girl from down the block; the girl he married twenty-eight years ago; the only girl he ever loved.

Everybody knows Al. Everybody knows how he rose from newsboy to Governor. But his wife—how comparatively seldom you hear anything about her. How little is known of her. How much is told in whispers.

The bands play East Side, West Side, All Around the Town. Crowds sing it, cheering for Al. Orchestras play the tune in hotels and theaters, and men and women rise and sing in mad enthusiasm—for Al.

In New York City they sing the song for Mayor Jimmy Walker and for all the celebrities who come to town—for Lindbergh, for Queen Marie, for the Prince of Wales, for Byrd who carried the flag to the pole, for Gertrude Ederle who swam the Channel from Cape Gris-Nez to Vaudeville, for "Black Jack" Pershing who won the war. But essentially it is Al Smith's song.

P. & A. photo

*New York State's First Lady with her setter Pal.*

One hearing it sees visions of boys playing ball in the cobblestone streets, boys selling papers, boys hitching on trucks and dodging taxicabs, boys carrying bundles and delivering messages and running errands, boys growing up to be Presidents some day.

And one sees visions, too, of little girls, pigtailed little girls playing jacks, nursing dolls, wheeling baby brothers, talking dreams—

"Which would you rather be, a queen with a gold crown or the President's wife?"

Yes, any American boy may become President. And any American girl may become the First Lady of the Land—but, in the romantic story of a boy's achievement, the romance of the girl is forgotten. We are so engrossed in the story of Al Smith that we are apt to forget the story of Al Smith's wife.

Of course I had known Al Smith had a wife. I had seen pictures of her. I had read stories about her in newspapers and magazines. I had heard various people speak of her. But until I met her I didn't realize the story of her.

The story wrote itself for me as she came walking toward me. She didn't have to say a word. She didn't have to look my way. The story was there for anyone to read.

This is the woman who made Al Smith what he is!

Ah, yes, Al Smith's story is all that you say it is; but this is the woman who made that story possible.

No other woman could have helped Al Smith so much. No other woman could have moved him to such heights; could have made him want to lift himself from the cobblestones to the stars.

One senses that immediately upon seeing her.

There ought to be a song for her as well as for Al—but she is in that song the bands play for him:

> Boys and girls. together—me and Mamie O'Rourke
> Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York.

Catherine Dunn is *Mamie O'Rourke.*

I didn't recognize Mrs. Smith at first—because I had seen so many pictures of her. The camera hasn't been kind to her. It has made her look fat and stolid and old. It has given her a severity of demeanor and a coldness of expression she does not possess.

I had expected to meet a woman with a lorgnette and a lot of chins; a haughty woman loaded with jewels who would speak with a Brooklynese accent. I expected she would say "burled" for boiled, and "woild" for world.

And I found a motherly woman, warm, gracious, wholesome; a lady with blue eyes that sparkled, with soft dark brown hair that waved, with dimples, with slender and well shaped hands. I found a woman who was all feminine, all grace, all charm.

She certainly was not fat. She was rounded a bit, but as a mother is rounded. Her bosom was a cushion meant to soothe the head of a tired child. Her face was rounded and soft and sweet. Her blue eyes were rounded and without guile.

SHE seemed young, too. How could anyone with dimples such as hers appear old?

And her speech was without a flaw. Oh, she did say "ain't"—but lots of us keep the word in our vocabularies. However, if she has any queer accent—Brooklynese or otherwise—my Chicago baked ears didn't detect it.

Mrs. Smith isn't one of the lacquered ladies you see in the hotels and theaters, nor one of the overdressed dowagers you meet on the boulevards or in the parks. You will find her type only in your mother's home.

# can Wife

## Catherine Dunn Smith

## Doherty

Arnold Genthe photo

*Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, wife of New York's Governor, as she is today.*

She was dressed in blue chiffon, a well fitting dress with a few frills on it. The Governor loves to see her in blue. Once when he saw her in a new black gown she had just bought, he said:

"Huh! Going to a funeral?"

Blue earrings hung from her ears. A necklace of odd shaped stones fitted tightly about her neck. There were several rings on her fingers, including the gold one that has been on her wedding finger for twenty-eight years. And over her heart was a picture of her husband, a circular picture edged with seed pearls.

Mrs. June Hamilton Rhodes, a young blue eyed Presbyterian assigned by the National Democratic Committee to be Mrs. Smith's press representative, arranged for me to meet Mrs. Smith in the boudoir of her suite in the Hotel Biltmore.

It is a large room, with holy pictures over the beds, and on the dresser a crucifix, a picture of Al in a silver frame, a vase of cut flowers, and some miniatures of the children.

WHILE we waited for Mrs. Smith to receive us, Mrs. Rhodes told me of Mrs. Smith's love for colors.

"Her gowns are always exquisite," Mrs. Rhodes says, "and she wears them well. Her taste runs to various shades of blue. She loves color in everything, especially in pictures. By the way, she arranged those flowers you see on the dresser."

While we waited, a Miss Dalrymple, the Associated Press reporter assigned to accompany Mrs. Smith until after Election Day, sauntered into the room.

I felt somewhat ill at ease, talking to two women I didn't know, waiting in a woman's room to interview a woman I vaguely dreaded to meet. I wondered how Mrs. Smith would greet the Presbyterian, what she would say to the reporter, how she would greet me.

Mrs. Smith appeared suddenly in the doorway and, as I say, I didn't recognize her at first. Could this beautiful, poised, natural woman be the Mrs. Smith I had heard so much about?

Mrs. Rhodes jumped up and ran to her, crying, "Darling, hello!"

Mrs. Smith embraced her—as if the girl were her daughter.

Miss Dalrymple ran to her with a "How are you, dear?" also to be embraced.

"Did you buy any new clothes today?" she asked.

"No, dear; none today. But I saw the most wonderful hat"—and they talked with beaming faces for a moment.

Suddenly I felt as though I belonged here, as though I had known Mrs. Smith all my life.

And so we fell, all four of us, into a natural talkfest, exactly like members of a big family meeting again after a long period of absence.

I hadn't come to ask any certain questions. I trusted that "the spur of the moment" would guide me. I hadn't come to interview this woman so much as to find out what sort of person she was—what kind of First Lady she would be should the vote go Democratic.

Wide World photo

*Mrs. Smith (left) at the Democratic Convention after her husband's nomination.*

It wasn't a regular interview at all. In fact, it was one of the strangest interviews I ever attended. And attended is the proper word, because for the most part I merely stood and listened. None of us sat down during the entire time we talked. We were so interested in Mrs. Smith—and she seemed so interested in us—that none of us thought of chairs.

The conversation ran toward Mrs. Smith's children, her life as Al Smith's wife—that sort of stuff. There was no talk of politics until I brought it up myself.

"Will you be disappointed if Al isn't elected?" I asked.

Yes, I called him Al. Somehow, you can't call him anything else when you are talking to her. I can't explain it, unless it's by her overwhelming personality that sort of puts its wings over you and makes you feel near and dear to her, gives you the right to talk of her husband as Al, and of her children as Al Junior, or Arthur, or Catherine, or Emily, or Walter.

"Will you be disappointed if Al isn't elected?"

"Not at all," she said, those dimples flashing. "I'll still be his wife, and that's all that matters."

AS these three women talked I found myself seeing pictures of Mrs. Smith's life:

A girl sitting on her front porch—her house at 170th Street and Third Avenue—a girl in a dotted mull dress that came all the way down to her ankles, her hair done up in one of those 1900 pompadours. A girl waiting for Al Smith to come riding up on his bicycle and wave his derby hat to her. A girl—Katie Dunn—dreaming of becoming Mrs. Al Smith, and being content with the dream.

A bride keeping a few rooms clean, getting meals for Al Smith, studying the family budget at night, making seventy-five dollars a month stretch itself to meet all the bills. A young wife going without a new dress in order to pay a doctor's bill—"Of course the doctor would wait until next month; but I had such a fear of getting into debt!" A young wife singing to her husband, or walking with him through the dingy streets of New York's East Side, and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

listening to some band playing East Side, West Side, All Around the Town.

The young mother, giving her husband's name to her firstborn, fiercely proud of him, carrying him to St. James's Church for baptism—the church where she and Al both had been baptized.

They were born in the same neighborhood, Al Smith and Katie Dunn. But Katie's folks were a little more prosperous than Al's, and they took Katie uptown when she was a child. Al didn't meet her till she was grown up.

He heard her singing at a church entertainment. He had himself introduced. And then he started calling on her twice a week or more. And he had to go way up to 170th Street to see her. In those days the elevated road ran only to 129th Street. It took hours to go from the Fourth Ward to the Bronx.

Al continued working as a subpœna server, at seventy-five dollars a month, for three years after his marriage. Then he was elected to the Assembly, and spent most of his time in Albany.

They lived in half a house in Oliver Street, and Katie Dunn busied herself with the place and the babies and the bills, and wrote long letters to Al. And Al came home every weekend, bringing little presents for Katie and the children. When he couldn't come home he made them come to him.

When he came home he helped around the house—dried the dishes, helped with the mop and the broom and the dustcloth, helped bathe the children, played all the games that fathers play with sons and daughters, took them to shows, gave them little treats.

"It was like heaven when Al came home," Mrs. Smith says. Like heaven to her, and, of course, like heaven to Al.

Brown Brothers photo

*When the candidate was Assemblyman Smith, with his family. (Left to right) Top row: Emily, Mr. Smith, Alfred E., Jr., and Mrs. Smith. Lower row: Catherine, Arthur, and Walter.*

ALL the time, in those years in the Assembly, Al was developing, studying, learning, making himself bigger and bigger. All the time, in those years, Mrs. Smith was quietly helping him, seeing that he had no worries. Mrs. Smith doesn't say this; but you read it between the lines.

If she had nagged him, the story of Al Smith might be different. If she had tried to manage him, she might have spoiled him. If she had tried to advise him about politics and matters of State government, she would have botched his career.

She let him alone. She had faith in him. She knew that, with her faith, he would make himself great. She encouraged him in anything and everything he wanted to do.

And the children. "How did you keep them from annoying him when he was busy?"

"Annoying him? Why, they couldn't annoy him. He loved them. You should see him with them. He was as gentle as a woman and as understanding. He read to them; he recited pieces to them; he played with them until it was bedtime. When they were asleep, and I was comfortable by myself, he would read bills, or study. And if one of the children wakened, Al would forget everything and sing him back to sleep."

The wife of the Governor, the First Lady of New York.

You see pictures of her in a blue dress receiving the guests at the gubernatorial mansion in Albany, a fine, sweet woman shaking hands with everybody, calling everybody by name, making them all welcome, at ease, members of a family.

Katie Dunn, whose one big ambition was to be Al Smith's wife, finding herself hostess to all New York State—and finding herself capable of entertaining them.

Mrs. Rhodes suddenly turns to me.

"Mrs. Smith shook hands with four thousand women the other night at a reception," she says. "I asked her if she were not tired, and she said, 'Tired? Not at all. If it gives those women any pleasure to come here and wait and stand in line for a chance to shake hands with me, think of the pleasure I must get in shaking hands with them.'"

"It was nothing," Mrs. Smith says, and the talk goes on. Talk of her children, Al teaching them how to pitch a ball, helping them with their schooling. I broke into the conversation:

"Did you ever spank your children, Mrs. Smith?"

"Spank them? I never had to."

Miss Dalrymple laughed.

"Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt says that Mrs. Smith's children can't leave her alone for ten minutes," she said.

"Nonsense," Mrs. Smith answered. "They've all left me, except Walter."

"But they came back again, too," said Mrs. Rhodes. "They may be married and have families of their own, but they still love their mother."

International photo

*Governor and Mrs. Smith today with their three grandchildren, Walter Joseph, Arthur, and Mary Adams Warner.*

"They are with you a lot," said Miss Dalrymple.

"They are, thank God. And they've brought me other children."

"How many have you now?" I asked.

"Twelve—five of my own, two sons-in-law, two daughters-in-law, and three grandchildren.

"I try to have them all with me all the time," she continued, "but of course it's impossible. Yet we really are all one family."

Talk of the life as the First Lady of the State, talk of receptions, state dinners, plans, decorations, gowns, children—and the "interviewer" thinking of an article he had read recently, an article by a man printed in a woman's magazine.

This man had cleverly maligned Mrs. Smith. Adroitly he painted her as fat and vain and pompous—even a bit vulgar. Katie Dunn, he said, had lost twenty-eight pounds since he had last seen her. Katie Dunn had got into the swing of managing a butler. He stressed the fact that she wore jewelry.

AS I looked at Mrs. Smith talking, I wondered if that writer had been born in a house that boasted a butler. I wondered if it were a disgrace in this aristocratic America not to be able to manage a butler as soon as one manages a knife and fork. When I could decently do so I asked Mrs. Smith about her jewelry.

"This," she said, pointing to Al's picture, "was given me after my husband was inaugurated Governor the first time. It's a fine picture of—"

"Of your favorite candidate?"

"My first, last, and only candidate."

All the other jewelry she wore had been given her by Al. She wore the trinkets because he had given them to her.

"I know they criticize me for wearing jewelry," she said; "but what of it?"

Maybe Katie Dunn has lost twenty-eight pounds. She could put it back on for all any of her friends care. It wouldn't change her attitude toward life, toward people. It wouldn't change the attitude of people toward her. Personally, though, I hope she doesn't become any slimmer than she is.

The talk turned again to clothes, and Mrs. Smith, thinking perhaps that I was bored, interrupted it.

"This poor man didn't come to hear about striped border effects or pastel tones," she said. "I'm sure he didn't. He came to ask me a lot of questions, and we have hardly let him open his mouth."

I grinned at her.

"Ask me any questions you want to," she said.

"I don't have to ask you anything," I said. "I think I've found out all about you, listening to you talk."

"And what have you learned?"

"I've learned that you are the happiest woman in the United States," I said.

"True," she agreed. "Only you should have said the world."

That's Al Smith's wife—Katie Dunn, the girl from down the block, the blue eyed lass who may go to the White House with the man she loves.

---

*A study of Mrs. Herbert Hoover's personality by Adela Rogers St. Johns will be printed in next week's Liberty.*

# Tomato Soup!

## *Eat it often..it's so healthful and delicious*

HOW OFTEN do you and your family get the benefit of the famous health-giving qualities of fine tomatoes? That's a question every housewife should ask herself. Turn the pages of books on correct eating. Glance at the food articles in the magazines. Ask any doctor or food expert. Everywhere, on all sides, you get the same opinion—that tomatoes are rich in tonic goodness and healthfulness. And Tomato Soup is an ideal way to eat them!

You enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup, of course. And everybody does. But do not overlook the fact that the *oftener* you enjoy it, the more you are contributing to your good health.

So wouldn't it be a good idea for you to plan to serve Campbell's Tomato Soup in more of your meals? You know it's always welcome—it has such a refreshing flavor and it is so invigorating. The family never tires of it. It gives a happy sparkle to the meals.

Campbell's Tomato is the most popular soup in the world. And its use is growing by leaps and bounds because millions of families demand it more frequently. For in this soup are blended only the choicest of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. It is the smooth puree of the valuable tomato juices and the tender tomato "meat". These are enriched with golden country butter and the seasoning by Campbell's French chefs brings out the most tempting flavor.

Cream of Tomato Soup! Do you realize how quickly and easily you can prepare this favorite with Campbell's Tomato Soup? Just add an equal quantity of milk or cream, stir while heating, but do not boil. Serve immediately. You'll agree it's the best you ever tasted.

All Campbell's Soups are just as strict in delicious quality—and just as convenient. There are 21 different Campbell's Soups listed on the label. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of these soups you select. 12 cents a can.

Healthy, wealthy, wise you'll be,
In happiness continue,
If this lesson you will learn:
Have Campbell's Soup within you!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE bulbs may be obtained with either single or double filament.

*Correct Focus*—See that your bulbs are always correctly focussed and adjusted. This is necessary for complete safety.

# Daylight Confidence

A white beam of light far down the road.... trees, fences, foliage appear in their *natural color*, adding charm and safety to night driving.

TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE bulbs bring a new delight. You relax and drive with greater comfort and with no strain on the eyes. The secret of this new illumination is the delicate, pale-blue tinted glass, but these bulbs should not be confused with ordinary blue bulbs. There is a difference in color of the glass and in quality of light.

TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE is a new achievement in keeping with the TUNG-SOL traditions of constant and never-ceasing improvement in automotive illumination. Get these new bulbs for your headlamps and drive *with daylight confidence.* They comply with all legal requirements.

**TUNG-SOL BLU-WITE**

TRADE MARK

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark, New Jersey

*Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents.*

# Bully Missionary

*"I told him all I thought of missionaries and their works, and more than I thought."*

*(Reading time: 14 minutes 4 seconds.)*

## *A Story of the Cannibal Islands*

By

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

*Pictures by* WILLIAM LIEPSE

"HOW would I know?" exclaimed Captain Horne. "Modern sentiment and the policy of the seas being what they are, no sensible cannibal would do his eating in public. He would climb back into valleys beyond the endurance of white men, and the news of what he did when he got there would never leak out. But in the old days, throughout the whole island world of the Pacific, man eat man. It stands to reason. The original inhabitants, whoever they were, came from some meat eating center and settled here and there in little countries where there was no meat. And they had to have their meat, same as you and I do—or think we do. And the only available meat supply in those old days was men, women, and children.

"Very likely," he added, "it was the men of those old days who originated the chivalrous cry: 'Women and children first.'"

"Of course, captain," I said, "if you can't supply me with facts, nobody can."

"None of my facts will do you any good," he said, "but they are yours for the asking. They are these:

"I don't know of my own knowledge of a single act of cannibalism in the whole of the thirty-seven years I've traded in the South Seas.

"Once, in Raona, the island we lift tomorrow morning if this wind holds, I was offered, among other island curiosities, a fork, three pronged, made of some dark hard wood, and hefty enough to swing a whole roast of beef. The man who had it for sale told me frankly that it was a cannibal fork; but he said that it was hundreds of years old. I didn't think so. To me it looked like new work, and I've seen enough of the real and of the faked to have a pretty good notion.

"But when I laughed and said, 'Come, now; you saw that fork made yourself, and you've very likely used it or seen it used,' he protested with so much feeling that I didn't know what to believe, and don't now.

"As you know, I touch at Raona about once a year. Hardly anybody else ever touches there at all. It's an *incommunicado* kind of place. Well, in addition to that fork I've this bit of gossip: There was a certain family, four brothers and three sisters, that I took a great shine to. They were the finest looking, goldenest looking set of youngsters you ever saw. The next trip I missed two of the boys and one of the girls. I asked after them, and the only answer I could get was that they had gone away. The next year, of all that family only the youngest girl remained. And to the same question I got the same answer.

"Now, if people don't go away from Raona in my schooner, La Belle Amie, they don't go away at all. That's certain. I questioned the girl, and all she would say was, 'They gone—all gone.'

"But the last night of my stay, she swam out to the schooner and came over the side naked and dripping. She said, 'My brother and my sisters they gone—all gone. I think more better I go away too. I go away with you. You take me.'"

CAPTAIN HORNE was silent for a few moments. Then he said:

"I would be easier in my conscience if I had taken her. But at the time I thought the opposite. If I'd only been a little younger—a little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# No Appetite

*What to do with children*

When children refuse to eat or develop strange appetite disorders, and consequently become nervous, anaemic and run down, the trouble may often be traced to the lack of vital substance which is abundant in yeast.

As a tonic, regulator, stimulant and corrective for appetite and digestive troubles, give dried yeast to your children.

Yeast Foam Tablets are an absolutely pure food, they don't ferment; they help build healthy tissue and strong normal bodies. And this is the only yeast that is easy to eat and has a delicious taste.

Get a 5c packet or a large 50c bottle at the drug store and see how good this yeast really is!

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.


[BULLY MISSIONARY
Continued from page twenty-one]

less calculating—a little less dumb. She saw that I wasn't going to take her with me, and for a second I thought she looked panicky. But she smiled right out of that, and laughed—and went over the side without another word, and I think she swam ashore."

"You *think* she swam ashore?"

"I have good eyes and it was a wonderful clear night of stars. I watched her dark head grow smaller, and felt rather like a skunk at having refused her. And then, all of a sudden, I couldn't see her any more.

"The next year, when I asked what had become of her, they told me the usual story. She had gone away. And there's all the facts that I can give you."

"And you *think* that that beautiful family was killed off, one by one, and eaten, and that to escape that fate the last survivor committed suicide?"

"No. That isn't what I think. Maybe I don't think it, because I'd hate to, and maybe I've got goodish reasons for not thinking it. If cannibalism is still practiced, it would be for some religious reason. It wouldn't be for pleasure, because it stands to reason that the pigs with which Captain Cook filled the islands, and the bully beef that is put up in tins, are much better eating. The island pork, as you know, is delicious, and the islanders, most of them, actually prefer bully beef to pork.

"About the girl. I don't know. If she did drown herself, it wasn't for love of me. If it had been that kind of a suicide, I couldn't sleep nights. If she did drown herself, it was because she preferred drowning to some other alternative—something I imagine that has to do with religion—some superstition that made the extinction of her particular family seem necessary to the other islanders. We'll never know."

"ARE the Raonans Christians?" I asked.

"I don't know. The last time I saw them—last year—they weren't. But that's last year."

He filled his pipe, taking plenty of time, and lighted it. Then, because he was a man of extraordinary poise and self-sufficiency, he surprised me by saying:

"I think I had better tell you that I am in a very embarrassing fix."

"You!" I exclaimed.

"Sometimes it makes me laugh to think about it," he said, "and sometimes it gives me an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach, and I suffer what is vulgarly described as 'cold feet.'

"You may have noticed that I like to do most of the talking. It isn't because I'm rotten with ego, but because I've been alone so much. I don't get to carry many white passengers. Mostly there's just me and my crew, and for me that's being alone. They're good boys, except when they get ashore, and good seamen. I prefer 'em to whites. But they're not company in the sense that a man of your own race and more or less your own point of view is company.

"So most of the time you may say I'm alone; and when I'm not—like now—why, everything that's been thought and half thought for weeks and weeks, sometimes for months and months, just has to come out, like the water in a reservoir when it rises higher than the dam.

"When we get back to Papeete and you go ashore, and our voyage is over, your name will be written in the log for that day coupled with the comment, 'Good listener.'

*"I thought she looked panicky."*

That's the highest term of praise that ever finds its way into the logs of La Belle Amie.

"LAST year a missionary, the Reverend Amos Necker, wormed his way on board La Belle Amie, and I carried him as far as Raona. His idea was to visit all the islands of the South Seas and report to his superiors the progress which their particular brand of religion and ethics had made among the dwindling populations of these islands.

"Well, as I'm telling you, I carried him as far as Raona and put him ashore. He thought he'd have about a week to look the place over and sow a few seeds of righteousness. As far as I know, he's still there. That's why I told you that, though the Raonans certainly were not Christians a year ago, they may be now."

"I suppose," I said, "that Raona looked like fertile ground to him, and that's why he elected to stay."

"He didn't elect to stay," said Captain Horne, "and that's what worries me. I did the electing. I named the candidate and cast all the votes. He didn't want to stay. Three days was enough for him. He didn't like the place or the people. The people didn't like him.

"As you are beginning to know for yourself, the island peoples, even the ones that have been Christianized, are inherently modest. The first thing the Reverend Necker did was to try to bully the Raonans into wearing more clothes. They would either, he said, have to wear more clothes or go to hell when they died.

"The Raonans smiled and looked puzzled, and then laughed and nodded and pretended to understand. And the next day, when he visited the village in the hope and expectation of finding the inhabitants all bundled up, he found, on the contrary, that the inhabitants, with the exception of the old people, were not wearing anything at all.

"I've never seen a madder man, and he gave a superb example of what the professors of literature call an anticlimax. 'They have insulted God,' he said. 'They have insulted the church. They have insulted *me*.'

"When I said that I'd never been able to see what difference a few clothes more or less could possibly make to God, he accused me of blasphemy. And then he started to lay down the law, and I had to listen—same as I'd had to listen day after day and night after night during our voyage together. I could never get in a word edgewise. I'd have to listen to statements that I knew of my own knowledge weren't true; and every time I'd try to interrupt and straighten him out on the facts, he'd simply sweep me away with 'Now, don't interrupt—just listen—just let me finish. You'll see in a second how all the little parts of the argument dovetail together.'"

"Is he old or young?" I asked.

"You shouldn't have to ask me that," said Captain Horne. "No old man could be so energetic or so misinformed. The Raonans raised the devil with him. They wouldn't wear clothes. They made kava and got drunk. They put on dances and singsings.

"If the Reverend Necker had had the power, he would have tied some of the ringleaders to stakes and roasted them as examples to the others. He was that kind of a man. It was no use telling him that they were just children, good enough in their way, and happy enough, and best let alone. He knew better; and, though he himself had more imperative duties, he would see to it that some other man who could not be trifled with, and to whom time was no object, should be sent out to them.

"IT was to be our last night ashore. La Belle Amie was scheduled to sail at dawn. And I was sick to death of his talk, and said so. For once, he had to listen. I shouted him down. I told him all I thought of missionaries and their works, and more than I thought. I told him that if there was a special hell reserved for the impudent, he would find it filled with missionaries.

"When I got through shouting, he said in a voice like nitric acid, 'At least, my good man, you will admit that we missionaries have stamped out cannibalism.'

"And I shouted at him, 'The hell you have! It's the introduction of bully beef by us traders that has stamped it out.'

"Again he called me his good man in the nitric acid voice, and I got so mad that there were only two things I could do: wring his neck or get out.

"I got out. I more than got out. I rounded up my crew, half drunk with kava and festooned with gardenias, and drove them aboard La Belle Amie. There was a ghost of a perfumed breeze moving out from the land. We made sail, and that's that."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

# How long is it since you looked at all your snapshots?

AN evening arrives when there is nothing special to do. The picture at the movies is one you've already seen. Nobody feels like reading and you can't get anything on the radio that the folks want to listen to. As for cards, you've all played so much lately that you're fed up. What, oh what, can a bored family find to amuse itself?

That's the time to get out all your snapshots. The farther back they go the more fun they'll be. Nothing draws a bigger laugh than the picture of some one you know dressed in the style of ten years ago.

And how those old snapshots do start conversation going. A moment before each one of you may have been sitting around glumly with never a word to say. Now everyone talks at once, anxious to remind the others of incidents he remembers but which they may have forgotten.

When you see a well-loved face or scene, you immediately think of all that has happened since the snapshot was made and the evening becomes one of delightful reminiscence.

*Perhaps it's time for another happy evening among the pictures of people you met, friends you made, and trips you took*

Prepare now for such evenings in the future. Don't make the mistake of trusting too much to your memory. You never hear anyone say, "I'm sorry I took so many snapshots." The cry is always "Why didn't I take more?"

So get your Kodak out and use it. Lay up a store of precious snapshots for the years to come. You haven't a Kodak? Well, that's easily fixed. There's not a community in America where they can't be bought and the cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

• KODAK •

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Their lenses are so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, winter or summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that will mean so much to you later on.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. 150.
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

*Name* .....

*Address* ..... 28

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"Is that what they call marooning a man?" I asked.

"Not exactly. The technical maroon is a man who is put ashore on a desert island and abandoned. The Reverend Necker was simply left behind in a little terrestrial paradise. But it worries me. I'll have to see him when we go ashore. And I'll have to explain. And if he wants to come aboard, I suppose I'll have to let him."

"Most likely he's gotten away in some other ship."

"It isn't most likely. Nobody's ever made the Raona run pay—except me. Schooners don't touch there. Of course, I hope to blazes that he has gotten away and that I'll never see him again. But the chances are rudely in favor of another meeting between us. And now that I've got my temper back, I don't mind saying that the idea makes me extremely nervous. And I'm not sure that he hasn't some kind of a legal action against me."

"Spiritually," I suggested, "he might be very grateful to you. The early martyrs enjoyed nothing so much as to be hated by all men."

"Please don't use the term martyr," said Captain Horne. "It's a red rag to me. It has a kind of a holy sound to it, but it is really applied only to persons who have meddled supremely in affairs which didn't concern them."

"HAVE the missionaries done more harm than good, or *vice versa?*" I asked.

"You mean, of course, in the South Seas?"

"Of course."

"Well, our race—white people—have ruined the civilization and the character of the South Sea peoples. There is no denying that. And of course the missionaries, being white, have helped in the ruin. But I don't put all the blame on them. Some of them have meant well. And that's more than can be said of the other whites—whalers, sailors, soldiers, traders, and civilians.

"There was a people once who were plenty good enough, in all conscience, to inherit the kingdom of heaven. They were handsome, sweet tempered, and generous. They had laws, and because they obeyed those laws they were moral. They had plenty to eat, and they were ignorant of disease.

"They had a religion which none of them questioned. They had discovered none of the complicated things which spoil so many white lives—money, printing, ambition, and the repression of natural and normal functions. Along we come—and all of us have to share the blame—and down they go to misery and shame and perdition.

"Somebody landed on some island with a red nose that ran. He may have been a holy man like the Reverend Necker, or he may have been a sinful man like me. Anyway, he had a cold in his nose. And the islanders all caught it, and many of them simply snuffled themselves to death. Consumption went ashore, measles and smallpox—all the diseases that you can talk about and all the ones that you can't.

"From the bilges of ships mosquitoes went ashore, and from the holds and storerooms rats. The missionaries preached their God—mild, just, compassionate—and, with few exceptions, grabbed everything of value that they could grab. The traders and civilians preached nothing, and grabbed everything that they could grab.

"Like so many vampires, we fastened on the people of the islands and sucked all the blood and spirit and health and decency out of them. We took from them everything of value that they had, and gave them in exchange not one single, solitary, worthwhile thing. But, of course, the Reverend Necker claims that he and his kind have cured them of cannibalism; and—this is what made me so damned mad at him—he claimed that to be cured of anything so degrading and disgusting and loathsome in the sight of God is cheap at the price. And, of course, I claimed that bully beef, and bully beef alone, has cured them of being cannibals; but that it was better for them to have stayed cannibals, and all the other things they were, than to have stopped being cannibals and to have become the poor, miserable, homesick, dying race that they are."

*"The last night of my stay, she swam out to the schooner and came over the side naked and dripping."*

"It will be interesting," I said, "to see how the Reverend Necker has prospered."

"It may be interesting," said Horne, "and it may not. Of all the white men I have ever known, he was the most exasperating. Oh, it seems silly enough, but if he had contradicted me once more in the matter of missionaries versus bully beef I might have wrung his neck."

WE slipped cozily through the milling passage in the barrier reef which surrounds the island of Raona, and dropped anchor in the lagoon about half a mile from the town. Among the coconut palms, trooping down to the shore, could be seen golden colored islanders and the thatched roofs of their habitations.

Captain Horne lowered his binoculars.

"I don't see any signs of dress reform," he said, "or of the Reverend Necker."

"You hoped you wouldn't, didn't you?" I asked.

"I don't wish him any harm, but if by any chance he isn't here any more I'll be relieved."

An outrigger canoe containing five men, four of whom paddled, had put out from the shore.

"That's Tomatuo, the old chief," explained Horne. "He's a dear old thing, but deaf. One has to shout at him. And, before any business can be done, one has to feast him and be feasted by him."

We had had coffee at dawn and it was now nearly 10 o'clock.

"When do we feast?" I asked.

"It won't be a cooked feast. He and his old cronies will sample all the stores, solids and liquids."

"They don't paddle like old men."

"To men made out of pure rubber, age doesn't matter."

The outrigger came on swiftly, and the paddlers and the erect, golden old man in the stern began to shout greetings to Captain Horne.

Coming alongside, making fast, and gaining our deck all seemed to be part of one easy, graceful impulse. And thereafter there was a great chattering and laughing and handshaking and backslapping. When this had died down a little, Captain Horne inquired about the Reverend Necker.

"Neckaa?" said the old chief. He gone—"

"Go away on schooner?"

"I say he gone—all gone."

"And I say how go—on some schooner?"

Old Tomatuo dismissed the subject, not rudely, but completely. He said:

"And I say what you bring this time? You bring plenty tin salmon, French pea, bakin?"

"Plenty everything you like much," said Captain Horne.

The old chief hesitated a moment. Then he said, "You bring plenty bully beef?"

"Plenty."

"All same kind you bring last time?"

"Same kind. Hey, there, Marvo—open five tins of beef and five bottles of beer."

"Last time," said Tomatuo, "you no bring plenty. Bring a little only. He gone now—long time all gone."

The tins were opened, and rapacious fingers began to transfer the contents to rapacious mouths. The expression on the old chief's face became more and more benevolent and contented. He extolled the beauties of the beef to the skies.

"If you loved meat as much as that," said Captain Horne to me, "and didn't have any—and you were all powerful and made your own laws—what would you do?"

THE END

TEXACO
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

# Quick-Action Power

If you want quick-action power—if you like to be on your way quickly, and to get there with a minimum of fuss and gear-shifting—then use the *new* and *better* Texaco.

For Texaco is a true high-test gasoline—a gasoline in which marked anti-knock qualities have been achieved without the addition of chemicals. Rigidly controlled by special distillation processes, every drop of the *new* and *better* Texaco forms a *dry gas*—every drop burns cleanly and produces smooth, responsive power at all times.

Make a habit of stopping at the Texaco pump when you want gasoline. There's all the difference in the world between the *new* and *better* Texaco and ordinary gasolines—and the price is the same.

*Drive in today wherever you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T*

The Texas Company, *Texaco Petroleum Products*

**WET**

A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, resisting the action of the spark, make starting difficult and cause an uneven and sluggish power-flow.

**DRY**

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes completely. It forms a *dry* gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air which responds immediately to the spark, providing an even flow of power from all cylinders.

You buy the LIQUID but you use the VAPOR

*The* NEW *and* BETTER

**TEXACO GASOLINE**

# REALISM IN RADIO

*"the bases are full"*

*All-Electric A. C. Combination*

This combination of Model 801-A Series B Receiver, with Model 435-A Reproducer attached to the cover, is a completely self-contained radio. Built-in light socket aerial. Utilizes 7 receiving tubes, 1 rectifier tube. Push-pull power stage. FOUR tuned circuits. ONE tuning control. Calibrated wave-length dial, illuminated. Price of set, **$96**, without tubes. Attachable reproducer, **$16**. Price of combination, without tubes..... **$112**

## STEWART-WARNER

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY IN RADIO

## *All-Electric A. C. Radio*

Thrilled, happy . . . enjoying the World Series thru the Stewart-Warner Radio. Other big events just ahead! Football . . . Campaign Speeches . . . November Election . . . Grand Opera. Be ready. Enjoy them in your home . . . with this Radio of Realism!

See and hear this new super-selective Stewart-Warner set and know what Realism really means. Voice tones true to life. Music exactly as played. No distortion. No harshness. The Stewart-Warner dealer will gladly explain the amazing Electric Ear test which gives this radio its matchless tone beauty and fidelity.

With phonograph pick-up, records may be played through the new reproducer with results of modern, high-priced phonographs. This reproducer improves reception on all sets.

You can buy from any Stewart-Warner dealer on monthly payments, through our Nation-Wide Acceptance Plan.

REALISM *in* RADIO THRU THE *Electric Ear* TRUE TONE BY TEST

*All-Electric A. C. Receiver*

MODEL 801 Series B

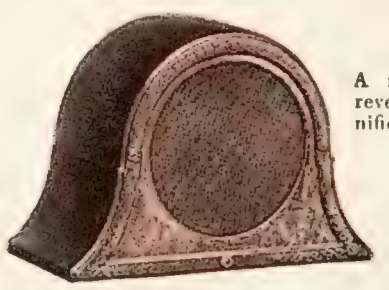
Same as Model 801-A Series B, but not equipped for attachable reproducer. Without tubes,

**$96**

The same style in battery operated set, **$69**, without tubes.

No. 1—$42.50 No. 2—$52.50 No. 3—$62.50 No. 4—$72.50 No. 5—$87.50

Complete line of approved Console Cabinets for all sets at dealers'. Console prices include built-in Stewart-Warner Reproducers, but do not include receiving sets.



*Stewart-Warner Reproducer*

MODEL 435

A new magnetic cone speaker, revealing a new depth and magnificence of tone.

**$16.50**

This reproducer will improve the reception of your old set in a surprising manner.

*All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, Chicago

*22 years in business — world-wide service — 50 million dollars in resources — 4th successful radio year*

GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

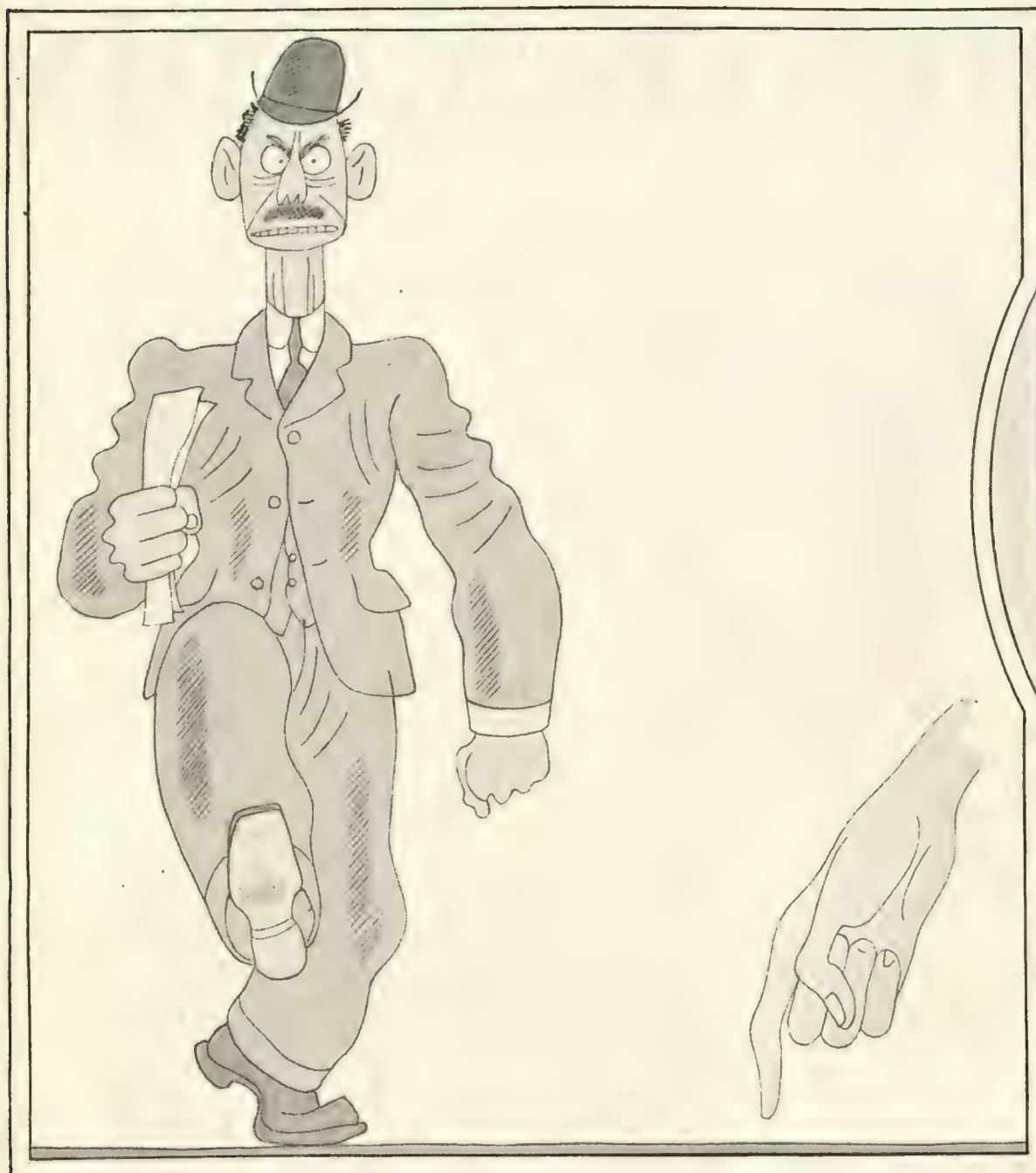


DIAGRAM showing (left) the number of people who will march to the polls next month to vote AGAINST Hoover or Smith, compared with (right) the number of people who will march to the polls to vote FOR Hoover or Smith.

THE PUBLIC IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED to refrain from cheering the bombing plane maneuvers too vociferously until Mr. Kellogg has quite finished signing the Pact of Eternal Peace.

ONLY A FEW MORE MONTHS NOW, MR. DAWES, and you will be allowed to climb down out of that cramping position.

*THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER.* (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*)

TRAGIC SUICIDE PACT ends broken lives of man who liked to read movie titles aloud and man who boasted of his ability to read the actors' lips when they pronounced naughty words in the old days when the silent drama was silent. (Idea by Kelso Peck, Corcoran, Calif.)

# *Announcing* Important Improvements

## 4-Wheel Brakes *for* Safety

## in International 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks

Always in the front rank in truck engineering, the International line of Speed Trucks is now offered with important improvements throughout, in design and construction.

Greater economy in operation, roomier bodies, new cabs, greater driving ease, fuel and air cleaners, longer and stronger frames. The same reliable spring suspension as before, and four-wheel brakes on *every* model! One of the examples of International advanced engineering is the Six-Speed Special—*the only Heavy-Duty Speed Truck built with 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse.*

Capacities range from ¾ ton to 2 tons, and all 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton models are available with either 4 or 6-cylinder engine. There are bodies for every kind of work a truck must do, from economical excavation to delivery de luxe. There is speed for good going, plenty of power for bad, and sturdy stamina to stand up under every load. Trucks easy to ride and drive, easy to look at, easy to like!

And every International Speed Truck is all truck—*not a rebuilt passenger car in the line.* Every one of them is built for work—and famous for it. And they are better trucks now than ever!

### THESE MODELS

THE SPECIAL DELIVERY is a speedy and sturdy ¾-ton truck, of 124-inch wheelbase, and admirably adapted for most any light-haul requirement.

THE SIX-SPEED SPECIAL is a 1-ton job with 6 speeds forward and 2 reverse. A speed for every need; power for every emergency.

*Model S* is a general-purpose truck for regular hauling and delivery of 1¼-ton loads. Supplied with either 4 or 6-cylinder engine.

*Model SF-34*, 4-cylinder, and *Model SF-36*, 6-cylinder engine. Both of 1½-ton capacity.

*Model SF-46*, 2-ton capacity, with 6-cylinder engine and 4 forward speeds.

*Models SD-44* and *SD-46* (4 and 6-cylinder). Heavy-Duty Speed trucks, especially designed for dump and trailer work. Four-speed transmission and cantilever rear springs.

*In addition to the Speed Trucks, the International Line also includes Heavy-Duty trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. All are sold and serviced by 169 Company-owned branches throughout the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILL.

INTERNATIONAL

# Well—*Who Did Discover* AMERICA?

*New Light on an Old Controversy*

An Article by
NORMAN S. HALL

*(Reading time: 8 minutes 17 seconds.)*

ON October 12, Admiral the Duke of Veragua, accompanied by an aide or two, will kneel before an altar in the cathedral of Seville, Spain, and mumble a prayer for the soul of the man from whom his titles are descended—Christopher Columbus.

It is an annual ceremony, this ducal visit to the great church where the explorer's dust is enshrined—a tribute to the founder of the house of Veragua, who received the title as one of the rewards for having carried the flag of Spain to vast new lands.

But did the first Duke of Veragua—who never troubled to use the title—discover America?

Almost every grammar school student would undoubtedly give you an affirmative answer to this question, and it is easily conceivable that the present Duke of Veragua would angrily clap hand to sword hilt were you to question the achievement of his ancestor.

However, there are many—among them some of the most eminent scholars of our time—who, while acknowledging the importance of Columbus' voyage, do not credit him with the actual discovery of the New World. These are the supporters of John Cabot and Leif Ericsson.

The life of Cabot, which I shall recite later, is well documented; but the career of the Norseman is obscure. Sagas, first sung by tribal historians—later, when the age of writing had arrived, preserved on parchment—are all that remain to us. From these, modern historians have constructed the story of Leif Ericsson as it exists today.

There are two sagas of the Ericsson voyages, known as the Vinland sagas. One, called the Saga of Eric the Red, appears in Hauk's Book, a compilation deriving its name from Hauk Erlendsson, the compiler. The other saga is found in an extensive Icelandic work, the Flatey Book, so called because it was once the property of a man who lived on Flat Island, northwest of Iceland.

Picture reproduced by courtesy of Hispanic Society of America.

*The Duke of Veragua, descendant of the explorer, posed for the figure of Columbus in the painting by Sorolla. This is a sketch from which the painting was made.*

Brown Bros. photo

*A reproduction of Columbus' vessel Santa Maria.*

According to the Flatey Book saga, which is the shortest and, in the eyes of modern historians, the least authentic, Biarni Heriulfsson, sailing from Iceland to Greenland shortly after the settlement of the latter colony, was blown far to the southwest. Although he sighted new land, he did not investigate, but returned to Greenland.

The Flatey Book saga goes on to say that fifteen years later Leif Ericsson set out to retrace Biarni's course, found the new lands, and named them Helluland (Flatstoneland), Markland (Forestland), and Vinland. Subsequently other Norse investigators sailed to the new land and, according to this saga, encountered no difficulties in locating Leif's cabin in the wilderness.

The Hauk's Book saga begins with the discovery and colonization of Greenland by Eric the Red, Leif's father, then tells of Leif's voyage, in 999, to Norway, his father's birthplace. Leif presented himself at the court of King Olaf Tryggvason (995 to 1000), where he accepted Christianity.

King Olaf, then engaged in Christianizing Norway and Iceland, saw in Leif a missionary to the Greenlanders, and prevailed upon him to return to his homeland and preach the new doctrine.

ERICSSON sailed in the year 1000, was blown far off his course, and eventually landed on a strange shore where he found "self sown wheatfields in the lowlands, but vines everywhere on higher ground."

Leif returned to Greenland to carry on the preaching intrusted to him by King Olaf; but his message of Christianity seems to have been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# The charm of LOVELY ARMS AND HANDS this way

Begin now to give your arms and hands the care they deserve. Beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—women who realize the value of lovely skin—write us that they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for ten—twenty years or more. It gives your skin exactly what it needs.

You can begin now to do what these women do. At night before going to bed bathe your arms and hands with water and a good soap, using a wash cloth that is rough in texture. On your elbows and the ends of your fingers use a nail brush. Scrub these parts gently with the nail brush so as to get them thoroughly clean without irritating them. Now apply a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and leave it on all night. Your skin will absorb it while you sleep. Do this regularly and you should notice steady improvement.

Learn how to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream. With each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream come full instructions. Women write us daily telling how they improved their skins by following these instructions. So that you, too, may give your skin treatments basically right, go today to your druggist and buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. 50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size $1.75. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 1062 Tenth Street, Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

*Let us send you FREE purse-size package of Ingram's new American Blush Rouge and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging.*

*Ingram's Milkweed Cream*

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

[WELL—WHO DID DISCOVER AMERICA?
Continued from page twenty-nine]

received with less ardor than his tales of the strange countries to the south and west. The Hauk's Book saga credits Leif with no more excursions, but does record an unsuccessful attempt by his brother, Thorstein.

In 1002, Thorfinn Karlsefni, an Icelander who had settled in Greenland, and who had married Gudrid, the widow of Leif's brother Thorstein, set out for the new lands with three vessels and 160 followers.

They remained in Vinland three years, then returned to Greenland because of clashes with men in skin canoes, who were "swarthy men and ill looking; and the hair of their heads was ugly. They had large eyes and broad cheeks."

Here ends the Hauk's Book Vinland Saga.

Naturally, there are other phases of the Ericsson legend, the one most familiar to Americans concerning itself with the stone tower in Touro Park, Newport, Rhode Island.

Brown Bros. photo

*The stone tower at Newport, Rhode Island, which some historians believe was erected by viking explorers.*

No one can definitely state its origin. Its purpose never has been declared. Most antiquarians believe it is a definite mark of the passing of the vikings, a watch tower, perhaps, erected as a safeguard against the swarthy men and ill looking, whose hair was ugly.

THE Leif Ericsson legend was greatly strengthened in 1835, when a skeleton, to whose bones still clung fragments of what was believed to have been Scandinavian armor, was unearthed near Fall River, Massachusetts.

About these armored bones and the mysterious Newport Round Tower, Longfellow wove his stirring poem, The Skeleton in Armor, wherein he describes the flight to America of a viking and a prince's daughter. Perhaps this structure is indeed a marker of the first white men ever to tread American soil. But it is quite unlikely that we ever shall have definite knowledge of the matter.

While many historians accept the claims of viking discovery, few believe the voyagers from the north sailed as far down the coast as Rhode Island. In the majority opinion, Ericsson and Karlsefni landed on Labrador and established all of their short lived settlements north of the St. Lawrence. But this, too, is conjecture.

It is to be regretted that we do not have as complete records of Ericsson as we have of Columbus and Cabot.

John Cabot, whose real name was Giovanni Caboto, was born in Genoa in 1450, removed to Venice in 1461, and in 1476 became a naturalized citizen of the city of canals and smells. Cabot, considered one of the most proficient navigators of his time, made many trading voyages to the eastern Mediterranean, during one of which he visited Mecca.

Learning that the varied and valuable products of the East spread before him were brought by caravan from the northeastern parts of farther Asia, Cabot conceived the idea that it would be shorter and quicker to supply these goods to Europe directly over the western ocean.

Convinced that his plan would revolutionize world intercourse and bring undreamed of power to the nation sponsoring it, he went to London in 1484, and succeeded in interesting the leading merchants of Bristol, then conducting an extensive trade with Iceland. It was decided to attempt a passage to the islands of Brazil or the Seven Cities of Cibola, located on maps of that day to the west of Ireland. There was little interest in the discovery of the "islands" themselves: they were to serve merely as halting places on the water route to India.

For several years vessels had sailed out of Bristol, but had become disheartened after weeks at sea with no landfall, and had returned.

In the summer of 1493 news of Columbus' discovery reached England, whereupon Cabot and his supporters decided to abandon further search for the islands and sail directly westward to Asia.

For some reason, Cabot's letters patent from Henry VII were not issued until March 5, 1496. By these the king granted to his "well beloved John Cabot, citizen of Venice, to Lewis, Sebastian and Santius, sonnes of the said John, full and free authority, leave and power upon theyr own proper costs and charges, to seeke out, discover and finde whatsoever isles, countries, regions or provinces of the heathen and infidels, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians."

WITH this authority Cabot sailed from Bristol May 2, 1497, on the Mathew, with eighteen men. Fifty-three days later—at 5 o'clock Saturday morning, June 24—they landed on the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island. Convinced he had reached the coast of Asia, Cabot named Cape North Cape Discovery, and, the day being the festival of St. John the Baptist, he christened St. Paul Island, which is opposite, the Island of St. John.

The return voyage was uneventful, and on August 6 the Mathew again came to anchor in Bristol harbor. Cabot reported that he

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Amelia M. Earhart, first woman to fly the Atlantic by aeroplane

says—

"Lucky Strikes were the cigarettes carried on the 'Friendship' when she crossed the Atlantic. They were smoked continuously from Trepassey to Wales. I think nothing else helped so much to lessen the strain for all of us."

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

© 1928 The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturer

# Drinkless

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## KAYWOODIE

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

...the MODERN PIPE Dry

No. 29
*Plain*
$3.50

This is what men want—Drinkless KAYWOODIE—the pipe that is revolutionizing smoking. It's the only pipe for real comfort, because it's bone *dry*. The Drinkless attachment stops moisture from the bowl like a cop stops traffic. Choicest imported Bruyere roots, 100 personable styles, smooth or thorn; for every fancy and every face. $3.50, $4, $5 and $7. Write for illustrated booklet.

### Insist on GENUINE Drinkless KAYWOODIE

There is only one *genuine* Drinkless KAYWOODIE pipe. You'll have no trouble in identifying it. It must have the Drinkless attachment and the KAYWOODIE clover leaf inlay on the mouthpiece. The word Drinkless is stamped on the attachment. Any other pipe offered you as Drinkless KAYWOODIE is an imitation.

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc.
*Established 1851* 120 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada—Civic Company, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.
In England—Civic Company, Ltd., London

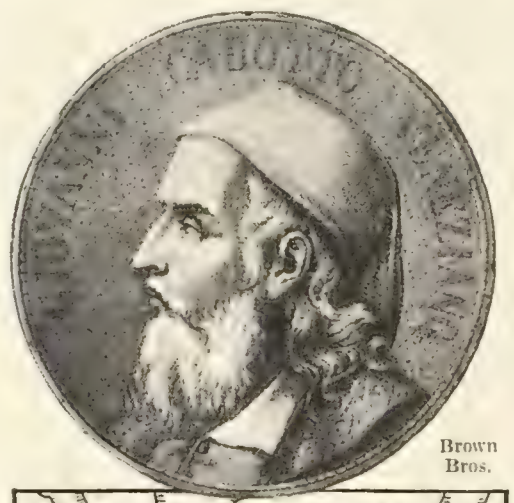

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

had found the lands of the Grand Khan 700 leagues beyond Ireland, for which Henry VII rewarded him with a pension of twenty pounds.

Cabot then announced his intention to sail to Japan, known then as Cipangu and on the maps located near the equator. On his second expedition, begun in May, 1498, Cabot, with two ships and 300 men, succeeded in reaching the coast of Greenland.

After much coastal cruising, which took him to what we know as Baffin Land, Cabot turned south and sailed down the mainland coast, still believing he was in the vicinity of Japan.

Discouraged by the nonappearance of any signs of Eastern civilization, and alarmed at the condition of his stores, Cabot put about for England, arriving at Bristol in the late fall of 1498. Not long thereafter he died.



Brown Bros.

*The sketch map shows the routes to America followed by Columbus and Cabot, and the one attributed to Leif Ericsson 500 years earlier. Above: John Cabot, the Venetian explorer.*

Because he actually touched the mainland of North America, many believe John Cabot was the first to discover this continent, holding that Columbus should be credited only with the finding of the West Indies. But it must be admitted that Columbus was the first of record to bring about any direct intercourse between the hitherto unexplored lands to the west and Europe.

The story of Columbus' early efforts to interest influential Spaniards and Portuguese in a westward cruise to the Indies of Marco Polo needs no repetition here.

Suffice it to say that on April 17, 1492, he reached an agreement with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Because he agreed not only to discover Japan, but to open trade negotiations with the Grand Khan of Cathay, he was provided with a royal letter of introduction to the latter monarch.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus' fleet, the historic Santa Maria, Niña, and Pinta, its ridiculously small sails bellied by a favoring wind, stood for the Canary Islands.

Seventy-one days later, Rodrigo de Triana, masthead lookout aboard the Niña, sent the mutinously inclined crews of all three vessels to their knees with a hoarse shout of:

"Land! Land, ho!"

The land sighted was an island known to the Indians as Guanahani. Columbus named it San Salvador. Today historians agree that Watling Island was the scene of Columbus' landing and prayerful dedication.

Upon his return to Spain, Columbus was showered with honors, not a few of which came directly from Pope Alexander VI, who was the infamous Rodrigo Borgia, father of Cesare and Lucrezia.

Columbus made three successive voyages to the New World, and penetrated as far as the Isthmus of Panama on his fourth voyage in 1502. It is from the discovery of the river Veragua on this journey that the title of nobility his descendants hold today is taken.

Thus, for the purpose of this article, we come to the end of a three sided controversy which has been in the mouths of men for centuries, and will, no doubt, continue there till the end of time.

THE END

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

**LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

### *The Duck's Lament*

Artie's pet duck had a way of wiggling under the fence and running away to raid some neighbor's garden. Artie was annoyed by this trick of Quackie's, for he was kept busy bringing home the runaway.

One day, after a particularly wild chase through a neighboring cabbage patch, Artie was taking Quackie back home when she pleaded, "Quawk, quawk, quawk!"

Artie announced in no uncertain tones, "No, you won't walk, I'll carry you."—Florence Welty, Weltytown Rd., Mammoth, Pa.

### *Truly Normal*

It is the custom of a primary school when enrolling a pupil to ask three questions to test the grading and normalcy of the new scholar.

When Alfred went before the registrar, only one question was asked, as no further examination was considered necessary. This was the question and its answer:

"What would you do if a little boy hit you and then said he was sorry?"

"I'd hit him back and then say I was sorry too!"—Miriam G. Benjamin, 29 East 64th St., New York City.

# Have you tried it AFTER SHAVING?

## Amazing—Invigorating

AFTER your next shave, douse Listerine on the face full strength. What a nice reaction. Cooling! A new sense of vigor and freshness. Amazing stimulation for tired skin. And all the usual smarting and burning gone at once.

Also you have the satisfaction of knowing that the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine are enemies of infection. One trial of Listerine this way will win you. Why not today? Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Have you TRIED the new LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?
Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

*Eric von Stroheim as Prince Nicki in The Wedding March.*

# Passion and Pomp

## *The Wedding March Joins the Picture Pageant*

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

*(Reading time: 3 minutes 58 seconds.)*

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

ERIC VON STROHEIM is one of Hollywood's traditions. Von has been working steadily and spending prodigiously since 1918 and he has turned out just five pictures—and part of another, Merry-Go-Round. The movie colony's pet stories concern Von and his idiosyncrasies; his mania for details, his method of shooting hundreds of thousands of feet of film and then trying to cut it to six or seven thousand.

Von Stroheim has made little money for himself. He usually is broke. Producers have paid him flat sums—and small ones, at that—for each picture, while his actors have profited by long engagements.

Von Stroheim's newest, The Wedding March (Paramount), has been some three years in work. I saw it under wretched conditions at its "world's première"—given, strangely enough, in a little theater at Sharon Springs, New York. The film was in fourteen reels and, in its final state, tells only a portion of its original story.

Basically, The Wedding March is just The Student Prince with an odorous background, plus touches of The Fatal Wedding. *His Highness Prince Nicholaus Ehrhart Hans Karl Maria von Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg,* first lieutenant in His Majesty's Life Guards mounted, falls in love with a pretty little harpist in a beer garden. But, since marriage is impossible and the family fortunes must be rehabilitated, he marries the wealthy, but lame and homely, daughter of the Viennese corn plaster king. The final scenes disclose the forsaken *Mitzi* outside the Church of St. Stephen in the surging crowd of wedding observers.

Originally The Wedding March led through the World War and brought back the prince lamed in combat (odd retribution) to wed the still waiting *Mitzi* in a lonely little church, the revolution having brushed barriers aside. Suicide had removed the corn plaster belle.

There are two significant sequences in The Wedding March as it stands. One is the pageant of Corpus Christi, showing the glittering panorama of Franz Josef's annual pilgrimage to St. Stephen's with all the pomp and circumstance of the old days. Here Von Stroheim's direction is superb. The other moving moment is a daring one, in a confessional, when *Mitzi* comes to ask forgiveness for her transgressions.

Like everyone else, during the long hiatus between Von Stroheim films I build up a belief in his abilities. Von Stroheim's skill lies entirely in his observation of modes and manners. He loves to commingle muck with his drama. Thus you may observe that *Prince Nicki's* mother smokes stogies and uses a razor. When an amorous young butcher tries to ruin *Mitzi,* he is holding a pig by the hind legs.

Fay Wray is better as *Mitzi* than I ever have observed her. The other performances range from Mathew Betz' smudgy and overdone butcher who loves raw meat, and Zasu Pitts' semidaffy corn plaster heiress, to George Fawcett's crafty old prince and Maude George's decadent princess mamma.

The Wedding March is not much as to story, but it furnishes a corking picture of Franz Josef on parade.

★ ★

In The Air Circus (Fox) there are two student aviators, one who loves the upper zone and the other who fears it. In the end, the coward proves himself. Arthur Lake, the likable *Harold Teen,* is a brash young birdman. David Rollins is highly promising as the boy who fears the skies, and Sue Carol is the heroine.

*Prince Nicki going through the elaborate ceremony of getting dressed.*

*The confessional scene, with Fay Wray as Mitzi, in The Wedding March.*

★ ★

Submarine (Columbia) shows what happens when a submarine lies upon the ocean floor, unable to rise. Here the film is harrowing but effective. The story is of two buddies, one an expert diver and the other a warrant officer on a sub, and the unfaithful wife of one of them. The climax has its thrill. It would take one of those ruthless Russians to tell a subsea tragedy unfalteringly and without theatric bunkum.

★

It's Jack Holt week. Jack is the diver in Submarine and he is the hero of The Water Hole (Paramount). Here is the familiar yarn of the Stranger from God's Great Outdoors who sets out to teach the Fresh Young Thing (from the East) a thing or two. Of course, the He-Man tames the sassy 1928 shrew, done by Nancy Carroll, but not until they nearly die of thirst in the desert. What backgrounds! Three stars for the scenery and one star for the film.

★

Powder My Back (Warners) is all about a musical comedy star (Irene Rich) who isn't as bad as her publicity paints her. Heavy comedy needing a Lubitsch touch.

### *Do you know that—*

A large portion of the film cut from The Wedding March may be reconstructed into a sequel? . . . S. M. Eisenstein, the Soviet maker of The Cruiser Potemkin, has been borrowed by United Artists in Hollywood?

# Pause and *refresh yourself*

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

*8 million a day*

Work long enough, walk far enough, play hard enough—and you've got to stop. Don't neglect a good pause. One little minute that's long enough for a big rest is when you refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola—the drink with that delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment.

*The Best Served Drink in the World*

A pure drink of natural flavors served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

# Every pipe smoker knows that the better his *tobacco* the better his *smoke*. . .

THAT is why so many thousands of men are turning to Old Briar Tobacco. Every day, from everywhere, pipe smokers are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is bringing to them all of the genuine pleasure and comfort of pipe smoking.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the ripe fragrance of its slow-burning leaf; enjoy the mellow flavor, the rich tobacco taste that is so completely satisfying. Then notice how cool and extra smooth your smoke is.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.

If you are not already enjoying Old Briar Tobacco, give it a thorough trial. A full pouch will be mailed you if you send the coupon below, with 10c—coin or stamps—to cover postage, mailing expense and tax.

*25c package—two pouches wrapped together.*

## Old Briar TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

United States Tobacco Company
Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: I would like a pouch of Old Briar Tobacco. I enclose 10c for postage, mailing expense and tax.

*Print Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

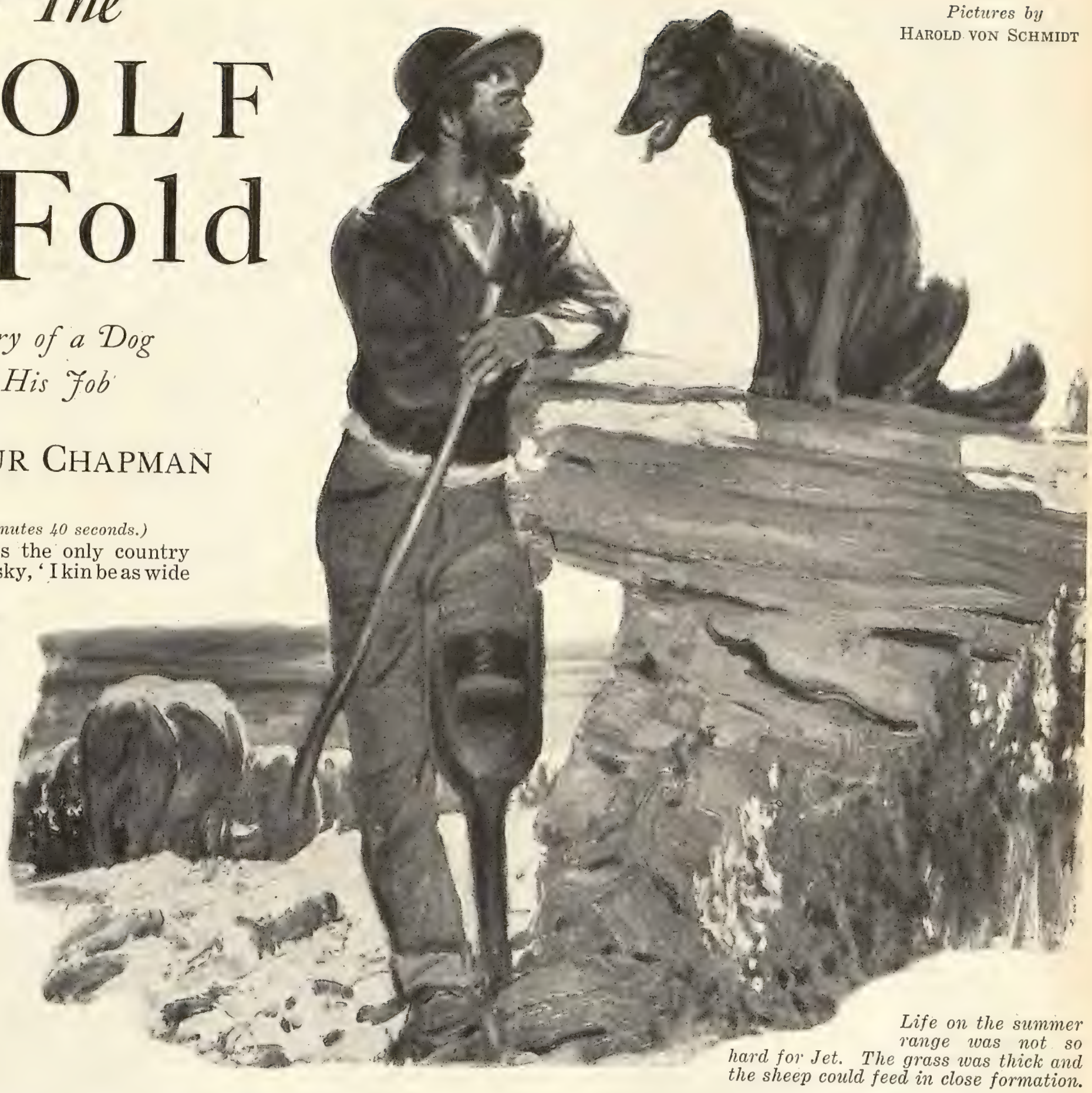
*Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least*

# The Wolf and the Fold

*The Story of a Dog and His Job*

*By* ARTHUR CHAPMAN

*Pictures by* HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



*Life on the summer range was not so hard for Jet. The grass was thick and the sheep could feed in close formation.*

*(Reading time: 25 minutes 40 seconds.)*

"SHEEP country is the only country that says to the sky, 'I kin be as wide as you are.'"

Jet pricked up his ears at his master's observation. Anything in the line of philosophy, reminiscence, or just plain orders from an A1 sheepherder like Peg Leg was equivalent to a demand for strict attention.

Like a dutiful dog, Jet took in the four horizons with a circling glance. It *was* a big country, now that Peg Leg had mentioned it—millions of brown, uncompromising acres of it, matching the sky's expanse for incalculable miles in every direction. There couldn't be a bigger country anywhere, in Jet's estimation, and there couldn't be another such wonderful master as Peg Leg under any other sky.

Peg Leg had just given Jet a drink sheepherderwise—that is, by pouring the contents of his canteen into a bowl improvised from the crown of his hat. Jet having consumed the last drop, Peg Leg punched the hat crown back to its accustomed peak and replaced it on his head, as the sun was blazing hot.

"This country," resumed Peg Leg, "ain't allus been sheep country. Fust it was Injun country and then it was cow country. I was brung out here when there was Injuns. My maw, she druv me sixty mile in a wagon, jest to git a doctor to take an Injun arrer outen this arm. The same Injun that near got me killed paw. See here, Jet, where the arrer went."

Jet had looked many times at the scar on Peg Leg's forearm, but he cocked his ears and looked again, with little wrinkles of friendly interest curved about the corners of his open mouth. That was Jet all over—never bored at hearing the same stories and looking at the same exhibits day after day.

"This country looks big and flat and dead," pursued Peg Leg, rolling a cigarette. "It fools the tenderfeet, but you and me know that it ain't dead and never was dead. Fust the Injuns, then the cowboys, then the sheepmen, and all the time little things sorter stirrin' in between, like wolves and kyotes and snakes and jack rabbits—all of 'em dodgin' and hidin' and pouncin' and fightin'."

At the word "wolves," Jet's body had become tense and the hair along his spine had risen a trifle.

"No, Jet," soothed Peg Leg, "there ain't no wolves in sight. The sheep is as quiet as if they was holdin' a prayer meetin'. Set down, dog, and listen. The fightin'est time in this country was when the sheepmen fust come in, steppin' on the toes of the cowmen. I was a cowboy then.

"When the sheepmen got too strong most of the cowmen went. I mighta went with 'em, Jet, but not after that mankillin' bronc throwed me and near killed me. I could ride with the best of 'em up to the time that happened, but cowboys with timber legs ain't wanted, so I took to herdin', and I can't say I'm sorry.

"Better pay than a cowpuncher ever got, better grub, a nice wagon to bunk in, and the work not so hard except when the rain makes the gumbo purty slippery for this old wagon tongue I'm wearin' for a leg. That's where you help me out, pup—you make up for the leg I lost."

Inspired by a pat from his master's hand, Jet barked joyfully.

Then he sat down, leaning heavily against Peg Leg's timber support, and gazed fixedly across the plains.

"See somethin'?" queried Peg Leg. He pulled his hat brim closer to his eyes and looked too.

IN the welter of brown and gray there was an almost threadlike line of white which Peg Leg's practiced eye told him to be the dust trail of a traveler.

"Well, I hope I never see the wag of another sheep tail if it ain't old J. B. himself, anyways two days early," said Peg Leg. "Nobody else would be travelin' that fast. I wonder what's built a fire under the old man."

J. B. was the title given to John B. Swanbrough, onetime herder and now flockmaster extraordinary. The J. B. brand was lettered on the backs of thousands of sheep every spring at shearing time.

Swanbrough might long ago have retired on his income, but such a course never entered his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Pointers on Patents

## Now Mr. Attorney . . what do you think of this idea?

THAT'S what inventors most often ask of me—or of any Patent Attorney. They want our opinion of the *value*, the "sale-ability" of their ideas. Often what they really want is encouragement. They long to have someone support their own belief — secret or otherwise—that "there's millions in it."

Now, no one ever asks a doctor whether or not a newborn baby will grow up to be a poet or a banker or an engineer. The doctor's business is to take care of the baby professionally, after its advent, and treat it for any ailment that may be present.

The Patent Attorney's business is to make sure, so far as he can, that all legal requirements have been met and covered in his client's Patent Application; and then to give his experienced, whole hearted assistance to help obtain the best Patent procurable.

***"Encouragement" Is Too Often Misleading***

The O'Brien Organization will give its opinion on the *Patentability* of your invention — *not* its marketability. We hold it unethical for a Patent Attorney to estimate the eventual worth of an idea. And so thinks every reputable Patent practitioner. Not only would it be unfair and discouraging because it might be an *under*-estimate—but there's the greater danger of being doubly unfair and conjuring up false hopes for the inventor through an *over*-estimate.

Our service to inventors, manufacturers and attorneys is one of seasoned legal assistance in Patent and Trademark matters. Beyond that we do not attempt to go.

*Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection;" it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.*

COUPON

**Clarence A. O'Brien**

**Registered Patent Attorney**

*310 Security Savings and Commercial Bank Bldg*
*Opposite U. S. Patent Office*
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

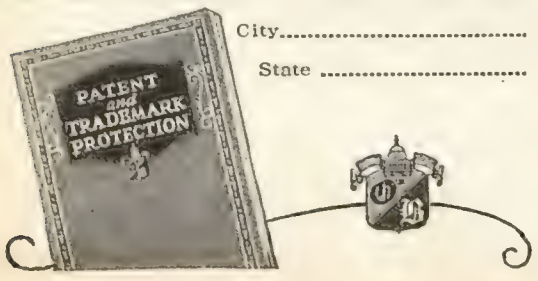
Without obligation, send me your booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection" outlining your Patent and Trademark service; also "Record of Invention."

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....





[THE WOLF AND THE FOLD
Continued from page thirty-seven]

head. He had followed the sheep as a youth, and, by practicing grim economy, had managed to make a start of his own. He still maintained the dingy office in which he had made his start. In well worn overalls he attended bank directors' meetings, or haggled with wool buyers from Boston who sought his business.

Swanbrough's flocks were scattered through two or three States. But he made it a practice to pay regular visits when the camp tenders went out with provisions and other supplies for the nearby herders. It was his way of getting back the old thrill of the game, but it was none too easy on the herders.

"I have a feelin' in my wooden leg, Jet, that old J. B. is goin' to be hungry and on the prod today," said Peg Leg. "Mebbe a mulligan will soothe his feelin's. It gen'rally does. I never see a man fonder of mulligan."

Peg Leg stumped to the canvas covered wagon which was his sleeping chamber, kitchen, and drawingroom, and soon had a fire going in the stove. He had killed a sheep the day before—herders being allowed a certain number for fresh meat—and had mixed the ingredients of the savory stew known as sheepherder's mulligan.

Jet's nose trembled under the tantalizing smell of cooking, but he kept his gaze fastened on the dust line, which was rapidly growing in volume, showing that J. B. was coming fast.

SWANBROUGH was accompanied by his eldest son, Charlie, a good natured but somewhat vacuous youth whose knowledge of the intricacies of the sheep business was being acquired so slowly that his father was moved to profane despair.

The senior Swanbrough was in worse humor than Peg Leg had anticipated. He kept the whip in his hand as he descended from the wagon, and looked menacingly at Jet. The dog sat immovable on a commanding hummock near the sheep wagon, where he could view the flock to best advantage. The arrival of visitors in camp was never an excuse for relaxed vigilance.

"Set down, gents, and I'll have some mulligan in two blats and a jerk," was the herder's greeting.

While Charlie unharnessed the horses, hobbled them, and provided them with a feed of grain, Peg Leg finished the preparations for the meal. The elder Swanbrough paced about the camp uneasily. Something, plainly enough, was on his mind, and Peg Leg noticed that he still kept his clutch on the whip and a furtive eye on Jet.

The meal was eaten in silence, save for a few cut and dried questions about the feeding ground and the condition of the flock. J. B., an active little man in spite of the stoop that age had given his shoulders, justified Peg Leg's comments on his fondness for mulligan. He ate three platefuls of the steaming, savory stew, but there was none of the customary cackling of praise of Peg Leg's cooking.

The younger Swanbrough ate noisily and kept his eyes fixed on the elder's countenance with an air of expectancy which puzzled Peg Leg.

FINALLY J. B. brought his clenched hand down on the table with a thud.

"Peg Leg," said the flockmaster, "you'll have to git rid of that dog out there—it's a new rule."

There was incredulity in Peg Leg's face, but he made no answer.

"I'm tellin' you right," went on J. B., evidently relieved that the ice had been broken. "I've sent notices to all the camps that the herders must git rid of their dogs or git rid of the herders."

"But you've allus had dogs," ventured Peg Leg. "What's brung this change?"

"A lot of things," snapped J. B. "I been findin' that the dogs is gittin' more attention than the sheep. They're dangerous, too. I got chawed three days ago in that Basque's camp on Crazy Woman Fork. Two of his hounds took after me. Looka that wrist! Looka that leg!"

A skinny forearm and a not less skinny ankle were offered in evidence.

"Gosh! That's sure tough," said Peg Leg sympathetically. "But Basques never did have the right system of dog trainin', anyways. Now, my theery about dogs—"

"Basques or no Basques, dogs in camp is all wrong," interrupted J. B. "I never would have 'em when I was herdin'. The outfits that don't allow dogs in their camps are gittin' on a lot better'n we are."

J. B., now old and "tetchy," was not going to recede when once he had taken kindly to a whim.

"I been losin' more sheep than I ought," went on the flockmaster, "and I'm sartin that the dogs is doin' more killin' than the wolves and kyotes. Of course there ain't been no complaint about your flock, but no tellin' when there might be. Looka that dog of yours! He's half wolf, and what's more natchel than fer him to take to killin' sheep?"

"Jet ain't even had a bit of wool in his teeth yet, and he never will have," said Peg Leg.

"You'd cover up fer him if he did," retorted J. B. "Looka the eyes on that dog—green, like a wolf's! Why, he'd be on me in a minute if I didn't have this here whip to pertect myself."

JET, realizing the unfriendliness in J. B.'s voice, was surveying the flockmaster. Not a hair along the dog's spine was ruffled, but it was true that his eyes were lighted with little green tints, as cold as a November ice fringe.

Peg Leg withheld an angry rejoinder. It was plain enough that the flockmaster, in the grip of old age, had worked himself into an obsession against dogs.

"Too much babyin' dogs has gone on," persisted J. B., his bristling white beard fairly trembling beneath his hawklike nose. "I ketched a herder the other day with a hammock rigged under his wagon, so's his dog could ride when the sheep was bein' moved. Think o' that—a dog ridin' in a hammock because his feet was a little sore! It makes me plum mad!"

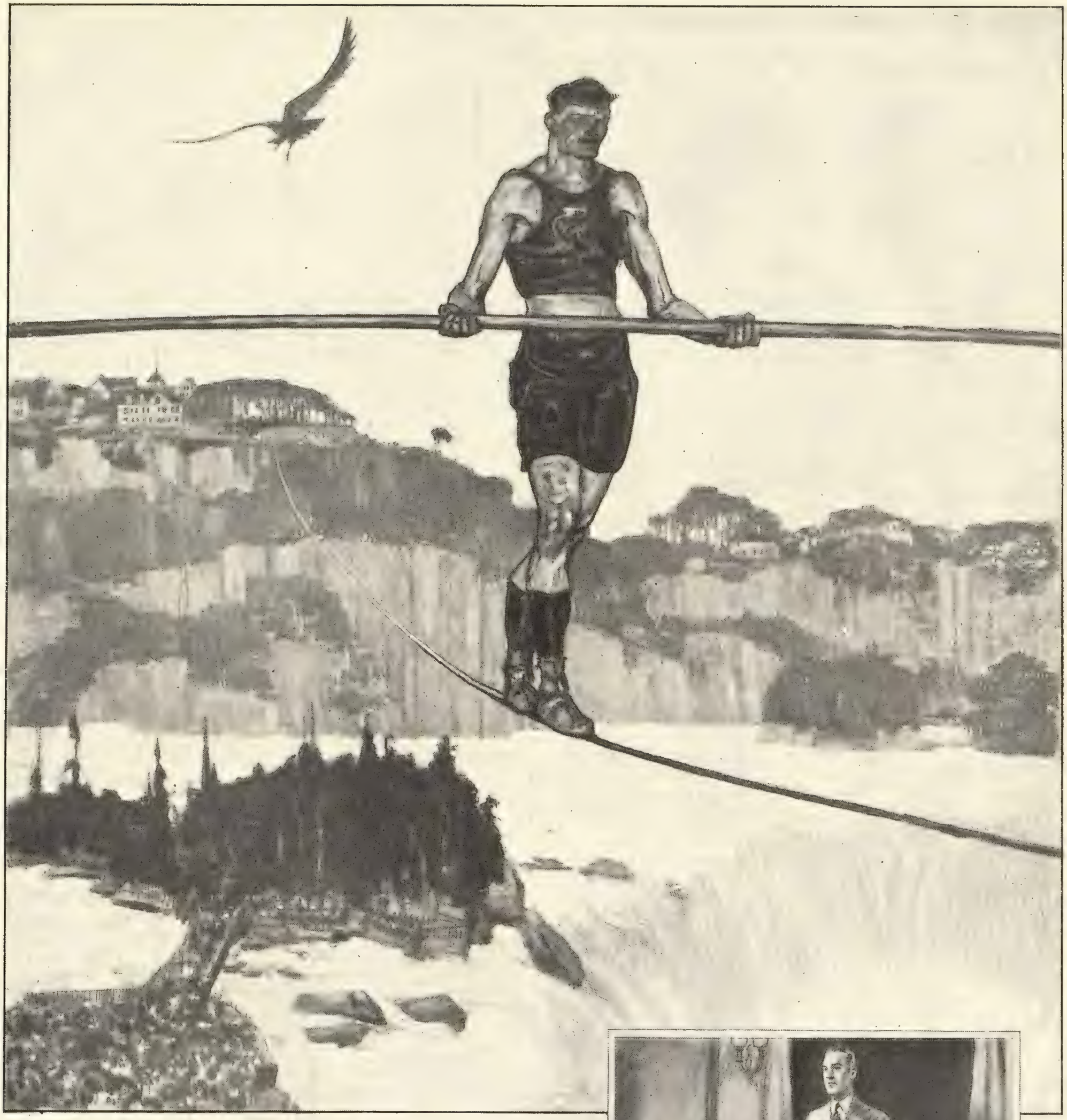
Peg Leg's eyes lighted with pride.

"That's jest one advantage of havin' the wolf strain in a sheep dog," he said. "Look at Jet's feet. Runnin' around in the prickly pear don't mean a thing to him."

Calling Jet to him, Peg Leg lifted one of the dog's paws and showed the firm, springy cushions

*The two writhing bodies crashed through the hail strewn sage, with white fangs seeking the deadly throat clutch that was to end it all.*

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]



# · POISE ·

## *Some have it and some haven't*

Some men make their way on poise alone. Some men can't make their way for lack of it.

And yet—

When a man steps out of a bath it is with the feeling that the world is at his feet. And when he puts on clean linen from top to toe, he puts on with it a feeling of self-confidence that often will carry him far.

# *There's self-assurance in* SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF *CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE*

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

*Ronson Tabourette table lighter in use at bridge table*

## A FLIP *and it's* LIT

## RELEASE *and it's OUT*

## RONSON
(Trade Mark Reg. Fully P't'd. Other Pats. Pend.)
## DE-LIGHT

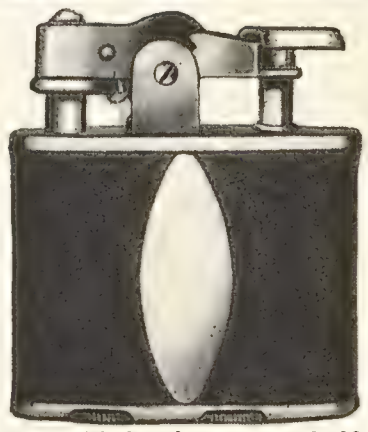
**ONE hand, one finger, one motion—there's nothing simpler than the Ronson De-Light. Just one press of your thumb gives you a sure-fire light always!**

**There's a wide variety at your favorite shop in rich leathers, enamels, sterling and the new chromium.**

**The Ronson table lighter, shown in picture, is the outstanding gift for the home or office.**

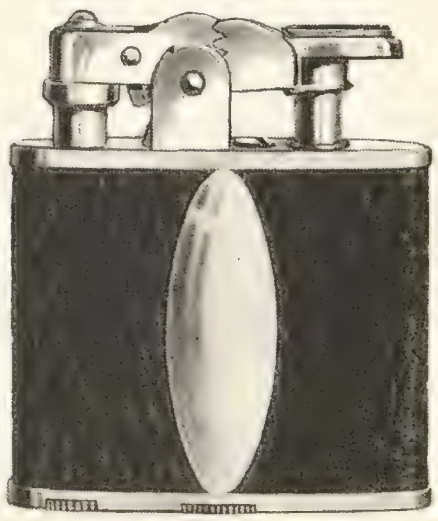
**SELECT YOURS TODAY! — $5 & up**

**Art Metal Works, Inc.**
**Aronson Square Newark, N. J.**



Junior Black with monogram shield

Junior Sport Black Leather



Standard Black with monogram shield


[THE WOLF AND THE FOLD Continued from page thirty-eight]

which padded the foot—nature's armor of protection for the wolf kind in a cactus country.

J. B. rose hastily, with the whip clutched in his hand, and retreated toward the steps of the sheep wagon.

"The more wolf that's in him the worse for the dog, in my opinion," he said. "It's the rule in our camps from now on, Peg Leg—no more dogs. What'll you do about it?"

Peg Leg put down Jet's paw and looked steadily at the flockmaster. Young Swanbrough stared moodily into his empty plate.

"You knowed what the answer'd be afore you come here," said Peg Leg. "That's why you brung Charlie along to take my place. I'm goin' back with you. The dog'll ride in the back of the wagon without troublin' you."

J. B. was visibly dashed.

"I hate to have you quit, Peg Leg," he said. "You're a fust class herder. But a rule's a rule. I can't let you have your dog in camp as long as I've barred all the others. It'd be a bad example, can't you see?"

"Sure I kin see," observed Peg Leg; "but you kin see, too, that me and Jet don't part jest because you've gone loco over a Basque's dog takin' a little hide off'n you. We go back with you, and I'll git another job with some outfit that's got sense enough to use dogs."

Peg Leg threw together his few belongings. He tossed them and his roll of bedding into the back of the wagon. The younger Swanbrough silently hitched the horses and Peg Leg climbed in beside J. B. on the driver's seat. Jet, at his master's bidding, leaped into the wagon.

As they drove away from the camp, Jet looked inquiringly from Peg Leg to the ewes and lambs feeding in the draw where they had been all morning.

Peg Leg did not see the white top of his sheep wagon home disappear as the horses plunged into the first swale. But he knew it was gone, and he said to J. B.:

"I was remarkin' to Jet this mornin' that this country looks dead, but there's changes goin' on all the time, jest like anywhere else."

PEG LEG had no difficulty in getting a job. Pickens Brothers' Land and Sheep Company, a block below old J. B.'s office, was glad to get as good a man as Peg Leg from their chief rival. And J. B. was sorry to lose Peg Leg, though he was too stiffnecked to say so more than once.

"All we want is results," the Pickenses assured Peg Leg. "If a herder can bring a flock through in prime shape, with a minimum loss from coyotes and wolves, we don't care how many dogs he uses."

It was the first time Peg Leg had lost a job—not counting the one that went when his leg was amputated. Of course it had been a matter of choice with him to leave, but he would have made no other decision—not for all of J. B.'s wealth.

It irritated Peg Leg to think that there was someone in the world who did not accept Jet at a proper valuation. He knew that Jet was the peer of all sheep dogs. He looked at Jet's lithe, strong body and admired his pointed ears and bushy tail. He passed his hands over the whipcord muscles in the dog's haunches, and inspected the long, scissorslike jaws, with their gleaming teeth. Then he sighed.

"It's your eyes and jaws that does it, Jet," said Peg Leg. "They give people a wrong idee. You kin outpoint all the purebreds they kin bring to a sheep dog trial, and yet they'll say that, becuz you've got wolf blood in you, you must think and act like a wolf."

POURING his grievances daily into Jet's ears, Peg Leg worried through a hard season. The Pickens outfit did not specialize in high grade sheep, like old J. B. They bought from any and all ranges—sometimes, Peg Leg suspected, from the Navahos.

"And them long legged reservation sheep have got so used to keepin' up with the goats what the Injuns mix in their flocks," observed Peg Leg, "that they cover more ground than a jack rabbit in feedin'."

That was where a heavy burden fell on Jet, for it was his duty to keep the flock moving slowly in feeding. All of Jet's work was done in obedience to signals from Peg Leg. The dog would work all day with no spoken word of command. He would circle the flock and drive in strays, or patrol back and forth across the path of the grazing animals, and perform a dozen other tasks, all in response to certain cryptic wavings of Peg Leg's arms. Signaling was necessary, because there were times when a man's voice would not carry a hundred feet in the teeth of the prairie wind.

Toward sundown Jet would round up the flock and drive it to the bed ground—not so fast that Peg Leg would miss any of the black sheep that served as "markers" in the proportion of one to ten, thus making counting a matter of comparative ease.

At night, when the flock was safely bedded down, Jet would occasionally go out on silent patrol, slipping noiselessly through the sagebrush with all his senses alert, ready to do battle with any animal that was seeking an easy kill.

There was grueling work in the long trek to and from the summer range in the mountains. Peg Leg plodded along on this annual pilgrimage, with his rifle over his shoulder. Jet saw to it that there were no laggards. The big black dog was everywhere, now barking at the heels of the slow going, or again dashing through the underbrush to get a stray sheep back on

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

# MURDER *at the Breakfast Table*

*She pours the coffee—oh, if across the sunlit table from her, his face were only smiling, gay . . . Instead, a nameless tension, a stiff silence . . .*

*Then, suddenly, it happens: the sharp word, the quick retort, the slamming door . . . Love isn't killed at once that way, it's true. But love is murdered that way slowly, surely, day by day . . . Why?*

*Because the commonest physical ailment of all happens to work just that way! Because, when poisons are bottled up in the intestines—they don't stay bottled up. They go through your system, instead—sap the energy and fray the nerves. Voices become sharp-edged, bodies tired, tempers quick.*

MANY people try the whole range of ordinary laxatives in an effort to correct this condition . . . from those that take weeks to act to others so violent that they leave the system tired and shaken . . . until the remedy comes to seem almost worse than the disease.

### *Feen-a-mint is different*

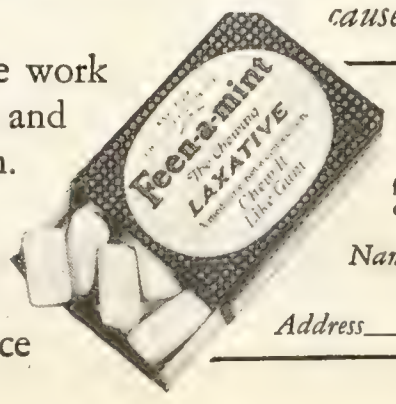
In the first place, it is just like a bit of delicious chewing gum. You don't swallow it—you *chew it.*

This is important. Because you chew it, its laxative principle is released slowly, the way science meant it to be released. It actually becomes *part* of the digestive fluids—does not disturb digestion.

The result is laxative action so gentle there's not a trace of cramping or griping—yet so wonderfully thorough that you feel like a different person!

Feen-a-mint is the result of the work of a famous European scientist and a thoughtful American physician. Already millions of people have found it preferable to all other means of combating the evils of constipation. Your first experience with Feen-a-mint will show you clearly why!

*FREE: If you have never tried Feen-a-mint, we hall be glad to send you samples free—together with "The Mysterious 35 Feet," an authoritative new book on constipation, its causes and treatment.*




HEALTH PRODUCTS CORP.,
Dept. 13-B, Newark, N. J.

Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint—also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

The Name Ingersoll means STURDINESS DEPENDABILITY and GOOD LOOKS

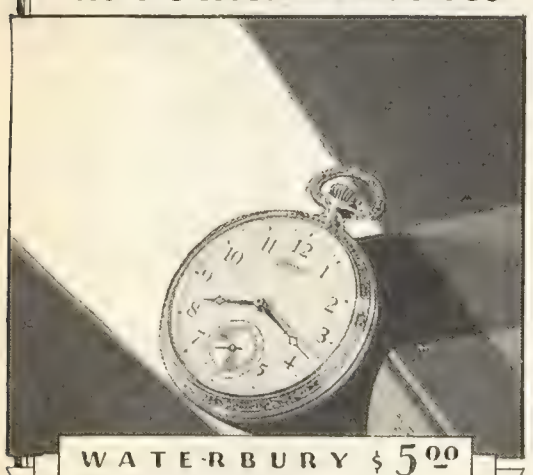
—in Wrist Watches

WRIST WATCH $3.50

*Illustration 5/8 actual size*

A sturdy, dependable wrist watch at a low price. Now with chromium finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist; double sunk effect on mat finish metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

—in Pocket Watches

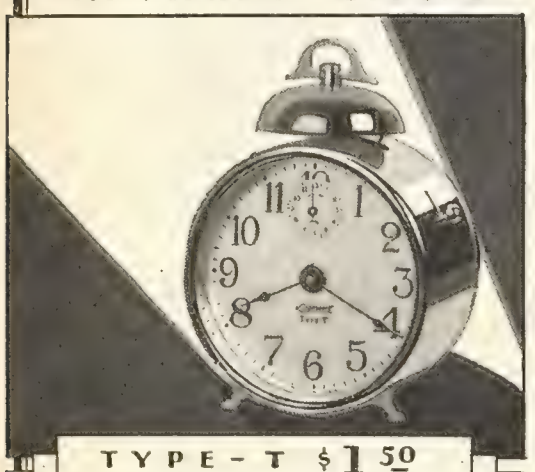


WATERBURY $5.00

*Illustration 1/2 actual size*

Jeweled movement. Handsome engraved design. Smart 12-size. Chromium finish case that combines durability with platinum-like appearance. The best watch $5.00 can buy. With radium dial, $6.00. If not at your dealer's, sent postpaid.

—in Alarm Clocks



TYPE-T $1.50

*Height 5 5/8 inches*

With its Yankee qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks, the TYPE-T is fast gaining the position in the clock field that the Ingersoll Yankee Watch holds in the watch industry. Now in colors, too.

*If any model illustrated is not at your dealer's, it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.*

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco


[THE WOLF AND THE FOLD]
Continued from page forty

the trail when the procession had entered the forest country.

Life on the summer range in the mountains was not so hard for Jet when once the flock was on its grazing acreage allotted by the Forest Service. Here, above timberline, the grass was thick and mosslike, and the sheep could feed in close formation. The melting snowbanks gave a plentiful supply of water.

The nights were cold and the hailstorms were hard and frequent, but long hours of sunshine tempered the crisp air during the day. Clouds swam in and out among the peaks like playful fish. Little conies scolded from the rocks. Humming birds darted among the flowers that carpeted each morass. Butterflies and bees fluttered and droned about Jet's ears.

It was a brilliant, flashing land of contrasts—sometimes terrifying in electrical storms, when balls of fire dropped from the clouds that seemed intent on shouldering every living thing off the peak.

At night the moon tried to outdo the sun in brilliance and sometimes nearly succeeded. The hoary heads of the surrounding mountains seemed to gather closer in the golden light, as if to exchange age old confidences.

In September the sheep were herded back to the plains, fatter and hardier for their summer's grazing. Once more Peg Leg was ensconced in a familiar sheep wagon, instead of a little pyramid tent. And once more Jet faced the hard work of winter, when the predatory animals were at their hungriest and boldest and when storms began to fling themselves out of the mountains.

Peg Leg's orders were to winter close to the old J. B. range. He worked steadily away from the foothills, until finally all but the tips of the highest peaks had disappeared.

THE early storms that whistled across the sage tops indicated a long, hard struggle with winter. The premature cold put a sharp edge on the appetites of the skulkers that followed the flock. Jet, with the leggy, restless sheep to handle, worked himself thin protecting his foolish charges. There was constant need for patrol work. The nightly chorus of coyotes had never been so full throated. Occasionally there came the howl of a wolf, and then the yips of Cousin Coyote ceased momentarily.

"I don't know what these tight fisted sheepmen are thinkin' of, cuttin' off the wolf bounty," said Peg Leg to Jet. "There's work all the year round for a good wolfer right here; but when the bounty's off, the traps and pizen is off, too."

The unusual scarcity of grass made frequent moving a necessity. Peg Leg would harness the two old white horses that furnished the motive power for the sheep wagon and would keep the flock on the move until he had found more promising acreage.

On one of these brief quests for better grazing, Jet dashed into the sagebrush and began barking. Peg Leg investigated and found the half consumed carcass of a sheep. Part of the J. B. brand could be distinguished. A little farther on, more sheep were discovered—evidently slain by wolves.

Peg Leg scratched his head in amazement.

"Them sheep is from our old flock, sure thing, Jet," he said. "No mistakin' them fat Rambouillets, even if the brand wasn't on some of 'em. Seems as if the wolves and kyotes have been pickin' 'em off at will—and in the last day or two. I reckon we'd best prowl around a little and see if that Swanbrough kid's in trouble."

*Jet worked silently and desperately. Never before had he found so many sheep under his care—nor such a difficult assortment.*

Heading the flock toward the heart of the J. B. range, Peg Leg and Jet sped up the pace.

Three hours of travel across the prairie vindicated Peg Leg's hazard as to the probable location of the J. B. wagon. At first there was a mere pin point glimmering in the rays of the setting sun. Then the wagon top took shape.

There seemed to be nobody about the camp. Yet the flockmaster's light wagon was there, and old J. B.'s pet sorrels grazed with the camp horses, the animals hopping about in the awkward fashion peculiar to their kind when hobbled.

No sheep were in sight, and Peg Leg came to the conclusion that they were grazing beyond the hill, in charge of young Swanbrough—a bad place, the herder averred, because there was a poisonous sprinkling of rattleweed in the bunch grass.

Sending Jet around in front of the Pickens flock and bringing it to a standstill, Peg Leg drove over to the J. B. camp. As he reined up beside the old familiar wagon, he noticed that no smoke came from the stovepipe, though the chill of a storm was in the air. The J. B. sheep were on the other side of the hill, as Peg Leg had surmised, but they were widely scattered and no herder was in charge.

"Yee-ip!" yelled Peg Leg, as he clambered from his wagon. "Anybody around this camp?"

An answering hail, in a weak voice, came from the other wagon, and the face of old J. B. himself was thrust from the door.

"Is that you, Peg Leg?" queried J. B. "You've come jest in time. We're sure in a hole."

Peg Leg stumped up the steps at the rear of the sheep wagon and entered his former mansion on wheels. On the bunk lay young Swanbrough, with his round blue eyes unnaturally bright. At his side slumped old J. B., with one hand on his hip.

"You're jest the man I was wantin' to see, Peg Leg," groaned J. B. "The kid here went and shot hisself—only a flesh wound 's far's I kin make out. I come in on him yestiddy and found him laid up and the wolves and kyotes jest meltin' the flock down like candle grease.

"I tried to round up the sheep afore I druv back fer help, and I guess the trampin' was too much fer me. Lumbago hit me last night. Seems like my back is plum cut in two."

PEG LEG stepped over to the bunk.

"How'd the kid come to shoot hisself?" he asked.

"Practicin' the double roll," replied J. B. "He steps to the door, a few nights back, to shoot a nightcap, and he thinks he is a second Wild Bill and tries to roll his guns in makin' the draw. Shoots hisself in the upper part of the leg. I come along and found him laid up."

Peg Leg turned down the blankets and looked at the boy's wound. Old J. B. had dressed it as best he could. As the flockmaster had said, the wound was not dangerous, but young Swanbrough's touch of fever might lead to anything.

Peg Leg realized how the accident had occurred as well as if he had been an eyewitness. It is the

custom of herders, when coyotes and wolves are unusually numerous, to fire a farewell shot in the air at night, to frighten off any beasts of prey that may be near the camp.

The boy, in drawing his revolvers, had essayed the "double roll" —that is, whirling the guns about the forefingers on the trigger guards, thus bringing them into position to shoot.

One of the revolvers had been discharged in making the circle.

"Lucky the boy didn't shoot hisself in the stummick, that's all," observed Peg Leg. "Anyone oughter try that roll about ten years with onloaded guns afore temptin' Providence the way this kid done. Now let's see what we kin do about them sheep."

As the herder left the wagon J. B. began to give some instructions to Peg Leg. Peg Leg turned and silenced him.

"All you gotta do, J. B., is keep as quiet as one o' them fossil oysters I've picked up around hereaways. I ain't takin' orders from you, and neither is Jet. But if you and your boy and your sheep is pulled outen this hole, we'll have to do it."

"All right, Peg Leg," quavered J. B. meekly, as the wagon shook in a strong gust of wind. "They's a turbil storm comin', and if you kin keep them sheep from bein' druv afore it we'll be all right. Somebody's sure to come huntin' me up in a day or two."

HAIL was pelting through the air when Peg Leg took stock of the situation. Heavy clouds were rolling over each other like aërial tumbleweeds from the direction of the mountains. The cold blast from the hills struck to Peg Leg's marrow.

"Glad I've only got one leg to feel *that*," he muttered, as he clutched his hat and signaled Jet to bring in the Pickens flock.

Ever obedient to his master's signals, Jet half circled the flock and nipped at the laggards as he drove the bleating, frightened sheep toward the camp. Meantime Peg Leg stumped around the outer edge of the J. B. flock and drove it under the partial shelter of the hill, out of the poisonous rattleweed.

Soon the Pickens sheep rounded the shoulder of the hill and were merged with the J. B. flock. The bed ground that Peg Leg had chosen was literally swarming with bawling, frightened animals. If they could be held for a few minutes, they might quiet down for the night. Peg Leg had taken that chance in throwing the two flocks together.

Jet rushed back and forth, heading off panic stricken sheep that darted from the mass. There was no time for commands, nor could signals be distinguished in the gathering darkness. Jet, on his own initiative, nosed the more panicky sheep out of the arroyos and gulches, to which they seemed to be irresistibly drawn.

PEG LEG, handicapped by the slippery ground, could render little assistance. The herder whistled, sang, and shouted, knowing that sheep, like cattle, will settle down if they can be made to realize that a familiar, protecting human presence is close at hand.

Gradually the flock became more quiet, and Peg Leg was satisfied that no serious stampede impended. The herder toiled back to the wagons, slipping repeatedly in the hail on the whitened side of the hill. The storm had stopped as suddenly as it had begun, but the wind was still harsh.

With stiffened hands, Peg Leg drew generously on the supply of wood which he carried for emergency, and built a fire in the stove of the J. B. wagon. Young Swanbrough was sleeping fitfully.

"If we kin break up this touch of fever tonight, the kid'll be O. K.," observed Peg Leg; "but if he ketches cold, anything might happen. And now I'll git you off'n that bunk, as you're sure in the patient's way."

From his own wagon Peg Leg

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Barber's Massage
*or 10 seconds at Home*
*.. the effect is the same*

HERE'S a new easy way to get that million dollar look and feel to your face—the kind you get when an expert barber massages you! Only this way it takes but 10 seconds—and you do it yourself.

No need of spending a half hour in a barber's chair now to chase away that "morning-after" look and the tired, sleep-famished lines in your face. All you have to do is to pat a few drops of Fougere Royale Lotion on your face after shaving. The effect is instant—and amazing!

Your face feels made over—cool, clean, refreshed. You look—and feel —wide awake. Years younger. For it brings good red color to your face. Stimulates circulation — peps up sagging muscles, pouchy fat and puts the keen youthful look of an athlete on you.

And it's great the way it soothes and smooths your skin. Corrects small wrinkles, cleans the pores and keeps you fresh looking for hours. Also it's styptic (stops bleeding). Great for the office too — freshens you up.

Try it—and with it Fougere Royale Shaving Cream — the non-caustic, non-irritating, perfectly balanced shaving cream that eliminates all smarting and after-shaving burns. Gives you the most wonderful shave you ever had. Both are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern)—a pleasing, wholesome fragrance that suggests the great outdoors. A generous sample of each if you mail the coupon below.

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

*After-Shaving Lotion, 75c*
*Shaving Cream, 50c*
*Shaving Stick, 75c*
*Talcum, 50c*
*Eau Vegetale, $1.25*
*Facial Soap, 50c*

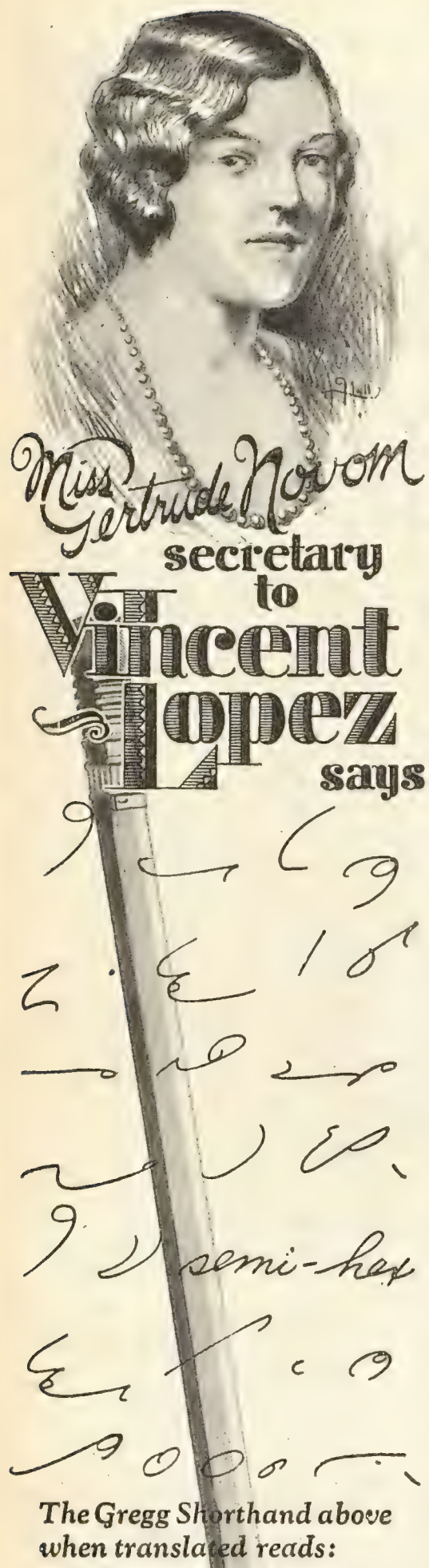
HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. B 13
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____




*The Gregg Shorthand above when translated reads:*

"I have always been careful to pick a pencil which aids me to write smoothly, clearly and speedily. I have found SEMI-HEX Pencils to do all these, and that is why I use them."

—*Gertrude Novom*

SEMI-HEX

GENERAL PENCIL COMPANY

Jersey City, New Jersey

[THE WOLF AND THE FOLD]
Continued from page forty-three

brought a folding easy chair that he had made out of canvas and a cleverly constructed rustic frame. He helped J. B. into this chair and then prepared supper for himself and the flockmaster.

Under the reviving influence of warmth and food, J. B. brightened perceptibly.

"How about the sheep, Peg Leg?" he asked. "Ain't you aimin' to look after them none tonight?"

"It's up to Jet to take care of the sheep," answered Peg Leg grimly. "I got my hands full with this boy. I've throwed the two flocks together, and if there's a stampede, or if another storm hits, I'm in debt to the Pickens outfit fer life."

The old flockmaster tried to hobble to the door, but sank back in the clutch of pain.

"Think of it!" he groaned. "Fifty thousand dollars' worth of sheep out there, dependin' on a dog!"

JET worked silently and desperately to meet the responsibilities that had crowded in upon him. Never before had he found so many sheep under his care—nor such a difficult assortment. Singly or in little groups, they persisted in breaking from the bed ground.

Therein lay the chief danger, for, emboldened by the previous nights of uninterrupted marauding, coyotes seemed to lurk behind every clump of sage. News of good feeding travels fast among the skulking kindred of the plains. Green-eyes glowed with incandescent steadiness in a circle about the flock. Jet dashed at them, and they would fade away, only to return in a few minutes. Any extended pursuit was impossible. Jet could only keep up his ceaseless patrol.

Occasionally Jet looked toward the feebly glowing wagon top. It was strange that no aid came from Peg Leg—not even the customary good night shot fired in the air. But young Swanbrough was sleeping quietly, and Peg Leg would not have disturbed the boy's rest at this critical time if all the coyotes in the country had been at the throats of the sheep.

Bending grimly to his task, Jet searched out those little green fires that came and went so mysteriously in the debouching arroyos. The air was electric with alarms, and all his senses were alert. In spite of the grinding work he had been through, his body seemed all springs and wire. Instinctively he sensed the points of danger and was there before any serious break came, bullying the restless strays into the steaming mass. It was no time for coaxing. Jet nipped the truants' flanks without mercy.

Normally the sheep would have quieted down in a few minutes, but throwing the two flocks of ewes together had made strange companionships, with resulting restlessness. The bawling became less general in an hour or so, but, even after most of the sheep had bedded down, Jet took no rest. He knew that the enemies from those barren hills were not going to yield easily. They had fleshed their teeth at will during previous nights of chaos, and why should they give up now, when there were no human beings about?

Great patches of light drifted across the plains as the moon's rays sifted through holes in the scudding clouds. In one of those silver carpetings Jet saw a figure that made him pause—a figure

strangely like himself, with pointed ears and bushy tail, and with eyes that were flaming jade. Every detail was outlined in the flood of moonlight. Gaunt, powerful, and sinister, this new arrival scorned the shelter of the sagebrush that concealed the cowardly coyotes. The little green lights that circled the flock disappeared as if swept away by magic. The vassals fled when the king came for his kill.

Jet and the intruder faced each other in silence. There was nothing of enmity in their bearing. It seemed to Jet as if this wraithlike shape had suddenly appeared from distant and yet familiar places, bearing the summons, "Come!" It was the call of wolf to wolf. By almost imperceptible degrees, Jet moved toward the waiting figure.

IT was then that a frightened ewe, running blindly from some supposed danger, dashed from the edge of the flock and came within leaping distance of the king of marauders.

There was a pounce and a single snap of slavering jaws, and the sheep was dead.

All the loyalty of the shepherd strain in Jet surged to the fore. Vengefully he sprang over the slain sheep and closed with the black specter.

Sometimes breast to breast, and sometimes rolling over and over on the slippery ground, the animals strove for the mastery. Occasionally the moon gave glimpses of the battle. Then all would be dark again, and the progress of the struggle could be determined only by deep breathing and occasional snarls and the clashing of teeth.

Summoning all his reserves of strength, Jet forced his opponent away from the sheep. Instinct told him that his charges would be hopelessly scattered if they caught the sound of battle. Alternately curtained and illumined beneath the cloud drift, the two writhing bodies crashed through the hail strewn sage, with white fangs seeking the deadly throat clutch that was to end it all.

. . . . .

When Peg Leg stumped out to the flock next morning, he was greeted by a parody of a dog—torn, bleeding, and limping, but still on guard.

Following the tracks of battle, Peg Leg came upon the body of a wolf with jaws wide set as though making a last effort to fasten the death grip on his foe.

Dragging the dead wolf to camp, Peg Leg summoned old J. B., who, thanks to a night of comfort and ministration, was able to hobble to the door of the sheep wagon.

"It's old Two Toes, the biggest lobo wolf in these parts!" exclaimed J. B. "You kin see where them toes is missin' on his left front paw. I've seen that trade mark around many a one of my camps. All the wolfers in this part of the country have been tryin' to git that critter fer the last five years. I'll bet Two Toes has cost me a plum five thousand dollars in dead sheep, if he's cost me a cent."

"Well, his hide's yourn," observed Peg Leg, "pervidin' Jet's left enough of it to patch together. To think of that dog out there fightin' sech a battle while I wasn't able to help him!"

OLD J. B. glanced around at young Swanbrough, who had propped himself up in his bunk, with all signs of fever gone from his cheeks. Then he looked out at the doubled flock, now grazing in orderly fashion.

"What say," remarked J. B., clearing his throat, "if you come back to the old job, Peg Leg, as soon as you kin quit this other outfit?"

Peg Leg had started bandaging one of Jet's paws, and he did not look up from his work.

"I don't mean fer you to come back jest as a herder," went on J. B. "It's plum time you was gittin' somethin' ahead fer your old age. I'll put in, say, a hundred sheep in your name, and you kin pay me outen the increase. It'll make a start fer you, and mebbe in five years or so you kin be out on your own."

Peg Leg, with the dream of years within his grasp as an actuality, shook his head.

"I don't aim to work fer any outfit that won't have dogs," he said.

"You dum fool!" exclaimed J. B. testily. "Any dog that has killed old Two Toes gits a life job with me. Mebbe Jet and me had better shake hands on it. I dunno but I owe him an apology, anyways."

Leaning over gingerly, lest he bring a new twinge to his back, J. B. stretched out his hand. Jet, from the top step of the sheep wagon, looked at Peg Leg, who nodded almost imperceptibly.

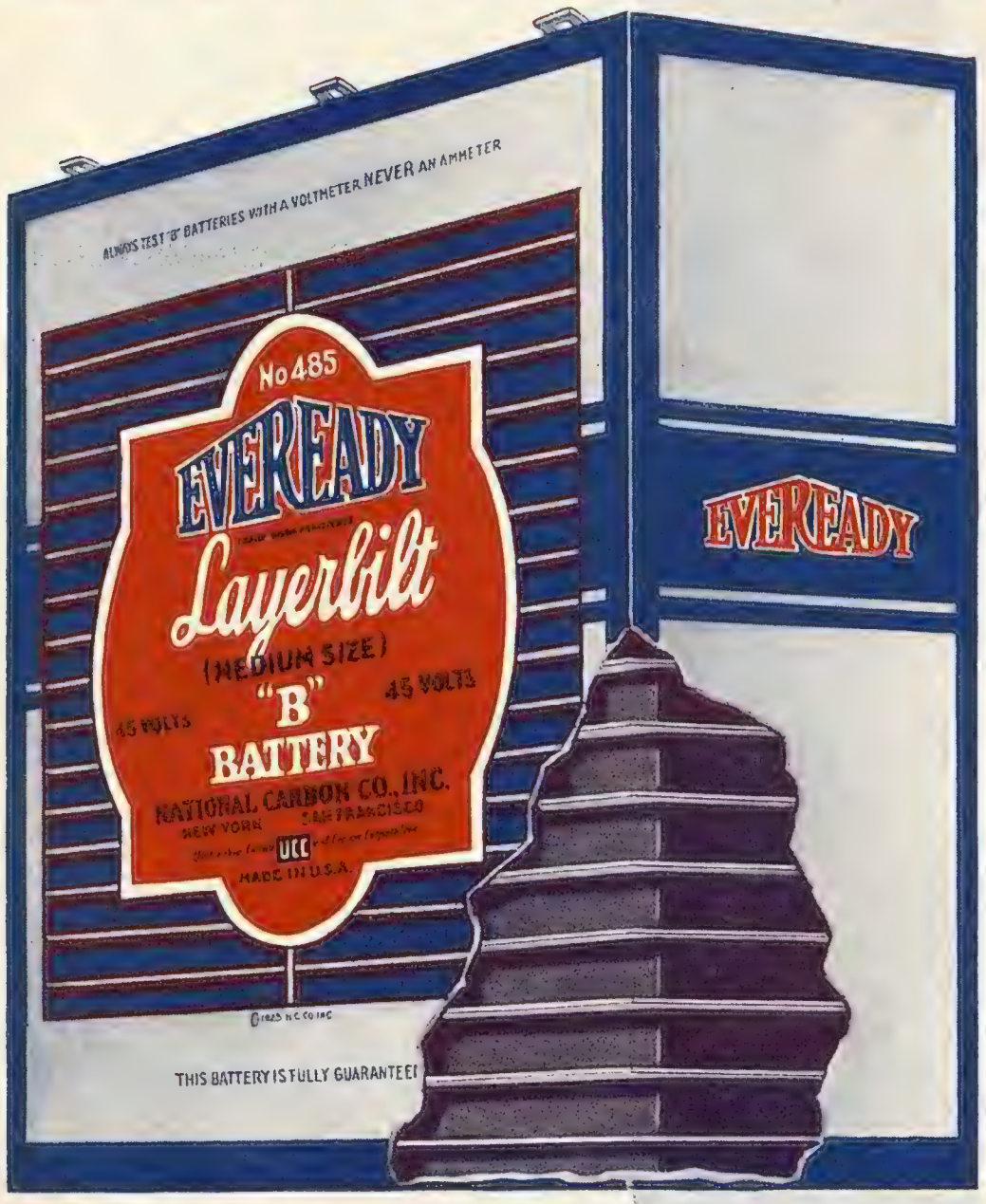
Slowly Jet's bandaged forepaw rose and found lodgment in the flockmaster's palm.

---

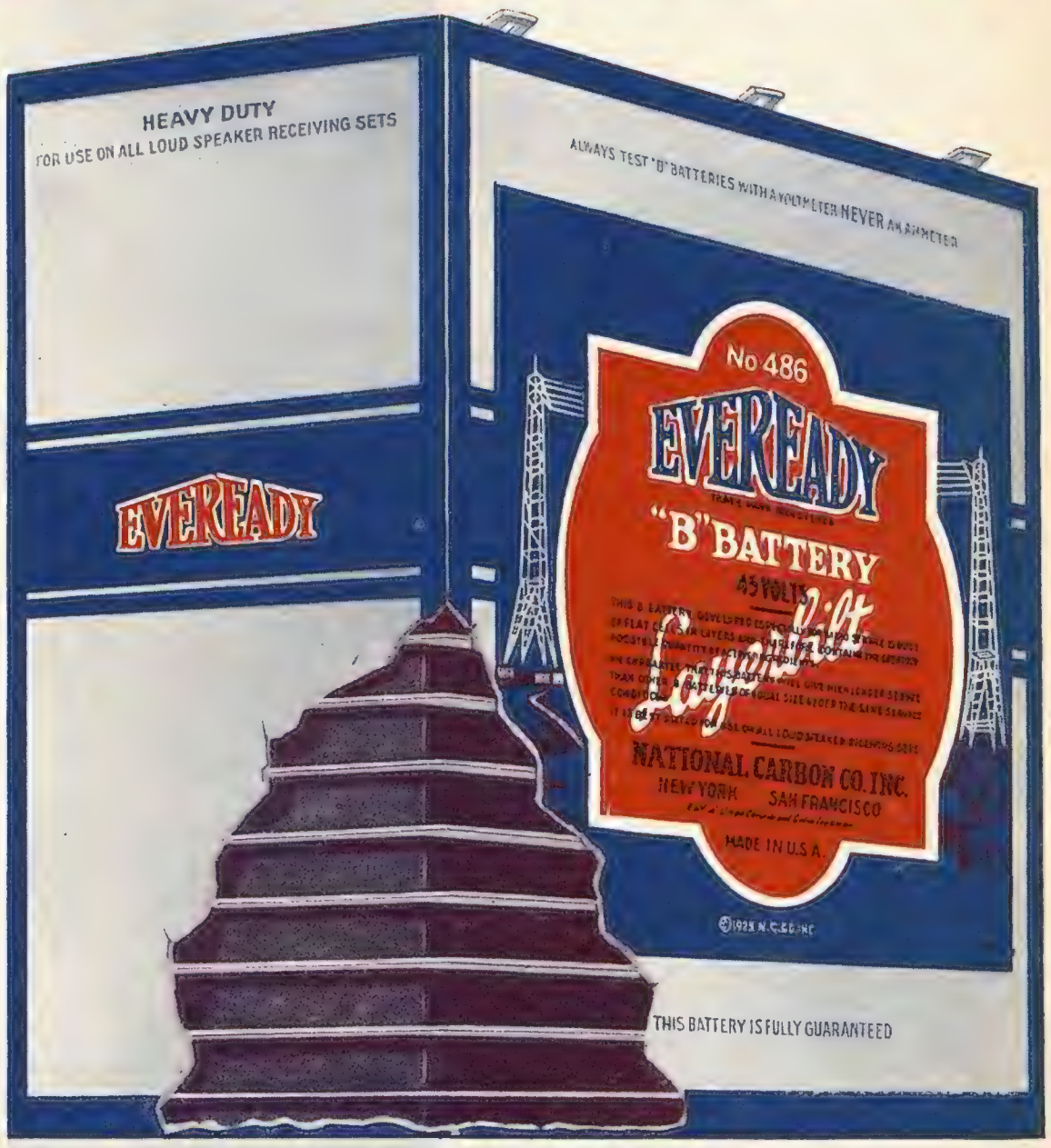
*This is an interesting story, with its account of how a faithful dog had a terrific fight with a wolf and killed it. It has been our impression that no dog could kill a good wolf. We are asking some other authorities on the subject, and in next week's Liberty we will print what they say about the probabilities of such a fight resulting in victory for the dog.*

# for just a few cents more

# The EVEREADY LAYERBILT




**Now $2.95** *Eveready Layerbilt Medium Size "B" Battery No. 485, 45 volts. The longest-lasting Eveready of its size.*




**Now $4.25** *The original Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. 45 volts. For heavy duty. The longest lasting of all Evereadys.*

# lasts weeks and months longer

TO GET a genuine Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery you need only pay a few cents more than you would for a cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size. The longer life built into the Eveready Layerbilt is worth much more to you than its cost. Every Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery is built of flat cells, which occupy all available space within the battery case, avoid the waste spaces between the cylindrical cells in the older type of battery, and produce much more current.

That is why the Eveready Layerbilt lasts much longer than the cylindrical cell type of battery. The added life is far greater than you might suppose from the small extra cost.

There are two Eveready Layerbilts. One is the original No. 486, built for heavy duty, the longest lasting of all Evereadys and the most economical. It costs 25 cents more than a cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size. The other is the newer Medium Size Eveready Layerbilt No. 485, which has the same dimensions as the cylindrical cell Eveready No. 772, but which lasts much longer, though costing only 20 cents more.

When you go to buy new "B" batteries, add just a few cents to what you would pay for a cylindrical cell Eveready, and get Eveready Layerbilts. They will bring you weeks and even months of extra "B" battery service.

*Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night*

*East of the Rockies*
9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations.

*On the Pacific Coast*
8 P. M. Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network

**EVEREADY**
**Radio Batteries**

*Layerbilt construction is a patented Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.*

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
*Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*

# *Now* keep Onions *and* Bu *in the same* Refrigerator

### *No odors pass from one food to another*

### *The "hard-to-keep" foods stay firm and fresh*

### *Your ice (or electric refrigeration) gives you everything it has*

Amazing new invention of Alaska's Board of Refrigeration Engineers receives sweeping endorsement from food experts. Known as Foodex. No other refrigerator has it. Buy no new refrigerator until you see it.

HERE, according to food authorities is the great discovery of our times in food keeping. At a single stroke this new patented feature of the Alaska refrigerator abolishes all the old fears of food spoilage—increases the useful service of the household refrigerator *as much as 40 to 90 per cent!*

Now, automatically, Foodex makes it virtually compulsory for you to put every food in the one place in the Alaska where it will keep best.

You don't have to stop to figure out—perhaps mistakenly—where any one food should go. Every food is classified. Every shelf in the refrigerator has its correct use specified. Even the most unintelligent servant girl will seldom place a food in the wrong place any more, now that this new and better way to proper food-keeping can be her guide.

### *This simply puts the laws of physics to work*

Like many of the other great inventions Foodex is simple—so simple you wonder why it was not thought of long before. The whole secret of its success is in the way it takes advantage of an established law of physics. The continually rotating, up and down circulation of the cold air in the refrigerator is made to do what nature intended it should do—properly preserve food. This is why even onions or other strongly odorous foods no longer need be a refrigerating problem. Foodex makes the odors *pass on out of the refrigerator* before they can come in contact with the more sensitive foods.

### *Demonstration refrigerators now being shipped to stores*

Dealers the country over are now accepting reservation orders for the new 1929 model Foodex-equipped Alaskas.

They are pointing out to householders that any refrigerator, no matter how meritoriously built, which lacks this feature is unquestionably out of date.

And when you see the refrigerators you will understand why so many fine things are being said about the new Alaska by refrigerator merchants.

Never in Alaska's 51 years in this business has there been a line of refrigerators that rivals these Foodex-equipped 1929 models in beauty wholly aside from their super-efficiency.

### *Rich colors in keeping with today's vogue*

Colors of a depth and richness not otherwise obtainable. The art of porcelain finishing at its best. Cabinet work that parallels the finest done on motor car bodies. Perpetually gleaming wire shelving made by Alaska craftsmen themselves using a special Alaska process. Door handles and other metal trimmings that represent the utmost in appearance and serviceability. Insulation of the finest quality cork — identified again as it has been for years by the famous Alaska Cork Wall Window.

Alaska today is building into these refrigerators (convertible from ice to electric or back again) the kind of service health authorities will be making mandatory ten years from now.

Before you do anything further about buying *any* new refrigerator, whether ice or electric, make sure to get the information that is obtainable simply by mailing the coupon at the bottom of the opposite page.

Never, advises a noted authority, keep any food in a refrigerator that would keep just as well in pantry or kitchen cabinet. Always, urges the same expert, take the trouble to wrap up or cover any extremely odorous food whether kept in refrigerator or elsewhere. Don't, continues the statement, expect refrigeration miracles from an ice compartment that is not well filled with ice or from an ice cake that is blanketed in any way.

*"Good Housekeeping Institute has checked up on this recommended arrangement of food in the refrigerator and finds it most satisfactory."*

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE
*Katharine A. Fisher,*
Director

A

ter

*The Carnation model pictured is one of the 67 Alaska Foodex Refrigerators*

A LIFE PRESERVER FOR FOODS
CORK WALL

*The Cork Wall Window making visible the cork insulation identifies the genuine Alaska*

# LASKA

# FOODEX

*"Tells you where each food keeps best"*

## *Sent free—amazing new facts on food-keeping*

Every householder intending to buy any new refrigerator—whether ice or electric—should read this new Alaska book on food care. Facts, startling even to those well posted on refrigeration, have recently been brought to light. Just clip this coupon, fill in name and address and mail today.

The Alaska Refrigerator Company
Muskegon, Michigan

Please mail postpaid your amazing new book on food-keeping.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

# *Instantly ready when you need them in*

# AMITY FIND-EX

THE courteous motor-cycle policeman motions you to the side of the road. You anxiously search for your driver's license. . . . The pleasant girl at the office entrance asks, "Have you a business card?" You fumble for a clean card to give her. . . . A friend asks to see a snap shot you are carrying. You find it dog-eared, wrinkled and dirty.

These things stop happening when you use *FIND-EX*. Like a visible pocket file, *FIND-EX* protects your cards, tickets, automobile licenses, memoranda, photographs and passes in removable transparent envelopes. Pull the flap of the patented *FIND-EX* pocket and they all slide instantly into view. There right at your finger-tips is the particular card or paper that you want. Viewed from the outside, *FIND-EX* is an attractive, beautifully made wallet of the finest genuine leather.

A patented, firm, red divider in the *FIND-EX* bill compartment will keep the old bills separate from the new smaller-sized currency soon to be issued.

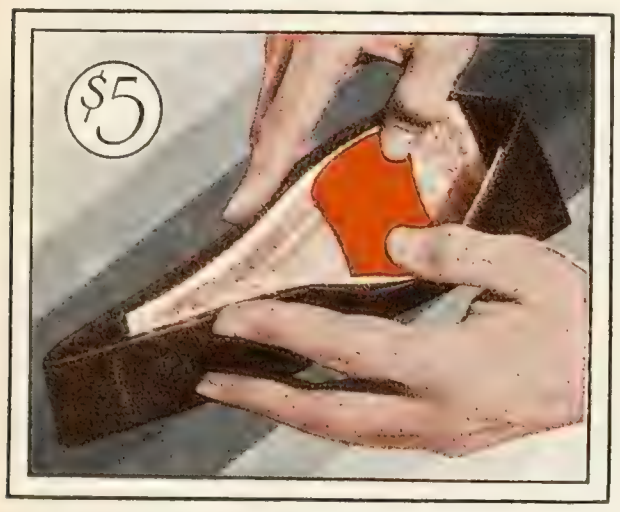
*FIND-EX* is a single-fold, tailored to fit the pocket with never a bulge, even when filled to its generous capacity. Made of the finest leather with seamless ends, it will defy the wear and hard usage of years. You can choose from six varieties of rich, luxurious leather, plain, beautifully tooled or with hand-laced edges. Amity gift displays at leather-goods dealers, drug stores, stationers, department stores, men's clothiers and jewelers. They will show you the many exclusive features of *FIND-EX*.

*FIND-EX* sells everywhere for $5. You can also secure a useful and beautiful gift set of *FIND-EX* and Key Kaddy matched in a handsome gift box—$7. The Key Kaddy alone, in styles to match every *FIND-EX*, is $2 in a gift box.

We will stamp your name in 22-karat gold on *FIND-EX*, free of charge.

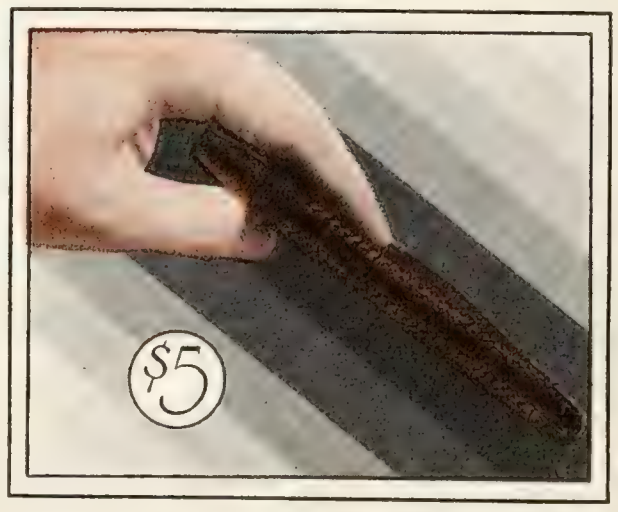
Send for interesting "Book of Amity" No. 17, showing *FIND-EX* and other Amity products. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wisconsin.

*Find-ex and Key Kaddy, in beautifully inlaid ostrich and pigskin, an ideal combination gift for a man. One of the six beautiful sets of matched leather, $7.*




*This patented red divider in the money compartment of Find-ex will keep the new small-sized bills separate from the larger currency.*

*Find-ex is a single-fold—the "thin model" among pocketbooks. Fill it as full as you like. It still retains its graceful, comfortable shape.*




*if stamped* AMITY *it's leather*

# A Second to THINK

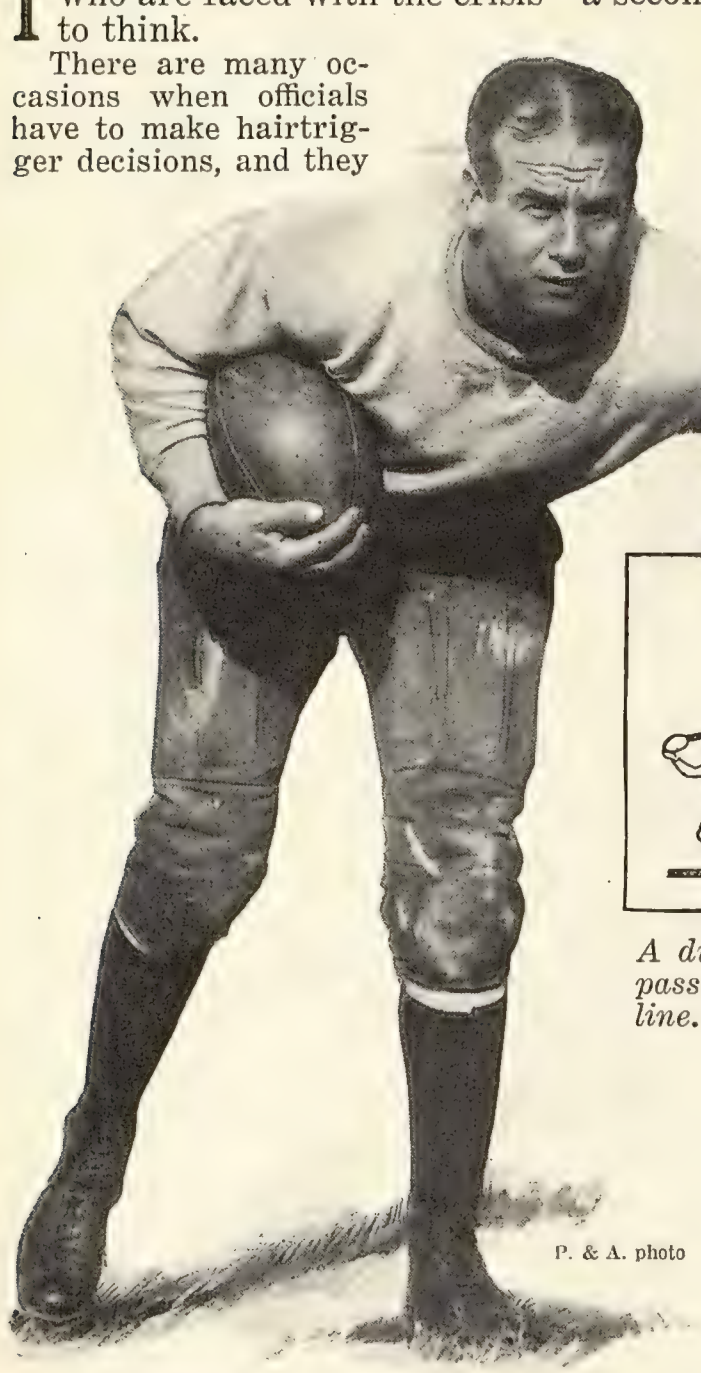
*Notre Dame 7, Southern California 6—*
*Riley Intercepts a Pass*

An Article by
WALTER ECKERSALL

*(Reading time: 3 minutes 24 seconds.)*

IT isn't always the football players alone who are faced with the crisis—a second to think.

There are many occasions when officials have to make hairtrigger decisions, and they are generally subjected to more criticism than the youths on the field.



P. & A. photo

*Captain Morley Drury of Southern California, who threw the forward pass which caused the memorable argument.*

The officials, however, are all old players and do their duty as they see it, regardless of what those who are unable to see the plays as closely as they do think of them.

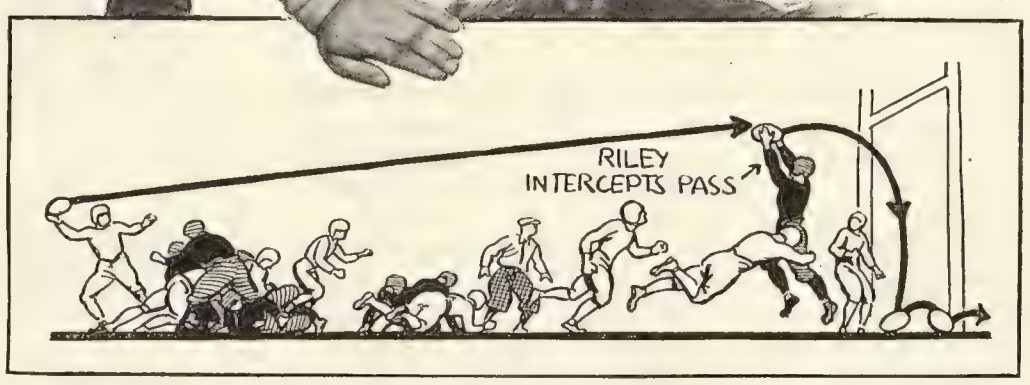
One game last season was noteworthy in that players and officials both had to do a lot of thinking, and there is still a controversy as to whether they did the right thing in the instant given them.

This game was the Notre Dame-Southern California classic at the Soldiers' Field Stadium in Chicago. It was played before 117,000 persons—the largest crowd that ever witnessed an American intercollegiate game of football. While it decided no championship, it was easily one of the most important games in the history of football.

International photo

*Christy Flanagan, the star of the Notre Dame team.*

*Charley Riley, the Notre Dame quarterback whose play started a nationwide controversy.*




*A diagram of the disputed play. Riley intercepted a forward pass. He was tackled and lost the ball, which rolled over the end line. The officials ruled it was a touchback; Southern California insisted it was a safety.*

Both teams were coached to the greatest known football efficiency, Southern California by Howard Jones, who learned his football at Yale, and Notre Dame by Knute Rockne.

Morley Drury, captain and quarterback of the Pacific Coast team, and Christy Flanagan, Notre Dame halfback, were the players generally expected to bring the spectators to their feet at any period of what proved to be a great struggle.

Drury, later selected for the All-American team, lived up to all that had been said about him. He ran, gained through the line, and shot the forward pass which resulted in Southern California's only touchdown. He did most of the punting and he blocked cleverly in the interference. That he missed an attempt at goal after touchdown was largely due to a poor pass from his center.

Although Drury and Flanagan lived up to their reputations throughout the greater part of the struggle, their brilliant work was practically forgotten and a new name was on the lips of all when the game ended.

This player was Charley Riley, Notre Dame quarterback, who tried to capture a Southern California forward pass on his one yard line, The play happened near the close of the struggle and caused nationwide controversy. There were many who thought Riley erred in his judgment in trying to catch the oval. Some maintained he should have batted the ball so that it would have been grounded in the end zone for a touchback. There were just as many who believed Charley did the proper thing.

Riley had but a second to think. If he had not attempted to catch the ball, it might have fallen into the arms of an eligible Southern California player. In such an event it would have been a touchdown. If he had batted the oval, it might have been recovered by a Trojan player before it struck the ground—as had happened just a minute or two before elsewhere on the field. Under such conditions it still would have been a touchdown.

In that fraction of a second the Notre Dame player leaped and caught the ball, but before he had control and possession of it he was tackled by Trojan players. Riley lost the ball. It finally rolled over the end line, and the officials ruled that as long as Riley did not have control and possession of the ball, the play was a touchback.

CAPTAIN DRURY and his players insisted that Riley did have control and possession of the ball and that his loss of it was a plain fumble. Drury asserted his team should have been credited with a safety, which would have given Southern California two points and a lead in the game by an 8 to 7 score.

If such a ruling had been made there is no telling what the final result would have been. Notre Dame nursed its one point advantage and played the game safe. If it had been behind, desperate efforts would have been made to score by use of the forward pass. But the game will always be remembered by that play on the goal line during which Riley of Notre Dame had but a second to think.

---

*A play that decided the championship between Michigan and Chicago in 1905 when a player made a mistake in his second to think will be described in next week's Liberty.*

# Vox

### *Something Must Be Wrong*

MECHANICSBURG, PA.—The Rainbow Division was in France six months before the Fourth and ended up with thirty-six less major casualties. Probably hadn't been anywhere but visiting cafés before the Château Thierry scrap.

Can you imagine MacArthur socking a Fourth guy in the nose for blowing a gas horn, as he said he did in "War Bugs"? The only thing they broke was a few records in Y. M. C. A. huts.

Who of the A. E. F. would pick a Rainbow Division artilleryman's diary to publish? They didn't rate a thing in the army. I know the end of good war stories is here now, since you save Second Class Private MacArthur's diary in LIBERTY. You start with Richthofen, Luke, and York, and end with the Rainbow Division. That puts you at the bottom of the list.

They were not first in a thing in the war, so it's a good place to stop. Probably were first in saloons and robbing châteaus, but they *never* socked a Fourth guy in the nose.—*Fourth Division Veteran.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Charles MacArthur writes in my language. "War Bugs" is a masterpiece, in a roughneck's estimation. Being a roughneck I speak with authority. It takes me about an hour to read each installment. It is food for my brain.—*Cy.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—The story "War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, is great. The illustrations are fine. But, for the love of Mike, quit calling an artilleryman a doughboy.

A doughboy is an infantryman. If you don't believe it, look in the dictionary.—*Ex-Dough.*

ROYALTON, MINN.—Charles MacArthur is the nearest thing to Mr.

Homer and Mr. Virgil the war has produced.

Why don't you let him write his books on clay tablets or put them on an obelisk for future posterity?—*F. Street—ex-buck.*

### *Guess They Were Sandy's*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—For the Love o' Lil, have Leslie Thrasher dress *Lil's* baby in short clothes. He surely doesn't know much about babies or he would know that no baby for the last twenty years has worn long clothes.

The baby is a darling, but he looks as if he might have lived in Methuselah's day. He's too old fashioned for *Lil* and *Sandy.*—*Mrs. C. A. C.*

### *Prohibition's First Tooth*

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—I am sending you a circular, "Devil's Toboggan Slide." Perhaps you might like to use it in Vox Pop.

Some forty-five or fifty years ago

TAXPAYER: I awfully hate to have the boys slide there, but I believe in PERSONAL LIBERTY—and then there's SUCH a REVENUE from it; and—and I'm afraid I'll be BOYCOTTED if I don't let 'em slide.

the writer's mother (a member of the White Ribbon Society, or W. C. T. U.) distributed circulars such as this in the interests of prohibition.—*Mrs. J. L. Childs.*

### *We Needed One*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read the *American Mercury*, the *New Yorker*, and LIBERTY. I have never written to a publication before. I feel entitled, after all these years, to say something against somebody or something.

Secretary Kellogg oughtn't to alarm you so. He only went over to collect some autographs of big shots on the other side so he could show the boys back home.

As for preventing wars, LIBERTY need not worry—it will always have material for stories just as good as those brought out by the last war to end war. W. J. Bryan got the diplomatic boys to sign treaties to end war some years ago—just before they shot the Archduke of Austria.

This gesture of Secretary Kellogg is a lot of bologna. You know it. I know it. We all know it. Why write an editorial about it?—*Leon Hartman.*

### *Look at Your Articles*

COLLINGDALE, PA.—I don't like your cover serial.

I don't like your short stories.
I don't like your movie reviews.
I don't like your puzzles.
I don't like your poems.
I don't like your fashions.

And yet I keep reading your magazine. Could you inform me what the name of my disease is? I am a girl. —*Just a Freshman.*

### *Why Christ Did It*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The wets who quote the biblical account of the turning of water into wine at Cana of Galilee have overlooked the fact that disease and dirt were the common lot of humanity in those times, especially in such a climate as that of the Holy Land. The water available was not fit for human consumption, according to the standards adopted in civilized countries today.

Hence the practice of drinking wine, in which few if any bacteria can exist.

Christ had the alternative of letting the party contract dysentery and typhoid fever by drinking the water, or of changing it to something else.

He might have miraculously purified the water, but the crowd would have doubted that anything had been done to it. Disappointment combined with skepticism would have kept the incident out of the records.

As little real work, mental or physical, was done in those days, it mattered little if the members of the wedding party woke up next morning with bad heads. An epidemic of disease would have been avoided, anyhow.—*C. S.*

### *More About the Miracle*

DETROIT, MICH.—I want to add my bit of appreciation for your excellent editorial on the miracle at Cana of Galilee. I had been wishing that it would be presented to the people through some publication of wide circulation.

I think many of the replies you have received prove that many people who call themselves "Christian" are not Christian at all, but followers of either the Scribes and Pharisees or John the Baptist.—*(Miss) B. E. Barbley.*

### *The Smith Spirit*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Al is a Catholic. What of it? Hoover is a Quaker. Spirits are supposed to move them. What if the spirits failed in a serious moment, or the Spirit of Wall Street worked overtime?—*G. E. O.*

NORTH DARTMOUTH, MASS.—Why do Mr. Hoover and the G. O. P. say they will enforce the prohibition law when they know that they have been failing to enforce it for the past eight years?

Mr. Hoover and the Republican party have done this country good—and proper.—*Ernest A. Carney.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Listen! Al Smith has governed New York for four terms and did the Pope of Rome ever come over and rule it?

Ask the people who live there.—*Cecily.*

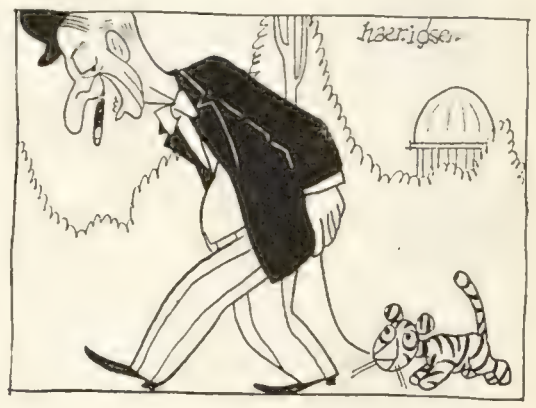
MONTEVIDEO, MINN. — Al Smith will win because he *faces the facts.*

The average man is tired of hypocrisy and canting platitudes.—*W. F. F.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'd like to see Smith elected if only to prove, once and for all, that a Catholic President does not mean the installation of the Pope as head of this country.

Yes, I'm for the Smith experiment. Four years of it might not make us—but neither would it break us. On the other hand, four more years of the kind of "prosperity" we are now having would just about ruin many of us.—*H. Hodes.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Those who say that Tammany will rule the nation if Al is elected are absotively, posolutely



wrong. Tammany is a State organization, not a national one, and the idea of its moving to Washington en masse is funny. It has no wish to go beyond the borders of New York.

The truth is, the Tiger once dominated Smith, but if Al gets to be President, Tammany, far from being a tiger, to him, will just be his tame pussy cat.—*L. Townsend.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO — Hoover, if elected, will have no more say than the White House janitor.

He will do just what King Mellon tells him, and no more.—*A Plain American.*

# Pop

### *Hold 'Em, Hoover!*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I see that a Vox Popper signing himself "A Catholic, and damn proud of it" asked this question: "When did the State of New York have a better government than when Al Smith was governor?"

Answer: Any time that Al Smith was not governor.—*Nathan Hale II.*

EVERETT, MASS.—The Pope of Rome is a foreign monarch, claiming obedience in civil affairs as well as in religious things.

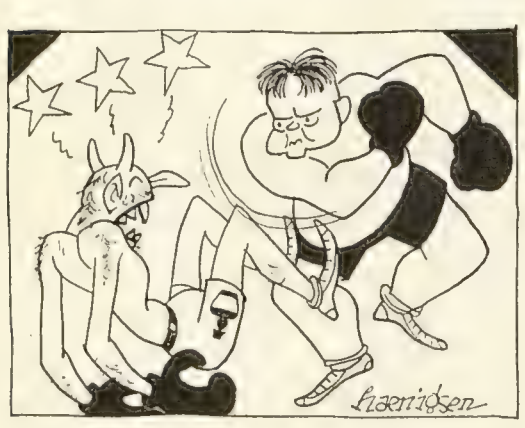
If Al Smith is a consistent Catholic, he owes his first allegiance to the Pope, not in religious things only, but also in civil things. That should disqualify him from being President. —*F. A. R.*

UNIVERSITY CITY, MO.—It's not only anti-American, but also anti-Christian, to even nominate a Catholic for one of our Christian government positions. Mark my words: if Smith is elected, there's gonna be hell in this man's land. I'm only eighteen, but I have my moments when it comes to political controversies.—*"Tige" Smith, Jr.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Watch the Eastern vote in November and you will learn that "Ale" Smith only weighs a lot with those who have a rum blossom that wants more color. —*Pale Face.*

TOPEKA, KAN.—This election is going to be a contest between Kid Hoover and Kid Rum, and all my hard earned money is on Herb the Hooch Killer.

Just watch Hoover chase Mr. Battling Brandy all around the ring,



and knock him out with a punch that makes him see more stars than were ever on the label of a whisky bottle! —*Dick W.*

HAMMOND, IND.—A Catholic regards a Protestant as an uncivilized savage, a heathen. Catholic children are taught in their parochial schools to avoid contact with Protestant children, and as the children mature into manhood and womanhood this sentiment becomes more pronounced.

I wish to state that I am speaking from my own experience, but I must say that I know some very broad-minded Catholics and they are a credit to their respective communities, but they are very rare. Al Smith is not wanted by Protestant people.—*C. E. D.*

### *Al's Synthetic Culture*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I am lined up with no particular creed or sect, but was reared in a Catholic community and number among my dearest friends many members of that body of faithful Christians. And it would seem that the traditions of my family for generations would compel me to vote the Democratic ticket, no matter who the nominee may be, as that has been the policy of the majority of the male Democrats.

But the time has come when the women of the Southland will vote for principle and not for party, and this is as it should have been always.

I have no quarrel with Al Smith. I admire him and his good wife for pulling themselves up to the place they now occupy, and give them due credit.

However, it would be a travesty to send a machine made politician, with only a thin veneer of synthetic culture, which veils but does not hide the roughneck, to the White House, to try to fill the place of the immortal Wilson, or Roosevelt, or Cleveland, or Jefferson. And it would be cruel to subject the Smiths to such a severe social strain.

Al Smith and Mr. Hoover are near the same age. They were poor American boys with an even break, and are known as self made men. Smith stopped school at the fifth grade and Tammany finished the job.

Hoover plugged away and is now a fine, well rounded character with a worldwide reputation that commands the respect of all nations. He has a keen business mind and a sense of right and justice that cannot be swerved. He has the true culture and dignity of the thoroughbred, and in his noble wife he has an able assistant. Our nation could well be proud of such a chief.

And that, dear people, is why the women of the old and the new South will vote for Hoover. It is *not* a question of religion or prohibition, but of *men!—Southern Woman and Patriot.*

### *Now, Roland!*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Wish to say Leslie Thrasher's pictures of girls are like carbolic acid on ice cream. I mean the girls' forms are devilishly delicious, but their faces—!

Show Thrasher what a good looking real girl's face is like, and how to draw it, or show him the door.—*Roland E. Burdick.*

### *Prehistoric Privileges*

CHICAGO, ILL.—That story by Phyllis Duganne, "The Bridge," was adroitly done, and I got a kick out of the cave man way in which *Roger Fair* subdued *Sue Dearbon.*

But it seemed to me that the tale was laid in the wrong era. Just think of the juicy, meaty paragraphs Phyllis could have written if she'd put the story back in prehistoric times, with *Sue* in a hay skirt and *Roger* brandishing a thigh bone, and pulling his hot tempered sweetie around by the hair.—*Mary T.*

### *Purity and Eugenics*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Cinderella De Luxe," by Mabel McElliott Clarke, may be good—realistic! But the following paragraph certainly is the limit:

"She'd always heard the poor working girl had to stand for indiscriminate mauling. She had gone to movies often enough to have absorbed the notion that maidens in the lower and middle classes were usually just two jumps ahead of their honor. So she was pleasantly surprised when Ben seemed disposed to treat her with great respect."

Any man can (and may) try anything with any girl, regardless of class.

It is up to the girl—she does not "have to stand" for it! The middle and even lower classes know more of purity and honor than the "upper."

Which is introducing the "eugenic baby" and trying to legalize every sort of vice and calling it "freedom"?—*Olivia Scholtz—(Just a middle class girl.)*

### *So Glad You Like It!*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Say, why can't some of these old hens quit picking on the *Sandy* and *Lil* series? A lot of them are old maids. They had better find the truth about married life before they preach.

My folks all like marriage and I do, too.—*Just a kid, fourteen years old.*

### *Answering a Proud Negro*

COVINGTON, KY.—That proud nigger from Des Moines is my idea of the typical nigger.

The white people let him come to their school. Because of that fact, he thinks he is superior to them.

He thinks that the team couldn't get along without him. He is mistaken. No one man makes a team and the team got along before he came and will get along after he is gone.

There are a few (very few) niggers who know their place and stay in it. But this proud nigger ought to be sent back to Africa, with the rest of the niggers.

You printed his letter. Now print this.—*J. W. S.*

### *Now Turn Back to Page 29*

NOHLY, MONT.—I call a halt when Larry Brooks says a Catholic discovered America. Leif Ericsson discovered America, long before the Pope wore any woolen socks.—*Ole Larson.*

### *That'll Be Enough!*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I enjoyed that article "The Get-Up of the Male," by Irene Kuhn. It was all very true.

No one now makes fun of woman's clothes. There is nothing left to make fun of.—*Buttons.*

### *Modesty Forbids*

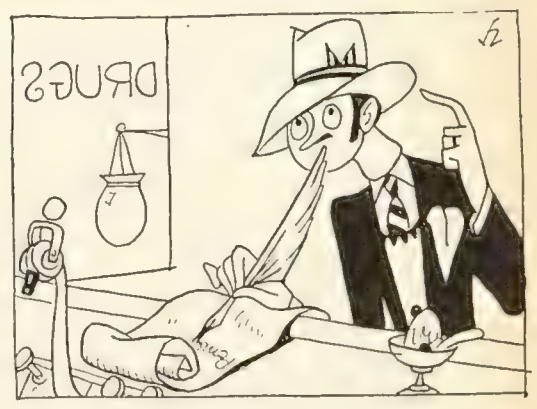
DETROIT, MICH.—If LIBERTY is so rotten, please tell me why our news dealer has to hide it and only sells it to a privileged few?—*M. F.*

### *Why Ask? We Know Already*

ANDALUSIA, ALA.—Please ask your readers to voice their opinion of which is the best magazine for a nickel.—*John S. Windham.*

### *You Can Search Us*

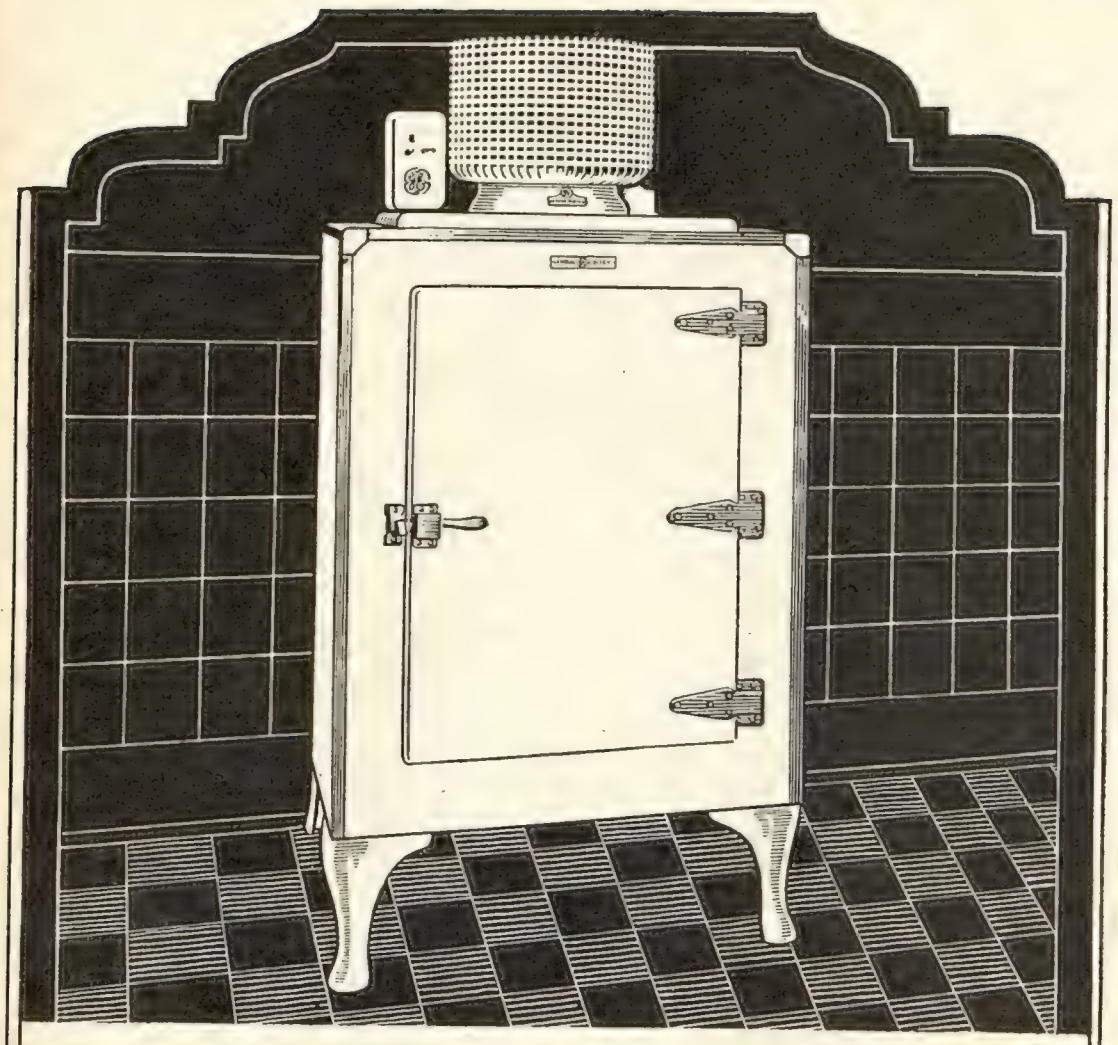
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Just a word for our friend, Cowboy Jack, who had a "pome" in LIBERTY in which he claimed that Al Smith won't be




our President until the jackass learns to sing tenor, and the rattlesnake walks on legs.

What kind of bologna is he raising on his ranch?

Is Cowboy Jack a real cowboy with boots and spurs and a big hat, or does he just wear suspenders and hang around the corner drug store?—*A Real Cowboy.*



*Perfect refrigeration is such a comfort!*

PLANNING menus, marketing, entertaining—all of these are vastly simplified for the home-maker when she has a General Electric Refrigerator.

And, even more important, is the pleasant feeling of security—the absolute knowledge that her family's food is always safely fresh and wholesome. Even in winter scientifically correct refrigeration is vital. Kitchens are warm all year 'round, and food to be safe to eat needs to be kept at a temperature below 50 degrees always.

The General Electric Refrigerator is different from all others—it is indeed "years ahead" in design. It is entirely automatic. It never even needs oiling. All its mechanism is enclosed in an air-tight steel casing, up on top, away from dust and difficulties. It uses little current and makes plenty of ice cubes.

This electric refrigerator is the achievement of fifteen years of painstaking experiment and development by the Research Laboratories of General Electric. It will give you perfect refrigeration automatically, quietly and economically—that is the General Electric guarantee to every user.

To get specifications of these roomy, easy-to-keep-clean refrigerators, write us today for Booklet L-10.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

"Makes it Safe to be Hungry"

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT *of* GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

# "No Sir-ee! Woman Suffrage's the Curse of the Country"

## A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"WHHHH-ITH! Pft-pft! P-whiff!" This was the baby, pillow enthroned upon the tea wagon, enjoying his 6 P. M. nourishment in the dining room. With each *p-whiff,* sucked in air turned the milk to bubbling fizz before it effervesced past his tiny tonsils.

*Whhhh*-WHITH! This was Great Uncle Ulysses enjoying a deep bowl of Lil's luscious black bean soup. He always ate in shirt sleeves. This back to nature custom originated when he wore a Samsonian beard of red and needed arm freedom to keep his chin strands from draping themselves over the Lazy Jennie's vinegar cruet.

"Delicious, my dear! De-*whhhh-whith*-licious! I'm so glad you don't expect us to pile out to a one arm. The family board—"

"Oh, joy!" Lil said to herself. "Is he going to offer board as well as the September and October rent!"

"The family board, plus the cradle, forms the nucleus—or, I might say, the keystone—of the family circle. If you didn't have a baby, or the womanly knack for preparing delectable meals, I would predict domestic destruction."

Lil tactfully lifted her precious Cantagalli cream pitcher from the doily, so it wouldn't crack while Uncle U. graced the table with a fist pound!

"What have we now?" Uncle U. asked Sandy, who was bringing in a covered dish to whose red hot bottom a charred piece of newspaper was sticking. "It smells like noisettes of tenderloin of beef."

This week's cover picture.

"Well, it isn't," Lil said. "They take only seven minutes. It's Irish stew, and it took two hours to cook. The reason it's in such a funny dish is because I'm drying soap on my one meat platter."

"Spoon, fork, or fingers?" Sandy asked. He was now hidden in a cloud of steam through which carrots gleamed like goldfish.

"Use a spoon," Lil told him. "Don't give me any turnips, though, and don't serve all the onions to one person. I'll get the corn."

"Swell!" Sandy grinned, dragging the tip of his nose across a salty, buttery triple row of kernels. "The last corn of the season!" It really tasted like the last corn of the century, but he didn't complain. "I guess my wife can cook, eh?"

"Eh?" Uncle U. asked. He was in torture with a saberlike section of cob caught under his bridgework.

"Eh!" the baby grunted. He had been sucking nutritious oxygen from his empty bottle for some minutes.

"He wants his codliver oil," Lil gasped. "I nearly forgot." And she produced the bottle from a large blue jar on the mantel. "If we don't look out we'll have to pay for ultraviolet lamp treatments."

"Eh!" poor little Ulysses complained as soon as he discovered this dose was not tasteless.

"He just loves it," Uncle U. smiled at his namesake. "Be thankful you haven't one of these men's haircut, collared and necktied modern matrons for a mother, little one. Every baby needs a dear little old fashioned lady to tend him."

"Maybe I seem old fashioned," Lil said, "but I'm as modern as can be. Just because I don't stand in City Hall Square and give speeches on birth control and tenement laws, don't get the idea—"

"Young women ruin their happiness," her uncle continued, "by aping the men. Nature never intended the sexes to act so much alike. They belong in two different places: the men out in the fields, on the ships at sea, on the battlefields, at the South Pole, at the North Pole, or in an office! And the women belong to just one place: the sweetest, loveliest, most sheltered, safest, dimitied place, surrounded by little children. I refer to a married woman's home. The humblest hut on the prairie, a discarded freight car, a tenement room, or a lovely place like this—east, west, hame's best!" he concluded.

The brilliant pink of Lil's castle shaped jellied dessert stemmed this soliloquy.

Three demitasses later, Uncle U. relit a cigar butt and continued:

"Some say 'Votes for women.' I say, 'No sir-ee! Woman suffrage's the curse of the country!"

"Oh," Lil gasped, "I smell something burning!" And she rushed from the room.

It was her own temper that was burning. The nerve of Great Uncle Ulysses Grant Simpson stamping her and all womankind in the mud of old fogyism! And he would have fainted to see the saucy gesture she shot at him from the doorway.

(*Next week's cover adventure: The Rough Rider*)

# Autumn Turns from Colors to White

By Mary Brush Williams

OUR center illustration shows a smart American woman as she appeared at a reception in Paris the other day. She had risen from a chair where she sat enthusiastically discussing the efficacy of a reducing system with one friend and had rushed over to greet another, with whom she paused to reminisce about their delightful visit earlier in the season on the Riviera. Both of these acquaintances she had run into quite unexpectedly—and that indeed is one of the pleasures of foreign travel. One sees so many people from home.

As to the rest of her dress, a pointed fox fur piece, laid aside for the moment, re-enforced it well. But, for that matter, the costume, which was in the form of a suit, was so fashioned as to re-enforce—or be re-enforced—by all accessories well. Getting beyond the boundaries of what you may with accuracy name as an accessory, this dress would re-enforce a fur coat excellently, and thus make the outfit an all winter costume.

The original model was developed in soft black velvet; but in silk or jersey, and perhaps in some gayer color, it would even do to go South in. As it appeared on the American lady at the tea in Paris, the model was made in black satin (that most admirable of winter materials) with the straight little jacket as it appears in the picture, without collar and with the lower line just touching the hips. The skirt was plaited and was worn with a very chic blouse of white, brown, black, and gray plaid taffeta that had a scarf collar finished with tassels at each end.

Have you paused to reflect lately on how very becoming is a light colored something around one's throat, and how innately countrified such an article can be if it is not an essential part of the costume? No separate ruchings or frills are tolerated on French outfits for more than a week in the round of fashion's show. Every style has a turn, but this one is permitted the shortest run of all. There isn't any better way of getting the becoming effect that lifts the years off from one than with a light colored blouse or vestee. Try wearing one and see how many men tell you you are looking delightful.

Some fashion makers maintain that there is nothing so smart as an all black hat, unfaced, and a dark colored dress that goes in unrelieved line round the throat. Maybe so. But one of the greatest of French designers takes the utmost pains with her black hats and those of dark blue, saying that the shape of the light colored ones doesn't matter so much, but in a dark shade the shape can add ten years to a wearer's looks.

The American woman of our sketch avoided any such possibility by choosing a hat of lovely white beaver with a ribbon of black grosgrain round the crown and coming nowhere near the face. It was held in its draped line by a rhinestone pin.

The costume really carries some broad general lessons in its general features as to the art of dressing with chic and becomingly as well. In holding out for becomingness, we shall establish a new standard, for this is a factor that the couturiers who make our fashions so frequently, alike for themselves and us, ignore.

*A simple evening dress of ivory colored satin made in surplice style.*

*Shown in satin, with a short jacket and a plaited skirt, this suit would be excellent also in wool.*

*This beautiful evening coat is of white velvet with an elaborate collar of white fox.*

The other dress is for evening, and is designed for the girl who has allowed herself to get very brown during the summer. It is in creamy white satin—very effective with brown arms. French girls actually go in for sports now instead of just dressing for them, as they used to do. This frock is the simple surplice model so popular in that period known as Victorian which we are drawing on for our style motifs today. It is draped at one side, along the bodice, and in the skirt it swings in a wide circular godet under the diagonal line of the blouse. It is a simple dress and an extremely good one against which to show off your tanned skin and your jewels.

IN pursuance of this eternal subject of a return, not to nature but to a very self conscious and sophisticated art, white evening gloves appear to be creeping over the horizon of fashion to go with gowns of this type. It seems a pity! Anyway, those Victorian dinner gloves, wrinkling to the elbow, are knocking at the doors of fashion. They haven't gone above the elbow yet.

This model, by the way, with sleeves would be appropriate for afternoons, and with a higher neck and in different material for any time of day.

The third drawing shows a very lovely white velvet coat with a collar of white fox fur. White coats for evening are growing very popular. It would be wonderful, wouldn't it, to have one almost like a sports coat of white rabbit cut on more or less straight lines? They say if you are careful of them you can wear them for a whole season without cleaning. White velvet and white satin both are fashionable. In this one, the bottom takes gracefully the round movement of the uneven skirtline.

# The Return of the PEPLUM

By BETTINA BEDWELL

*Lelong's smart winter coat has a scarf replacing the collar, and at the same time retains its revers.*

*Paris, September 17.*

THE increase that Paris has, this fall, voted to the hipline is by several miles the most interesting fact about the new fashions. No increase by popular acclaim is this. There are considerable numbers of disapproving ladies who think that the hipline should be kept down to its present operating basis of snakeline proportions. Not so the Paris style machine. Those suave and clever ladies and gentlemen who are always busy in the mill of the mode, grinding out a grist of new fashions every few months, are going to make us feminine whether we like it or not.

No tank town is so remote that some rumors of the increasing femininity of styles have not reached it. For one solid year Paris has been hammering away at a campaign to transform our boyish clothes into frills and furbelows of girlish aspect. But this season—beginning actually early in the summer—Paris couturiers planted the seed of an idea, which is: a feminine body in feminine clothes. (Inside stuff.)

Now, as everybody knows, clothes are no deep matter, and can at best transform the surface. It takes time to grow real hips, after so many years of reducing and working to get the feminine figure down to boyish proportions, so that the best thing that can be done is to make our clothes give an illusion of the good old Michelangelo hipline. Therefore all that Paris styles aim to do is to replace the straight line with a curved one which *suggests* Venus rather than Adonis.

The increase to the hipline accorded by Paris is given in many cases by a peplum. The dictionary defines peplum as "a short skirt attached to waist or coat." As Paris makes the peplum this season it is a very short skirt indeed—being rarely more than eight inches in length, and very flaring. Attached as it is to a bodice that is very slender and often fitted, it gives to the silhouette a definitely exaggerated feminine effect; for the shoulderline thus appears smaller by considerable girth than does the hipline. The true skirt below is usually rather full, although some of the newest frocks and coats have flaring hiplines, via the peplum, and narrow skirts below.

As I have said, this changed silhouette, which is based on the anatomical structure of the feminine body, was first inaugurated in Paris earlier in the year. I should not be writing about it now if it had not already been approved by women whose chic is something to write home about. The most exclusive women of the small group who launch exclusive Paris fashions at smart places have been wearing peplumed frocks for some time, and there is every indication that the vogue will spread this winter.

Louiseboulanger is one of the most enthusiastic creators of the increased hip frock. This winter she is trying out the peplum on coats as well, and Patterson has illustrated one of these coats of hers, which is being worn at the moment by a princess whose clothes are known to start the ripples of world-wide fashions. This particular coat is made of black satin finished broadcloth, and it has a high, flaring collar, cut square across the lower edges, the outside being beaver and the inside of cloth. At the back of the shoulders is a rounded cape of self material suggesting a cowl. A peplum of beaver fur is placed at the hipline, this being very flaring at the sides and crossed on itself in back. The sleeves are straightline.

*Louiseboulanger furnishes these two striking examples of the peplum. Both dress and coat are worn by a princess.*

*Cheruit makes this frock of black moiré with a suggestion of a swallowtailed coat.*

HOW the peplum is placed on frocks is shown by the figure at the left of the coat. This transparent black velvet dress is also from Louiseboulanger and is also worn by the princess. The peplum at the base of the molded blouse is very narrow and is frilled in small fan plaits, while the skirt has two very much gathered tiers. The small collar of the blouse turns back over a rounded bib that ends in scalloped ties.

Our evening gown, from Cheruit, revives the oldtime swallowtailed coat as a blouse, the original model being very much subdued and feminized. The bodice of this frock of black moiré is tightly fitted, and has two revers at the front of the V shaped décolletage, at the base of which is a nosegay of red rosebuds. Small stiff bows replace buttons down the front of the coat waist, which is cut away in front from the normal waistline and dropped to the hem in back.

Lucien Lelong balances his collection very nicely by showing a variety of silhouette lines, of which the coat illustrated here is one.

This is the slenderline silhouette, made fascinating by the unusual cutting, by the revers in front, and by the cunning beaver scarf collar knotted at the side of the neck. The sleeves are flared a bit by the deep irregular cuffs of beaver. While Paris has cast her vote to increase the hipline, she is clever enough to offer other more slender candidates, so we may veto one measure and accept the other as we see fit.

# Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

*Wherein the Author Is Up in the Air*

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

*(Reading time: 10 minutes 30 seconds.)*

*San Diago and Hollywood, Cal.*

DEAR MARG,

I would have wrote you before, but I had an awful hangover, it was just too bad.

Listen Kid, I certainly am gettin on swell with my execution for the talkin movies. It wont be long now before I'll be actin in the squeakies. No foolin. Yep, Im going to another school. Just by accident I clipped out an ad in a paper what trains actors for the jumpin tintypes. They teach em to speak an act like John Barramore and Dolores Costello. Heres the AD just to show you Im not kiddin.


**The Spoken Movie Is Here!!!**

**GET IN NOW!! MAKE BIG MONEY!!**

**Actors That Cant SPEAK in the Future Will Be Opening Oysters**

**LEARN THE DRAMATIC ARTS!!**

WE TEACH,—English, diction, Transition of Speech, Detonation, elecution, shouting, whistling, spelling, Yodeling, How to laugh and how to scream in a raid. Nursing, engineering, palmistry, gargling, coal mining, bottle opening, tire repairing, dancing and anything pertaining to the Legitimate Stage.

Complete courses the Year round by mail.

**YOU TAKE NO CHANCE!!**
**WE GUARANTEE SUCCESS!!**
**DONT DELAY!!**

Reginald W. Valvestem of Hokuspokus, Wis., writes: After your third lesson, I sold the farm for $40 and got a part with Betty Compson at $7.50 per day.

**AND NOT ONLY THAT—**

Jessie C. Potroast of Hamsteak, Indiana, writes: After the very first lesson I got a job in one of the Hollywood studios yodelling in a South Sea Island picture. Enclosed please find $30 for three more lessons.

**BACKWARD PUPILS BROUGHT FORWARD**

Enroll NOW!! Diplomas printed on premises. Students joining now will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a brand new nickleplated jews harp.

**SPECIAL RATES TO MIDGETS!!**

THE SQUEEKIE SCHOOL OF EXECUTION
Drainboard-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Dept. F.O.B. No. 2.


Youd be surprised Marg how them lessons have stopped me from stutterin. I can resight Grays ellergy in a County back yard and quote Hamlet like nobody's nevermind. No kiddin. Its in the second lesson what they sent me. Theres no use me peddlin booze Marg when I can be speakin lines and actin in pitchers like Lew Cody. What a tough break them guys get! All they do is sit on a couch and neck some swell star while the electricians go around the stage tearin out their hair with envy.

I'll tell you right now that the talkin pictures have the hole of Hollywood scrambled. The producers, the actors, the directors and the works are runnin around the lots with their head under their arms. Every time you pass an actors house hes makin a speech to himself in the mirror. The producer doesnt know next year wheather he'll be livin in Beverly Hills or in the Poor House. When the electricial engineers get through stickin the squarkies in the fillum, the director cant tell his picture from Ben Hur or Custers Last Fight.

*Every time you pass an actors house hes makin a speech to himself in the mirror.*

I read where Tom Edison says, The eye is the hole thing and the hearing is a very minor affair. Toms right. Hes been lookin over the swell frails on Hollywood Boolevard. Hes also right about the squeekies. It sure is a MINOR affair, and I dont mean perhaps.

I feel sorry for the tired business guy when he takes the secretary into one of them jumpin picture palaces for a swell afternoon of limb tanglin. The place will sound like a panic goin on in a bargain basement.

Can you imagine Lon Chaney or Wolheim or Carl Dane tellin the girl in a sweet cented high soprano voice that he loves her? Oh baby, comb that out of your wig. Well, thats what their doin now, if you dont believe me, listen with your mud guards.

And another thing. Whats goin to become of the guys in the orkistra whats filin away on the cat gut, I ask you? Theyll all be joinin the Navy or wearin out the park benches. The recruitin officers will be gettin writers cramp from writin out transfers. Every sailor in the navy will be a musician. The Rear Admiral will look like Frantz List from the front. Can you imagine Batehoven and Wagner takin in the upper top sails? I can think of nothin funnier than Mozart and Chopin splicing the main brace.

*If the parashoot didnt open I could send it back and get a new one!*

The Squeakiefone manufacturers are havin a merry time. There's fifty seven varieties already, and a dozen new ones every day. I was to an opening in Hollywood at Graumans Chinee theater a few nights ago and they put on a thing called the Marveltone. A fello comes out and says,—if you will consentrate your mind on the screen the characters will read your thoughts and play the piece your thinkin about. So he goes out in the orchestra and asks a few people in the front rows and right away the characters play the piece what they were supposed to be thinkin. Grin that off!!

Can you imagine dishin up a picture like that to a theater full of hardboiled people what do nothing else but make movies? Well, they sure did give him the razz. They clapped him off. And the next day the thinkin picture went OFF too.

And heres another thing whats worrin the producers and the theaters, Marg. The telephone company has invented a gag for seein pictures in your own home. On the level. They call it Television. Why should you slop out in the rain to the theater when you can sit in a girls flat with a nice bottle of pre-war giggle soup and watch the pitchers half cock eyed for nothin!

For seven fifty down and two bucks a month now we hear Rackmaninoff, Shuman Hank, Hoover, the fights and whatever. It wont be long before we'll be seeing and toonin out Camille for the Street Angel on the family screen. If you dont like the news reel on 250 meters you can grab a Hal Roach comedy on 260.

LISTEN, Love Lips, I was over to a wop party the other night what Bob Vignola threw. Oh boy was that a party. Hes the guy what directed Marion Davies in the picture called, When Nightshirt was in Flower. Well, Bob has a regular bar in his house. He dishes up that dago red. Three drinks and youd walk on the third rail. Two drinks would make George Beeban take a sock at Tom Mix, no foolin!! One drink and Mussolini would do a hand spring.

Well, he had a couple over there by the name of Usher. Frances and Harry Usher, mind readers, and I dont mind tellin you that theyre GOOD! They blind fold her and make her face the wall. He goes around the room askin everybody questions. He dug out letters, papers and what have you. She told the cerial numbers on registeration cards, lodge tickets, the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*What are*

**ICE CREAM DIXIES?**

Ice Cream Dixies are dainty cups packed with two flavors of ice cream by the leading ice cream manufacturers of the country—and sold everywhere for 5c. The ice cream manufacturer's name is on the top—look for it.

Only a genuine 5c Ice Cream Dixie has the Dixie Scroll Design as shown here.

No cup filled with ice cream is an "Ice Cream Dixie" unless it has this Dixie Scroll.

And any cup without this Dixie Scroll, sold as a 5c Ice Cream Dixie, is so sold in violation of the law.

This Dixie Scroll design on 5c ice cream containers is your assurance of good ice cream from the plant of responsible ice cream manufacturers.

For your own protection, guard against misrepresentations. Avoid substitutions. Insist on DIXIES, the original and only genuine.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
*Original Makers of the Paper Cup*
EASTON, PA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]

names on alimony checks and everything. And fast, what I mean.

When he came around to me I tried to fool her. I pulled out a corkscrew, an airmail stamp, a letter from you, a pass to a speakeasy and a label for a special brand of rattle snake juice and she clocked em ALL! !

She even told me the size of the collar and hat I wore. She told me that if I took off my right shoe the number would read L1748652, and damn if it didn't. Theyre playin in vaudeville and if you ever see em billed dont miss em Marg, theyre good. Take your old man, he wont know what its all about anyway.

LISTEN, Kid, Im back in pitchers. My dear youd be surprised. Im actin with Ramon Navarro and Anita Page in a pitcher called Gold Braid. Its a navy pitcher. George Hill is directin it. Hes the chap what directed Lon Chaney in Tell it to the Marines.

Theres seven of us guys includin Navarro whats supposed to learn to fly. And what they did to us was just terrible.

To begin with, they took us to the U. S. Naval Air Station down in San Diago and put us through the jumps. Who do I meet but my old pal Lieut. Commander Spig Weed. Wait till I tell you about Spig, Marg. Spig was one of the greatest trick flyers ever born. There wasnt a thing in the clouds he couldnt do. He loved to fly upside down. Well, one day he slipped on a pair of stairs and broke his back, yep, and COLD SOBER too.

Its pretty tough for him now gettin around on a coupla canes and watchin the boys playin around in the air over the Naval Base. But Spig wrote the Navarro pitcher and is actin as technickle superviser. He used to belong to the SUICIDE SQUAD! ! ! Theres three of em, Lieuts. Bill Davis, Put Stores and Dan Tomlinson. All they like to do is to try and get killed. Each one of em go up in the air and try and outstunt the other.

Davis says to Stores, he says, Do this one! ! Right away they go up in the air and when they get up about 20,000 feet where the Admiral cant see em they start doing the BARREL ROLL, and the NEW ORLEANS GLIDE with the cream seperator all shut off. Oh what snappy nose dives and tail slips those guys go into. Just to show you they aint kiddin, they tie a sixty foot fish line to the end of each others wing tips and leave the ground. For a bit of a novelty they make three loops in succession, hang by the proppeller, fly about six miles upside down, wing slip and land. And the fish line aint even broke. Tune that one out!

Oh if Elliott Bed Springs could only see em hed buy a gallon of that alkie they take out of the torpedoes.

Those three guys are NIGHT BOMMERS. They like to live in a night club. One day they were all flyin with a bit of a headache. The crates didn't work so good. When they landed each one of em took the hat off the carberator and what do you think they found,—a powder puff, a lip stick and a silk undie,—I wouldnt kid you.

WAIT till I tell you what they did to ME! !

They take me over and introduce me to Lieut. Selden B. Spangler what was sittin in one of those aeroplane garages. They whisper somethin in his ear and right away he begins lafin. Then they take me into an office and make me write my name on the fractured line. Thats so when the meat cake hits the earth my family cant sue the Navy for floppin me out. I no sooner put the monicker on the line than out rolls a big box on wheels. Six feet long and two feet square. One of the fellos told me that that was a guy that went up early in the day. You can imagine how I felt. But later on I found out that the casket contained an aerial bomb! ! !

WELL, the next thing that comes rollin out is a great big plane. I began shivverin so bad if it hadnt been for my collar I would have fallen through the shirt. The Lieutenant hands me a bunch of burlap and told me to put it on.

Then he put a rubber thing over my head what looked like a cross between a pair of water wings and a liverwurst. It had a coupla gadgets in it what you blew up in case you landed alongside of the Pacific fleet. The next thing was the darby. The PARASHOOT! ! You get into it like a fire horse. Harness goes over both legs, around your neck and any where else where things are loose. Then when you get comfortably settled in the plane he fastens a great big hook what releases the works if one of the wings hop off or a bit of a fire starts in the gasoline tank.

Then he instructed me about the RING! ! The ring sits in a little pocket in the flyin suit. The pilot was very fussy about me gettin the instructions. He says,—if anything happens, unhook the big hook, get out of the cockpit, walk out on the tail or one of the wings and JUMP CLEAR OF THE PLANE! ! ! After you have jumped be sure and COUNT THREE before PULLING THE RING! ! ! Just like that.

The guy told me that if the parashoot didnt open I could send it back and get a new one!

AS soon as the pilot got in another guy got up on the plane and started windin up a big main spring. Somebody yells—CONTACT and right away I thought the World War was on. Just then he gave her the gun and the next thing I new we was over the ocean.

In between my legs there was a billard cue moving in all directions. Down on the floor was a coupla bicycle peddils goin back and forth. Right in front of me was more stuff than they have in a locomotive cab. I looked at the speedometer and it started on a hundred. The next time I looked at it the hand was pointin at 196 per hour. I got my arm up once and it nearly blew off. It took me thirty miles to get it down.

I yelled at the pilot, Don't let ME keep you up here! ! and he hollers back,—that's alright, I GOT ALL DAY! !

I glanced at the steam gauge and I saw that we were up nearly five thousand feet. If it hadnt been for the harness my pants woulda fallen off. Then he shoves the billard cue all the way down and I thought I fell out of the crate. The hand on the big ben was registerin 300 miles an hour.

The next thing I new I was lookin UP at the earth and was hangin in the life belt. Then he jirked somethin and we dropped three thousand feet. When we landed they had to lift me out. They found that I had not only pulled the ring but had plucked every string out of the parashoot. And not only that—I perspired so much they had to use a mop.

I've got to go down to the dentist and get a new set of dishes. I swallowed the other set down in the Naval base.

Yours very passionately,
MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I just read a bootlegger story in LIBERTY by some donkey by the name of Bert Green. I wish I had that bird up in the plane. I certainly would have thrown him out, that stuff is terrible!

---

*Good thing he didn't fall out or we wouldn't have another spasm from him in two weeks.*

*If it hadnt been for the harness my pants woulda fallen off.*

# It tamed mine

**B. S. F.!**

Something new, fine and stimulating! BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER. *After shaving, after bathing, any time.* For both men and women.

At all druggists. 35c and 65c for Barbasol. 65c for Barbasol Skin Freshener.

I made that 3-day test. I stacked Barbasol up against the very best soap I'd found in 20 years of rasslin' with this ol' haywire crop of mine.

Soaped up one side of my face, gave Soap & Co. all the breaks. Then spread Barbasol on the other half. And my face told me BARBASOL.

## Your face wants to know Barbasol

Because Barbasol gives a cooler, smoother, closer, longer-lasting shave. It's 100% beard softener: No air bubbles.

Because Barbasol leaves the skin all fresh and young and soft. Leaves the natural oils right in the skin. Takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Because Barbasol is the Modern Way of Shaving—faster, simpler, cleaner. Look:

1—Wash the face (and leave it wet)
2—Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3—Shave!

THE BARBASOL COMPANY, *Indianapolis, Indiana*

# Barbasol

*For Modern Shaving*

# Pipe-smoker dares fate for his favorite pipe-tobacco!

## *Rescued from dangerous cave he crawls back to find the little blue can he dropped on the way out!*

Every pipe-smoker in some way or other has proved his devotion to the tobacco he smokes. But the medal certainly goes to Joseph P. Fink of Darby, Pa., who deliberately went back into the very cave from which he had just been rescued, to find the can of Edgeworth that he had dropped somewhere in the darkness. But then, as Mr. Fink says, there's no telling what a man will do where his favorite tobacco is concerned!

If you would like to find out just what it is about this tobacco that creates the kind of devotion Mr. Fink describes let us send you some samples to try in your own pipe. Just write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 40 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and you will receive samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.

Try the samples. If you like them, then go and buy a can. It will be just as good as the samples, and so will each succeeding can you buy—for the quality of Edgeworth never changes.

You can get this tobacco everywhere, in either Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice forms, in various sizes from the can that fits your pocket to the handsome humidor that holds one pound.

Darby, Pa.
November 12, 1926.

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I take the liberty of writing you concerning a little incident that happened to me in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

I have a mania for crawling through a number of unexplored caverns between the towns of Woodstock and Mt. Jackson. One cave was exceedingly dangerous with its tight passages, etc. I spent three hours in this cavity, groping blindly with a "dead" flashlight and a severed guiding string.

To cut my story short, I was finally rescued by a searching party after a terrible experience. It was a wonderful feeling as I sat at the mouth of the cavern telling my friends that I would not go back in there for love nor money. I meant it—until I reached for my can of Edgeworth. It was gone, and I recalled dropping something during the excitement in the cave.

It is queer what a man will do when his favorite tobacco is concerned. I realized that without my tobacco it would be as bad as being lost in the cavity—so I crawled back.

It was a grand and glorious feeling as my hand came in contact with the Aristocrat of Tobacco.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Joseph P. Fink, Jr.

*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. —the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles*

# Gasoline Gypsies

## *Through Nebraska—Continuing the Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Gotham*

By

GRACE ROBINSON

*(Reading time: 27 minutes 25 seconds.)*

*Pictures by* GARRETT PRICE

KEEPING a detailed diary of the adventures which befall two autoing nomads in their own country, Miss Robinson and her sister have been negotiating the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the preceding installments the author told of leaving New York City and of what they encountered on their trip through New York State, into Canada and back, and on to Detroit and Chicago. Now she tells of their experiences on the way to Colorado.

### HOMELAND—AND MEMORIES

*Friday, July 13.*

THE telephone at the head of my bed tinkled.

"Quarter to nine," came the Drake Hotel operator's dulcet tones.

"By the way, what day is it?" I asked. On a lazy cross continent motor trip the first thing one parks in the rubbish heap is the calendar.

"Friday the thirteenth," the operator giggled, "and it's pouring rain outside."

It was not till later, when I thought food had softened my flapper sister to the point of acquiescence, that I sprang my little surprise:

"Whuda yuh say we go to the Art Museum today? Everybody goes there—we shouldn't miss it."

*We drove on this Missouri ferry with its old fashioned paddle wheel. There seemed barely room for our car, although we were told they could squeeze three or four cars on if necessary.*

I didn't confide my real reason. Yesterday I was bawled out by a hyena wearing the uniform of a traffic cop. I had no desire to go marauding about this big city on Friday the thirteenth in a car.

Ester was agreeable. We started for the Art Museum, sloshing through rain that was now descending in a sickly drizzle. The two of us spent nearly the whole day at the museum, Ester devoting most of her time to the pictures while I concentrated on the sculpture.

*Saturday, July 14.*

What a town this Chicago is! Every day has its new murder, its new gang war, its new indictments. And yet, with all this, it's one of the most interesting of cities.

Its miles of beach, clean, orderly, and all public; its 3,000,000 busy boosters, each predicting Chicago's ascendancy over New York when the Illinois River is deepened and the St. Lawrence canal project completed and the World's Fair comes into being in 1933; its boasts of $100,000,000 improvements to come; its beer flats (not speakeasies); its wonderful skyscrapers—all combine to make it a typical and yet unique, hustling, loud American city.

Neither Ester nor I regret the days we've spent "doing" the city; in fact, I, at least,

*The Indians thought a great void must exist in the East, since so many white men had come over the Oregon Trail.*

confess to a wee small desire to spend even more time here. But gypsies must gyp on.

We dined again at the Drake, and finally we retired to our ivory tinted, damask upholstered chamber to the splash, splash, splash of Lake Michigan rolling below.

*Thursday, July 19.*

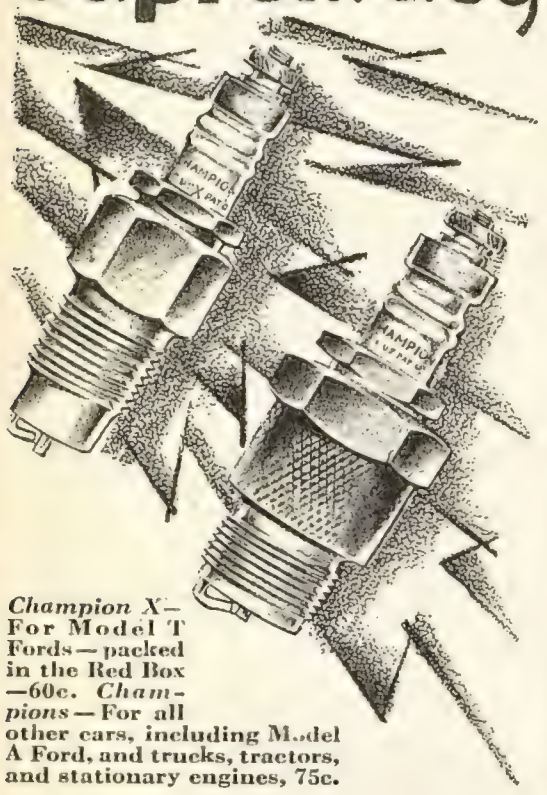
TODAY we left Chicago, grotesque in the green yellow light of storm clouds—a phenomenon one seldom sees in the East. Our route lay out Jackson Boulevard—but it was almost impossible to stay on it, due to repairs. We were not surprised—half the streets in this town are in the same state of asphalt upheaval.

Soon we ran into a genuine Western electrical storm. Rain descended in sheets. The corn in the fields was bent double. For the first time in our westward progress, we saw black mud—not red mud as in Jersey, nor brown mud as in New York State. This was the color of soot.

The rain increased. We couldn't see ten feet ahead. We passed many parked automobiles, waiting until the torrent was over. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# CHAMPION ... world supremacy



*Champion X*—For Model T Fords—packed in the Red Box—60c. *Champions*—For all other cars, including Model A Ford, and trucks, tractors, and stationary engines, 75c.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs outsell all other makes throughout the world, by the amazing ratio of two to one. Champion is accepted as the better spark plug.

Such universal acceptance is the result of superiorities so pronounced as to distinguish Champion as the better spark plug.

Champion owns and controls the sillimanite mines from which this finest insulating material known to ceramic science is made. The exclusive sillimanite insulator is impervious to electrical current, possessed of high heat conductivity, remains remarkably free from carbon and oily deposits, and is practically unbreakable.

Special analysis electrodes which are practically immune from pitting and burning, and a positive compression-tight copper gasket seal, make Champion specially adapted for dependable service in modern high-speed, high-compression engines.

A complete new set of Champion Spark Plugs quickly pay for themselves in gas and oil saved. They bring to your engine better and more complete combustion, which means better all around and more economical car performance.

CHAMPION Sparkplugs

TOLEDO-O


[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page fifty-nine]

we kept on, holding to twenty-five miles an hour. We forded our way through Maywood and other outlying towns near Chicago. The water came far over the running board as we splashed through, marveling that anybody could live on these flats where the streets were lakes.

At Dixon, Illinois, the sun was out. We crossed the Rock River, proclaiming itself in a large painted sign to be the "Hudson of the West."

In the Rock River valley Black Hawk, a famous Indian chief, was murdered.

Just outside Dixon we heard a beautiful song. Clear, high notes, slurred slightly, full of sweetness, but with a plaintive quality that was unforgettable.

"Dada," Ester cried. "A meadow lark!"

I looked. Sure enough, there on top of a wooden signboard he sat—a disreputable looking bird with a dirty yellowish breast and spots on his back, roosting with the nonchalant air of a street loafer.

We were getting west! There was no doubt of it. In Michigan we had seen a sunflower. And now, in Illinois, the meadow larks were singing.

Feeding more gas, we sped past countless sheep farms, with soiled but adorable lambs following their dirty whitish mothers, past great fields of wheat stacked in sheaves, the reaping machines standing near by.

AS we neared Iowa, we noticed a unique smell in the air—the combination of hogs, cattle, and white clover, with a stimulating dash of weeds thrown in. In this air animal smells are not disagreeable, as in the Bronx Zoo in New York. They merge with the odors of vegetation, producing an atmosphere that our nostrils sniffed gleefully.

Once we almost hit a Ford sedan. We were passing everything on the road, as usual. Ester sounded the horn to give notice that we were going ahead, when suddenly the Ford turned out, giving no signal, and started to pass a car ahead.

We were going fifty. Our excellent brakes did not fail us. We skidded, but stopped in the nick of time. Both of us felt shaky afterward.

At Fulton, Illinois, Ester gave a whoop of joy. There was the Mississippi! Our Western blood was now surging high. We no longer felt Eastern and sophisticated; we were plainswomen returning to the region of our birth!

"Only twenty-five cents," Ester exclaimed when we paid toll after crossing the steep centered wooden bridge. "Cheaper than crossing the Hudson."

There below us flowed the Father of Waters. Wide. Brownish gray. Lined by broad green banks, and dotted in the center with vivid green islands. Not a sign of navigation, except some boys in a small motorboat. No smoky cities near—just stretches of green country. It could not have looked vastly different when Father Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle traversed it in canoes centuries ago.

"What kind of bridge is this?" I asked the old tollman. "Not a cantilever, surely?"

"No—just a level bridge, lady. But we've got a cantilever bridge two miles up, if you've never seen one."

*She pulled a clay pipe from her mouth. When she spoke, her voice astonished me. It was as heavy as a man's.*

He gave us picture post cards of the bridge we had just come over.

On the Iowa side lay the village of Lyons. Now we are in the great corn country. We are driving into the yellow sun, over land that a New Yorker would call prairie, rising and falling in easy billows. Everywhere there is corn. Corn in the valleys. Corn on the slopes. As far as the eye can see, corn, corn, corn—all green and glistening and proud in the sunshine, standing five and six feet tall, and still immature.

Field after field, mile after mile—still corn. In some places there is hardly a field that does not stretch for a mile along the road. A brief break—a farmhouse, a dooryard—and more miles of corn, corn, corn. Magnificent. Glorious. As impressive, in its way, as mountains, as great lakes, as rushing rivers.

The repetition is not monotonous. It only enhances the splendor of the country, like a strong word pronounced over and over with increasing rhetorical effect.

THE farms, too, are impressive. Comfortable, happy looking dwellings, with fine barns and clean tile silos trimmed in white. We passed one handsome group of buildings that might have been the country estate of a rugged Roman emperor. The roofs shone redly; the knobs on the lightning rods gleamed silver in the sunlight. Above the entrance there was a sign—"Just-a-Mere Farm." Not a princely estate. A mere farm—that was all.

We did not pass another house for miles. All the intervening land, apparently, belonged to these agricultural lords, who humorously deprecated the wealth of their glorious domain.

"I'm starving hungry," wailed Ester. "Let's eat and then push on across Iowa in the dark."

She had hardly spoken before a roadhouse with broad piazzas and striped awnings rose up out of the cornfields like an Arabian Nights apparition. We had fried chicken served by an obsequious waiter. He told us weird stories of his life in Chicago:

"I was robbed there one night. I was going home in my car with my evening's tips, amounting to four hundred dollars—yes, a popular head waiter sometimes clears that much—and desperadoes crowded me to the curb. They took my money, my diamond ring, and my watch. The watch was given me by a lady friend. I valued it most of all. She is dead now." A momentary expression of grief twisted his thin features. "Well, the police got them, and I identified the men and got my things back."

We started on for Iowa City. The University of Iowa's big swimming pool is there. But at Davenport, Iowa, a fireman gave us alarming reports of the roads out that way.

"Mud up to your hubs. Car after car has got stuck. You'll be sorry."

We wondered how the students of the State institution of learning managed to reach their university. We returned northward to Dewitt, Iowa, and started westward by another route.

WE drove 125 miles through the cool, fragrant night. At 2 A. M. I was dropping with weariness.

"Let's sleep," I begged. "In a tree, on the ground—anywhere."

We tried two tourist camps. All full. Filled at 8 in the evening. We drove on.

"Shall we sleep here?" asked Ester, slowing down.

"Right by the highway?" I asked. "Nothing doing. I don't want people driving past early in the morning to gaze on me asleep."

We found a side road. Taking a flashlight, I climbed a steep bank to a field.

"That's O. K.," announced Ester from the car.

"It's all clover up here. And a barbed wire fence."

"Well, what could be nicer than clover?"

"But this is enterprising, up and coming clover. It's above my waist now. By morning we couldn't find our way out. Besides, there might be snakes. What's this? Poison ivy!"

Ester came to look. "Woodbine, you poor sap."

"Let's find an open field where

wheat has been cut," I urged. "Or we could sleep between rows of corn. That would be safe and private."

"Don't be silly. A cut wheatfield is all stubble. Corn would be awful."

After more reconnoitering with the flashlight, I found a pleasant grove of young oak trees. Ester dragged out our rubber poncho, our shelter halves, and our gray woolen blankets. She made our bed, spreading our slickers at the foot, for there was rain in the air.

We undressed and slid into the small opening at the top. The ground was hard. I went to the car and pulled out a leather cushion. That, too, was hard. I tossed out the pillow and doubled up my sweater for a pillow. That was lumpy but endurable.

I turned on my side. My hip and shoulder became numb. I flopped on my back. Couldn't seem to relax. The ground was flat; it refused to accommodate itself to my curves. Nothing but a brick could have rested comfortably on that bed.

Heavy dew began dropping on us off the trees. An open field *would* have been better. Back on my side again, I faced the east.

THE sun started to come up. I have never seen a more beautiful sunrise. The sky flushed pink. Then came a pageant of gold and red.

Presently full daylight flooded the earth. I pulled the triangular top of the shelter half over my face and went to sleep. At 9 A. M. Ester and I wakened. I opened my eyes, half expecting to see a curious cow standing over me. There was none. It had rained. Our hair was dripping. Little pools of water lay in the depressions of our slicker coverings.

We stood up and dressed. There was no place to wash. We drove ten miles and reached a muddy creek, one end of which was utilized by pigs. I brushed my teeth over a culvert, and washed my face.

At Ames, Iowa, we made a more sanitary toilet in the washroom of a filling station and had breakfast at the lunch counter next door. When the eggs and coffee made themselves felt, my strained, unrested sensation vanished.

We continued westward in high spirits.

*Friday, July 20.*

Coming to the Missouri River today, my sister and I struck a wet gumbo road—the slipperiest, slimiest, most disagreeable stretch of roadway that the mind of a tourist can imagine. It is the first bad piece we have hit in our gypsy motor trail across the continent. And our own fault that we got in it—for we insisted on entering Nebraska near the little town of Blair in order to cross the Big Muddy on a quaint old ferry boat, instead of by the conventional bridge at Omaha.

I was driving.

"Keep in the ruts," admonished Ester.

"Which ones? I see at least six well defined ruts, not to mention the lighter, fainter ones."

OUR heavy car slid and lurched about like a drunken mastodon.

I slowed, and slowed some more.

I went into second speed. Even when I kept in the ruts, which was not always possible, for they veered from their own identity and merged with other ruts—even when I kept in them, the sticky mud sucked the wheels down into the ruts and made steady, sane progress impossible.

Finally the car stopped and the engine calmly died.

"See? Just what I knew would happen!" I exclaimed. "The mud has piled up in front so it's up to the radiator. Now we can't move at all. Whose bright idea was it to come this way, anyhow?"

*I brushed my teeth over a culvert and washed my face.*

It was now necessary to reverse, keeping in the ruts while going backward. I was sweaty and nervous. I had struggled with the road for half an hour. I stepped out of the car.

"See this stretch at the left side? It has no ruts. It bears my weight. I bet we could get over that in the car more easily than in those ruts, with the great hillocks between them."

Finally a light Ford truck came along and essayed the soft, unrutted side. It got through. Then Ester tried it. She safely got past the point where we had stuck before, and we went on to face new gumbo hazards. There were ten miles of this, ending in a beautiful grove of cottonwood trees on the eastern bank of the Missouri.

We felt repaid when we drove on this Missouri ferry with its old fashioned paddle wheel and its white haired ferryman. There seemed barely room for our car, although we were told they could squeeze three or four cars on if necessary.

"What do you call your boat?" I asked our pilot.

"The Bee," he replied. "It's on the bee line between Missouri

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones both ride with ETHYL

## *—but for entirely different reasons!*

MR. BROWN is a thrifty soul. He knows exactly what it costs him to run his automobile. He can give you the cost per mile of tires, oil, gas and depreciation.

"I use Ethyl Gasoline for economy," says Mr. Brown. "Ethyl costs me about $1.50 more a month—but I don't have to clean out carbon. And that's a big saving. Ethyl keeps out the knock that wears and tears an engine. Then with Ethyl I get more of the power from every gallon of fuel that I use—and that appeals to me too. Besides getting the advantages of a premium fuel, I find that Ethyl actually saves me money."

MR. JONES doesn't care so much about costs. He drives for pleasure. He wants power, pick-up, smoothness most of all "I use Ethyl," says Mr. Jones, "because it makes my car run better than it will on ordinary gasoline. It gives me high compression performance as carbon forms. It keeps me in high when the other fellow has to shift. Give me Ethyl every time! What's a mere $1.50 more a month for gas when I get a hundred dollars' worth of driving satisfaction!"

*Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification only. It's tetraethyl lead in Ethyl that "knocks out that 'knock'."*

EVERY DAY more Mr. Browns and more Mr. Joneses are meeting at Ethyl pumps. (So are their wives). In fact, at hundreds of gasoline service stations, the sales of Ethyl Gasoline now exceed the sales of ordinary gasoline. For there is nothing else like Ethyl. It is good gasoline *plus* ETHYL "anti-knock" compound, a product of General Motors Research Laboratories. Try it.

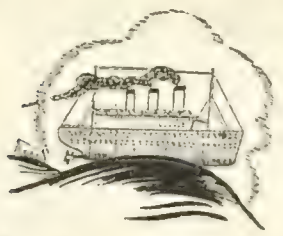
# ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

25 Broadway, New York City

56 Church Street, Toronto, Canada 32, Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

*Dinner Ahoy!*



# Shipmates Cocktail

Usually served on dry land. Like "shore leave" to parched throats. You don't care how long you wait for dinner. It is easy, simple—

*Add four tablespoons of Martini & Rossi Vermouth to each full glass of orange juice, and a dash of Amargo Bitters to the whole. Ice. Cherry. Serve.*

Write for Cocktail Recipes

and Bridge Score Pad. Both entertaining.

W. A. Taylor & Co., 94-B Pine Street, New York City

MARTINI & ROSSI

NON ALCOHOLIC

*Vermouth*

*New Tubes*

the perfect *tonic* for your radio

IS your set "run down" after long, constant use? The finest radio tonic known is to install a correct new Cunningham tube in every socket of your set.

One inferior or old tube may be crippling your set and causing poor reception.

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, INC.
New York Chicago
San Francisco

Manufactured and sold under rights, patents and inventions owned and / or controlled by Radio Corporation of America

Cunningham RADIO TUBES


[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page sixty-one]

Valley and Fremont. This ferry saves travelers more than twenty-six miles between Missouri Valley, Iowa, and Fremont, Nebraska. It's a great help, lady."

"Yes, if one can get over that gumbo road." I'm afraid my smile was a bit sarcastic.

"Are you going to Fremont?"

"No," I told him. "We're going to Omaha."

"Then why did yuh come on this 'ere ferry?"

"Oh, we just wanted to ride on it. We'd heard a lot about it."

The old man's blue eyes lighted up as joyfully as a child's. He slapped my arm in friendly enthusiasm.

"Did yuh now, re-ally! Wal, wal! You come this way just to ride on my ferry?"

He told me more. It was his boast that "we never keep anybody waitin' on this 'ere ferry line. When we sees a car we goes and gets 'em." The Missouri at this point is only 1,000 feet wide.

NOW that we were on Nebraska soil, all my childhood impressions of temperature and smell came rushing back to me. There was the same strong odor of weeds—the ragweed, the plantain, the sunflower. The same sense of vegetation smothering and overpowering me. I was born and raised in Nebraska.

We took a road that led us past the red brick buildings of Fort Omaha, and shortly after to my mother's white wooden dwelling with brilliant hollyhocks in bloom.

There were affectionate family greetings and a good dinner at home. My young brother showed me his old Ford, which he had bought second hand for fifty dollars and rebuilt to suit his own fancy.

I made short calls on a few girlhood friends; was astounded to hear of marriages, and babies born to young women who were children when I left Omaha ten years ago. I went to the attic and looked at my old high chair, which was subsequently used by my sister and brother. Then I saw my little straight chair—the one that had legs that were too short in the back. Many times I tipped over in it.

On the piano I found my old red book of Easy Pieces for Little Beginners, and played over again the *thump thump* little marches.

And now to bed.

*Saturday, July 21.*

Ester washed our clothes today. All our knickers and shirts and stockings and pajamas were in the green laundry bag which we carry in the car, so as to keep soiled clothing separate from clean. She had a long session of it downstairs in the laundry. I slept late, having stayed up till 3 A. M. talking with my mother and brother. Before I was up I could hear my energetic sister below, running water and rustling tubs. Later I did part of the ironing.

It is not easy to keep a supply of clean clothing on a cross continent motor trip. Laundries are not equipped to wash and iron one's clothes between 8 o'clock at night and 9 o'clock next morning.

The car, too, was a mess. For two days we hadn't been able to see through the back window. The windshield was covered with a light dust which had turned into a light mud during showers. The windshield and the radiator were spotted with insects that had met an untimely death by hurling themselves in our path. Inside the car there were several defunct grasshoppers which had hopped in from the cornfields of Iowa and had died in despair in the gray plush recesses of the back seat.

The under parts of the car were caked with dirt. Parts of yesterday's sticky gumbo road still adhered in strange formations of gray Missouri Valley mud.

Ester used the garden hose, and with sponges and chamois wipers transformed the car into something resembling its pristine glory. She even washed the wire wheels—terror of garage helpers—and polished the nickel platings with nickel polish.

Every bit of camping equipment and baggage had to be toted into the house, the floor and upholstery had to be carefully brushed, and all our stuff toted back and repacked. The tail light had ceased to function.

We bought a new bulb; then it gleamed its red warning as belligerently as before.

OUR trunk rack was crooked. Someone had bumped us, making a kind of V dart on one edge, so that our trunks constantly slid to one side, projecting three or four inches beyond the rack. We pounded this, trying to straighten out the steel, but it was of no avail.

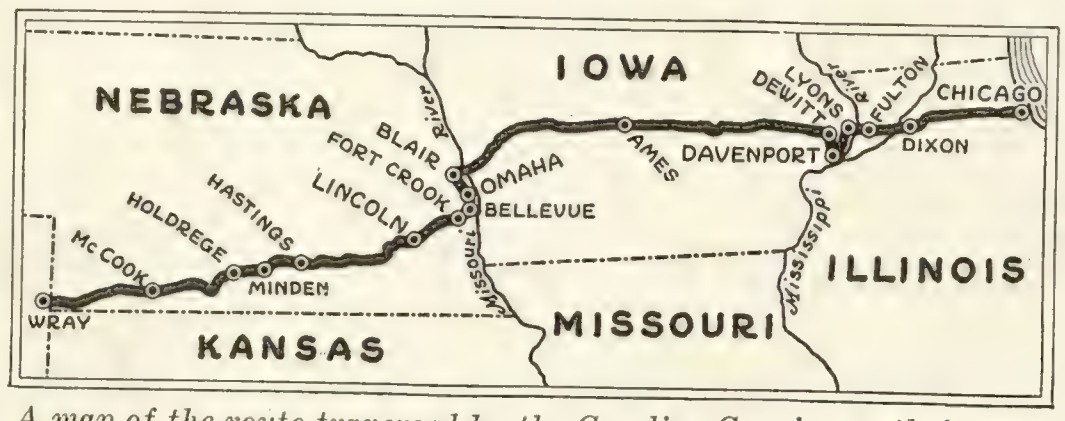
"The steel is brittle. It will break if we keep on pounding," I warned.

"Yes, it will have to be heated," said Ester. "But the trunks won't fall off. The straps will hold them well enough."

This afternoon I drove to Bellevue, a little town on the Missouri, south of Omaha.

This was the first white settlement in Nebraska. For years Bellevue was a lodge in the wilderness for fur trappers, missionaries, and soldiers, and others who played a part in the picturesque pioneer life of the West. It was believed that Bellevue would be a great metropolis, but in the course of development Omaha outstripped it and became instead the gateway of the West.

Today Bellevue is just a dozing, tree grown village, as romantic as Palisades, that Revolutionary town on the Hudson which so intrigued me when we first started our coast to coast tour. At Bellevue there were no factories, and no noises except the hum of insects in the warm air.




*A map of the route traversed by the Gasoline Gypsies on their auto journey from Chicago to Wray, Colorado.*

We drove up a hill to a group of red brick buildings — Bellevue College, a Presbyterian institution. The campus and buildings bore a sleepy, deserted air. I found an elderly man and woman; they said they were caretakers of the place.

"What has happened to the college?" I asked.

The woman looked as though she would like to cry.

"It's gone. It couldn't keep going any longer, there were so few students. There are sixty acres here, and these buildings that you see. We try to keep the weeds down a little, and to keep boys from spoiling the property."

I WALKED on and looked at the official residence of the president of the now defunct college. It is an unpretentious wooden dwelling. My mother and I had once passed a weekend there when I was a little girl. It, too, bore a solitary air, although some old fashioned flowers bloomed in the yard.

On a high bluff overlooking the Missouri I saw a deserted stone house, plastered over with cement which had fallen away in spots. This had been the first mission. The yard was overgrown with foxtail. Pigeons nested in the crevices where rafters once protruded. A log floating on the river was the only visible movement there.

On a street near by I saw a red brick building, boarded up and tenantless.

"That must be the old bank that I've heard about," I remarked to my brother and mother, who had driven out with me. "The first bank in Nebraska."

There was no marker of any kind. In the yard of a little shack near by I found an old woman. She was tall and large; once she must have been as strong as a man.

"Can you tell me whether that is the old bank yonder?" I asked her.

She pulled a clay pipe from her mouth and held it downward by her side. When she spoke, her voice astonished me. It was as heavy as a man's.

"Wal, now, I dunno," she drawled. "I was married thar forty-five years ago. . . . I guess 'twas a bank and a c'urthouse and everythin' kinda together like. . . . Yes, I guess that's what 'twas."

"You were married there? How interesting! You must have lived here a long time."

"Ye-es—I was married there. Judge Gough did the marryin'."

A younger woman sauntered up. She was cleanly dressed and wore no apron—obviously no relative, merely a neighbor making a call.

"Oh, mother, think now. You been married more'n forty-five years. Why, your oldest son's older'n me—'n' I'm goin' on forty-four."

THE old woman looked down and then up with her tired eyes, as if staring into dead years.

"Wal, now, mebbe 't has been more'n forty-five years," she continued in her heavy drawling voice. She might have been a man in woman's clothes. "'Tain't been much longer'n that, though." She set down the pail she had been carrying to fetch water. "Wal, I don' jes' recollect. Hit's all writ down on a paper inside—on the marriage certificate he guv me."

Between them the two women figured the older woman had been married fifty-six years.

"I see you smoke a pipe," I ventured. "Why don't you go on smoking?"

"I thought y' might not be accustomed t' seein' 't."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me at all," I assured her. "Where I live almost all women smoke cigarettes. I smoke them myself sometimes—but my mother doesn't like it."

"Yeh—you don't say!" She filled her pipe and lighted it with evident relish. "I started to smoke when I was a little girl—lightin' my father's pipe. Where I lived in Missouri, most of the womenfolks smokes and chews."

"Your chickens look nice," I suggested.

"Wal, they hain't like they should be. . . . The rats comes and eats the little ones. . . . Ever since my ol' cat left I been losin' little chickens. . . . I've looked ever' place and can't find 'im. . . . I'm skeered he's gone away to die."

I thanked the old woman for answering my questions and joined my mother and brother in the car. I felt oppressed by the languor of Bellevue—a languor half composed of the essence of death. Everything, it seemed, was slumbering, dozing, dreaming of the past, illy prepared to combat the future.

We drove away toward Omaha. The sun was setting. Its last rays were falling on the green corn, on the darker fields of alfalfa with their purplish tinge, and on square fields of wheat shocked into golden stacks. And always there was dust. Dust in clouds when a car passed us. Dust in the trail behind us.

There was a pink light on the Missouri. The twilight lasted only a few minutes. Then the moon shone brightly, and the fireflies started their evening's lantern work. Locusts in the trees made a queer rasping noise. And everywhere we sniffed the fragrance of sweet clover.

As we passed the Nebraska State Highway markers, emblazoned with the prairie schooner and oxen, I reflected on the curious past of my native State. A trader had come from St. Louis and with his ten wagons and a milch cow made a faint trail across Nebraska. This almost imperceptible track was followed by others and became the famous Oregon Trail. It became in time as smooth as a barn floor. Not a blade of grass could shoot up on account of the continual passing and repassing.

The Indians thought a great void must exist in the East, since so many white men had come over the Oregon Trail.

In the gold rush of 1849 and later it became the most traveled highway in the world, wider than a city street. Hundreds of thousands of persons in covered emigrant wagons traversed its tedious length.

Finally the pony express was started to establish some mode of communication between the West and the East.

Tonight I drove to Fort Crook, near Omaha, and watched the mail planes from the East and the West come in. Both were due to arrive shortly after midnight. There were two fresh planes ready and two fresh pilots. Mechanics came out and warmed up the engines, so that there would be no delay when the tired planes arrived.

The lights under the lower wings went on and off; then the red lights above went on and off, as they were tested. Blue flashes came from the exhausts, then flames, as the engines roared louder and louder. At 1:20 A. M. the plane from the West arrived. Half a dozen helpers rushed out with a hand truck. They bundled the mail out of the plane, shouting the destinations of the different bags, and rushed it to one of the waiting planes.

The fresh pilot, in thick coat and helmet, climbed into his seat. In a moment he was off, and two minutes later he seemed as distant as the faintest star. It had taken just fifteen minutes to change the mail.

Shortly after, the plane from the East roared down upon the field. Again the mail was shifted, and started on its westward route.

How different from the pony express, which only sixty years ago served its waiting West with a speed that was considered a marvel of efficiency!

*Miss Robinson standing before a petunia decorated tourist cabin at Minden, Nebraska.*

*Monday, July 23.*

LET me instantly set down in this record that the new State Capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska, is the most astonishing thing I've seen thus far on my trip.

It is utterly new in conception—"prairie architecture," it has been called. It is not finished yet. When completed it will be a low building in the form of a Greek cross. Rising from the center will be a tower

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PROTECT YOUR THROAT

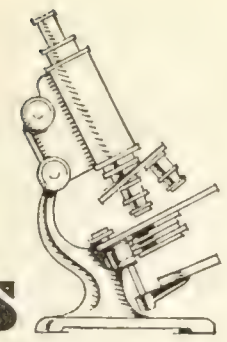
DAMPNESS, dust, exposure, excess use of voice, or smoking, are frequently the source of throat irritation. A mouth wash of one part ABSORBINE, JR. to nine parts of water will bring quick relief. It also refreshes the mouth and sweetens the breath.

Use ABSORBINE, JR., full strength, as a preventive in minor cuts or bruises—wherever the skin is broken. Only a few drops required for an application.

*At all Druggists,* $1.25. *Hospital size,* $2.50. *Send for free trial bottle*

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

# CHEMISTS.. LAUNDRIES.. TEXTILE EXPERTS SAY....

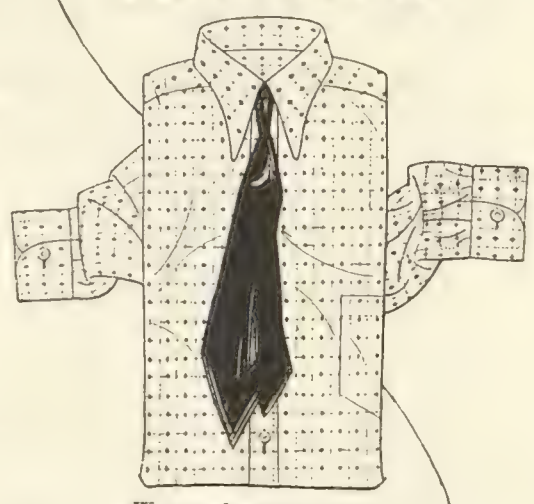


**Few could believe this astonishing discovery. For years the problem had defied the world's most skillful textile experts.... Over and over they tried to shrink Everfit-Collared Shirts around the neck. Famous chemists, leading laundries, textile men of note. They were amazed. It *can't* be done.**

**Today—cast off the fetters of a shrunk-tight shirt. Be sure your next new shirts are Everfit-Collared Shirts. *Never* will they shrink around the neck. *Never* will they pinch. *Never* will they lose the crisp fresh style that's *tailored* into them by Shirtcraft.**

**And yet not high in price. Many styles. Your choice of fine fabrics. $1.95 to $5. If your dealer can't supply you, write the Shirtcraft Co., Inc., Dept. B, 212 Fifth Ave., New York City.**

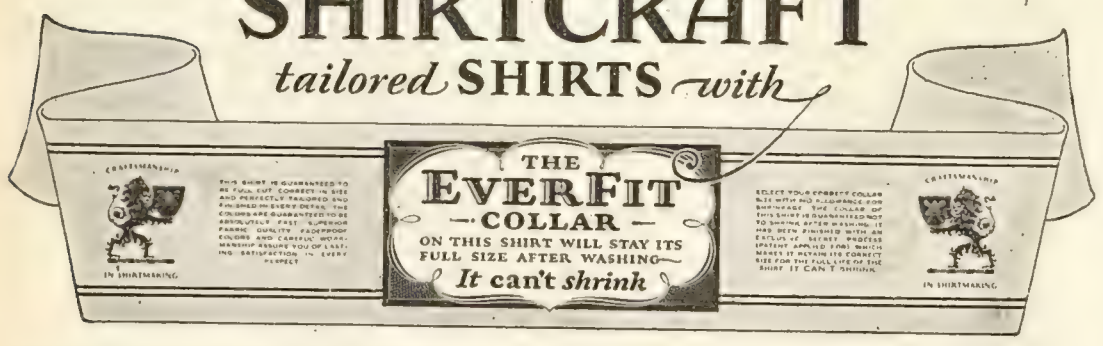
## "THESE SHIRTS CAN'T SHRINK AROUND THE NECK"



*Wrapped around every Everfit-Collared Shirt is a written guarantee against shrinkage around the neck.*

## SHIRTCRAFT

*tailored* SHIRTS *with*




Raynsters are a complete line of guaranteed raincoats made only by United States Rubber Company.

Models for men and women—$5 to $15
Boys and girls—$3.50 to $8.

## Get your Raynster before it rains

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page sixty-three]

400 feet high that will be visible fifty miles away on the flat, sun-baked prairie of Lancaster County and environs.

There are few windows—the effect is of thick masonry. But that is in keeping with the burning prairie heat. Inside there are cloisters—long open corridors, looking through rows of columns on inner courtyards that are cool and restful.

Within are great columns of black marble, of rosy tan marble, and all looking at first glance Corinthian, but they are not. They are almost as beautiful—they are made to simulate corn.

Corn—would you believe it?—carved in marble into designs of exquisite lightness and grace!

I walked down this great corridor on a floor of gray and white and black tile—figures of prehistoric Nebraska animals, goddess-like women representing the various blessings of an agricultural State, all arranged in pleasing circular patterns.

Lincoln was full of happy memories. Both Ester and I attended the State University there.

We went to the campus and sat on the old stone bench outside the University Library—a favorite rendezvous for boy and girl couples.

Many buildings had been added since my time, not to mention the million dollar cement stadium that now stands on the site of the old field where I watched football history from a flimsy wooden grandstand.

I STOPPED at my old sorority house in M Street and peeked in the kitchen window. The girls had bought a fine enameled gas stove to replace the small iron one with which our colored cook struggled during my residence there.

We continued through clouds of dust to Hastings, Nebraska, and ate a fair dinner in a restaurant that had looked unpromising from without.

At Minden we drove into a pretty tourist camp with white cabins gayly decorated with window boxes full of petunias. There were cars from Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska there. No one appeared to be in charge of the camp. I knocked at all the cabins, rousing various sleepy tourists, until I found a cottage that was unoccupied.

We took possession for the night. We found a shower bath in an outbuilding. There was no hot water. But gypsy tourists learn to get along with cold, no matter how dirty they are.

Ester and I stood under the shower until we were chilled to the bone. Wrapped in my purple bathrobe, I tried to use my typewriter, but the man in the next cabin woke up and groaned in protest. So I gave up in despair.

I stepped outside to look at the sky. A car with a Nebraska license drove in. It was loaded with mud.

"Where *have* you been?" I asked the driver.

"In western Nebraska. It's awful out there. They've had tur'ble cloudbursts. The water was four feet high on the roads at first. I had to git tractors to haul me through. Where're you goin'?"

"Where you came from, if I can get through."

"Well, lady, you have my sympathy. I hope you make it. Remember, you can always git a tractor."

*Tuesday, July 24.*

THIS morning the proprietor of this tourist camp came around and collected $1.50 for our unceremonious occupancy of his cabin, and we started off.

At Holdrege, Nebraska, we found a pretty tea room run by a kindly Swedish woman, and had black raspberries and cream for our fruit course at breakfast. Many Germans and Swedes live in this locality.

At McCook we turned back our wrist watches to mountain time. We are now three hours earlier than our friends in New York.

The sun beats down on this flat prairie as if it filtered through a gigantic burning glass. You can see for miles across this level land. At times there is not even a tree to relieve the dry plains with a bit of gracious green. The cattle huddle together pitifully in the sun, as if they might derive shade from one another. At one place scores of wild cattle were lined up in a kind of military formation in front of a signboard. It was noon—there was no shade. But the poor beasts knew that if they stayed there, the sun would move and there would be shade.

*My young brother showed me his Ford, which he had rebuilt to suit his own fancy.*

I saw a cow licking her little calf. It was tiny—couldn't have been many days old. How do tender little calves survive in this deadly heat? We were warned about bad roads caused by the cloudburst. They have already dried.

Now the land began to rise and fall gently. In places there were strange dry ravines. I saw one ravine that was deeper than the others. The ground shelved down to it in abrupt drops, with yellow clay exposed on sheer sides.

I stopped the car.

"That is a draw," I told Ester.

"I *know* it's a draw. Willa Cather's books about Nebraska often mention draws. I've always wanted to see one. I'm going to photograph it."

I took off my glasses and put them in my blouse. Ester stayed in the car.

I scrambled through a barbed wire fence into a vast pasture, and made a picture of nothing in particular except space. I reached for my glasses. Perhaps I was missing something. *The glasses were not there.*

*Miss Robinson goes hunting for her missing glasses amid Spanish bayonets and rattlesnakes.*

Ester came to help me search.

"Now, think—just *where* did you walk?" she urged.

"Well, I passed two or three Spanish bayonets. I stooped to touch one and got my hand full of prickles."

We canvassed all the Spanish bayonets within a radius of 100 feet. We poked underneath them all with sticks. We investigated their centers.

If you have never enjoyed a personal acquaintance with a Spanish bayonet my words are wasted. Each bayonet leaf is tipped at the end with a—well, with a bayonet. In addition, each has other prickles that make it something to be avoided, even though you be incased in a coat of mail.

There were other cacti growing along the ground—strange bulbous things that crept along like a vine and warned off impertinent tourists with bunches of terrifying spikes.

We lifted these gingerly to see whether the glasses might have crawled underneath. We lifted clumps of gray sagebrush, too, in our search, and poked among scores of purple thistles.

"This is ridiculous," I grouched.

"This prairie is the most open piece of ground I've ever seen in my life. Even the grass is short. A flea couldn't conceal itself here."

I poked my Deauville sandaled foot into various holes as I went over the entire ground again.

I saw several cars stop while we were looking. Finally a car drove down a side road that led directly past the field. A man called me. He was big and fat and wore a wide Stetson hat.

"What's the matter, young lady? That's my pasture and I feel I ought to warn yuh."

I explained I had lost my glasses.

"For the luva Mike, be careful. That field's fulla rattlers. Just the other day I killed three diamond rattlers—right near. They're sure death, y'know."

I reflected that my unbooted toes had investigated the underground domiciles of dozens of rattlers.

"Thank you," I said. To Ester, "I guess I don't need glasses. I can drive without them."

We drove on to Wray, Colorado. I had an omelet fried in axle grease. Ester ate nothing. I had heard that a Dr. Brown let rooms to tourists. I sought out his place, and got a room. There was no lock between our room and the room next door, occupied by a young and not too gentle looking man. I piled chairs and suitcases against the door and we went to sleep.

---

*And now what adventures next face these intrepid Gasoline Gypsies as they penetrate into the Rocky Mountains and beyond? Another installment of Miss Robinson's diary will appear in an early issue of Liberty.*

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

*(Answers will be found on page seventy)*

1—What is called the Sunshine State?

2—What are the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn?

3—What is cochineal?

4—What is the trachea, in the human organism?

5—What is another name for the Battle of Bull Run?

6—Who was the only President of the United States ever impeached?

7—What fish, for the purpose of defense, stains the water with an inky emission?

8—What celebrated poem did Oscar Wilde write while he was in prison?

9—With what are the names Chippendale and Sheraton identified?

10—Which extends farther south, Africa or South America?

11—What small horses take their name from islands north of Scotland?

12—Who defeated John L. Sullivan for the heavyweight boxing championship in 1897?

13—What United States Presidents died in office?

14—What is the capital of Delaware?

15—What were the rulers of ancient Egypt called?

16—What was the Spanish Main?

17—What general was openly rebuked by General Washington at the Battle of Monmouth?

18—What operas comprise the Ring of the Nibelung?

19—What is the cubic content of a cord of wood?

20—On what river are the annual Harvard-Yale races rowed?

**Good from the word Go! A crisp, molasses-coated confection that satisfies your taste for sweets, without too much richness. A coarse food such as the system needs. The whole family will enjoy this healthful sweet. Take home a tin today.**

MANUFACTURED BY
**The Cracker Jack Co.**
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Makers of Cracker Jack — Checkers — Chums — Angelus Marshmallows

**after a quick lunch/**

# Beeman's Pepsin Gum

**aids digestion**

Originated by Doctor Beeman over thirty years ago, Beeman's Pepsin Gum has been a popular favorite ever since for its fine quality and its distinctive flavor. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.

*Pictures by*
DOROTHY HOPE
SMITH BARLOW

*She grabbed me up in her arms and ran her finger into my stummick. "What have we here?" she said.*

# I'm All Figured Out

*As Dictated by* TONI, JR., *to*
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 12 seconds.)*

DEAR WORLD:

I guess my figure's gotta stay as 'tis. I tried to re-jewce it like all the other ladies are doing. I got so hungry that one day it got ruint worse than before.

There was some people came to the house. They were invited for dinner. But 'Lizbeth said if it wasn't for the men you'd never know they were asked to come and eat. 'Lizbeth gets mad if you don't eat what she cooks. And she says what's the use of cooking three meals a day and getting paid for it if it isn't going to show on anybody?

It shows on 'Lizbeth. Also, it shows on me. And 'Lizbeth says that's what's wrong with the world today. I didn't know anything was wrong with it, but she said yes. Women would have their feet on the ground better if they'd keep enough weight on to hold them down instead of feedin' on straw wisps that make them light in the head.

When 'Lizbeth talks like that about people not eating I ask for a cookie. Then she's all right. "My one best cuss-tumer," she calls me.

All the grownups talk about getting thin. That is, all the grown up wimmins and girls. They sit around and tell how they lost five pounds when they get together.

The mens don't talk about re-jewc-ing they-selves so much. I guess the men are polite like Mary and I are told to be and not to inter-rup when others are talking. So they stay quiet until somebody asks how about a little something? Then they all begin to talk at once. I guess they'd rather hear about a little something (only I don't know what it is) than about re-jewc-ing.

Anyway, that's the way it was the other day. When Mrs. Chester came in she took off her hat and she powdered her nose and she said:

"Oh, girls, I have just lost five pounds."

Mary said maybe you left it in the car, Mrs. Chester. But nobody heard her because all the women were saying, "Isn't that mar-VELL-us, Mrs. Chester, and how did you do it?"

"Starving," she tole them.

"I didn't eat any breakfast nor any lunch—"

"Haven't you got any 'Lizbeth to cook your oatmeal?" I asked her.

That's when she noticed me. She grabbed me up in her arms and crushed my party dress. Also, she ran her finger into my stummick with the potatoes and the bread and butter in it.

"What have we here?" she said, poking her finger into my stummick again. I tole her.

"No wonder," she said, "you're such a roly-poly. You're getting just like a tub of butter. You'll have to re-jewce, Toni."

I asked Mary when Mrs. Chester let me down if she thought I was getting fat. Mary said she thought so. And she was, too. So then we said maybe we better re-jewce if everybody else was.

"How do you do it?" Mary wanted to know.

"You have to starve," I tole her.

Mary said she didn't want to starve. So Mary said we wouldn't eat, instead. We'd do like the ladies at the dinner. When the plate was passed we'd just say:

"No, thank you. It looks per-FECK-ly de-LISH-us, but I cannot have any."

Mary said what'll we do, Toni, if they pass ice cream?

I said that was all right. There wouldn't be any today. It wasn't a party. There'd only be her and me and carrots and potatoes and milk and sauce and we wouldn't eat any.

'Lizbeth won't give us any dessert until we have an empty plate. That's the way she knows when we're ready for sauce or pudding. We call out, "Empty plate, 'Lizbeth!" Then she comes running and when she sees the empty plates tells us, "That's good."

Well, we couldn't call out soon because we didn't have empty plates. But after a while she came in herself to look.

"What's the matter?" she said, when she saw we hadn't eaten anything.

Mary said, "It's per-FECK-ly de-LISH-us, but I cannot have any, thank you very much, 'Lizbeth." And I said the same. 'Lizbeth said, "You two get busy right away and eat your dinners."

When she went out Mary said I guess we'll have to hide it if we want to re-jewce. Then we had to find a place to hide what was on our plates. We didn't have to look much because there was a waste basket in the room.

We called out, "Empty plate, 'Lizbeth!" She came in and said, "That's right. Now you'll get your pudding." It was choc-lit pudding, so I tole Mary I didn't want to re-jewce any more. But she said I had to. I felt awful bad having to put that good choc-lit pudding in the waste basket.

Well, then we went outside to play. Pretty soon Mary said I'm ter-RIB-le hungry, Toni. I was too. So I said let's ask 'Lizbeth for some cookies. We did. 'Lizbeth said that's the kind of app-tight I like to see. Then after another little while Mary said let's get some more cookies. 'Lizbeth wasn't in the kitchen so we helped ourselves.

'Lizbeth was in the dining room cleaning up. That's how she found the basket with the food in it.

We were on the last cookie when she came out shaking mad and demand-ing to know who put that food in there.

Well, that's why my figger'll have to stay as 'tis. I had to eat my dinner all over again right on top of the cookies. And that's how also my figger's got ruint worse than it was.

*I felt awful bad having to put the choc-lit pudding in the waste basket.*

---

*Do you know what cats do? Toni does, and she'll tell you next week.*

# DIAMONDS - *The Language of Love*

*DIAMONDS* are woman's traditioned heritage. Sparkling dewdrops on a platinum string, they kindle an answering sparkle in her lovely eyes .... Give her jeweled possessions. Beautiful women and precious jewels belong always together. Each compliments and complements the other.

*For* GIFTS *that* LAST

*Consult your Jeweler*

NATIONAL JEWELERS PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

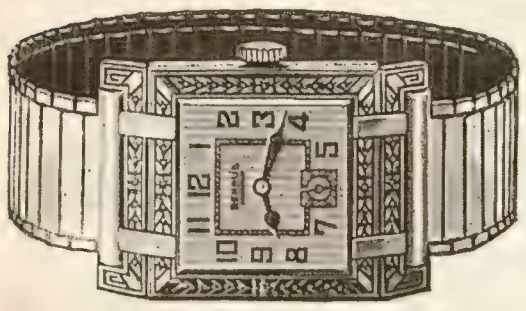
# A Gift from Florenz Ziegfeld

## ON BILLIE BURKE'S BIRTHDAY

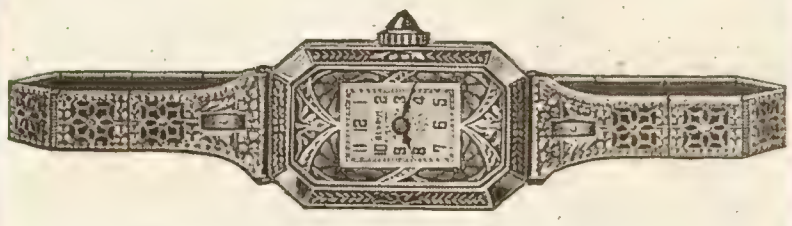
# BENRUS
## WATCHES

"IN PRODUCING the 'Follies', 'Show Boat', 'Rosalie', and other of my music plays, I always time each number and cue very accurately," writes Flo Ziegfeld. "My watch must be precise. That's why I wear a Shockproof Benrus strap watch. It hasn't varied a minute in months. And it has real beauty and distinction.

"So naturally, when my wife, Billie Burke, had a birthday recently, I was inspired to give *her* a Benrus. Star roles on Broadway require a watch that is both an accurate timepiece and a perfect jewel of beauty. Of course, Miss Burke is enchanted with her lovely new Benrus wrist watch."

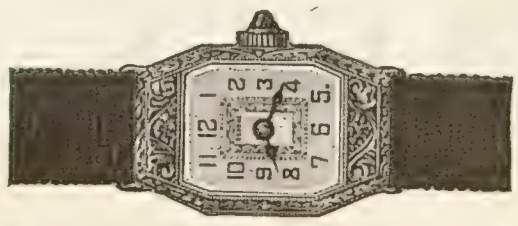


Benrus "WORLD'S CHAMPION" . . . $40.00
*Complete with the new Sport King flexible band, exclusive with Benrus in America. 15 jl. Shockproof.*



BENRUS "BILLIE BURKE" $42.50
*Complete with engraved flexible bracelet and enameled dial of sapphire blue. 15 jl. Shockproof.*

Benrus "BLOSSOM" *15 jl. Shockproof.* . $24.75



Benrus "VASSAR" *15 jl. Shockproof.* . $30.00

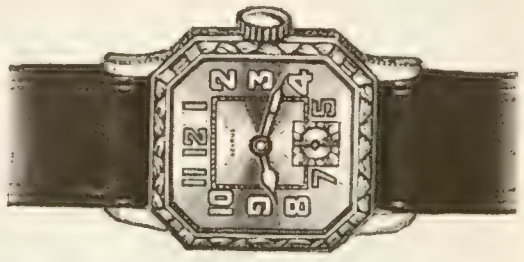
WHAT a distinguished group they are—the people who wear Benrus watches! Among them are the outstanding leaders — in sports, fashion, business, the theatre — the leaders of every active, exacting occupation.

Babe Ruth, Aileen Riggin, Gene Sarazen, Constance Talmadge, Knute Rockne, and countless others, wear this superb timepiece. They need its Shockproof durability — its split-second accuracy—its aristocratic beauty.

You, too, can wear a Benrus! At a good jeweler's near you, you can see, and buy, this watch that has become a symbol of leadership.

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

*Benrus watches are priced from $24.75 to $2,250.00*



Benrus "FORREST" . . . . . $29.75
*Extremely popular model—15 jewels, Shockproof. Engraved case; radium numerals and hands.*

# CURVING the ANGLES of AGE

## By EILEEN BOURNE

WE are always hearing about the aging effect of fat. But nobody says a word about the aging effect of angles. I know a girl of eighteen who looks ten years older because of her hollow cheeks and aggressive bones. I know a woman of forty-five who looks sixty for the same reason. Knobby wrists, thin shanks, bony necks, sunken faces, and jackstraw arms deprive one of the look of youth quite as successfully as do a large girth and heavy shoulders.

Weight is worse than the wind which "blow-eth where it listeth." With unerring judgment it selects for its arrival or departure those very spots that are most cruelly affected. And when a woman initiates middle age by starting to get thin, she is apt to acquire a set of sharp angles which make her look like a geometrical figure come to life. Indeed, this result is almost inevitable unless she will do something about it.

Whether from ignorance, indifference, or hopelessness, a woman all too often submits herself without a struggle to the comment, "Poor Lil, how she has gone off!" Worse still if the comment is repeated about Lil's husband. And, of course, he *is* apt to go off, too—in search of more comforting curves.

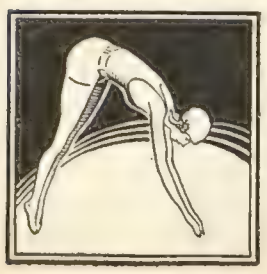
Yes, it's difficult to put on weight, and still more difficult to put it on just where you want it to go. Ten to one if you drink milk, hoping to fatten your face, all you achieve is an increased hip measure. Yet the trick has been turned and can be turned by almost anybody who wishes to learn it.

However, before we go into that, let's consider external ways and means of reducing our geometrical problem to its simplest terms. So much can be done that isn't done by clever selection of costume and jewelry. Nowadays, soft, irregular drapings may be used to enormous advantage. Long panels can hide legs that are too thin, and floating scarfs may veil bony shoulders. Bloused effects, boleros, crushed girdles which mass cascading folds—here are but a few of the ways by which present styles succeed in turning a lank figure into a slender one.

If only women would study such effects! But the perversity with which thin women choose clothes that make them look like bean poles—straightline frocks with apron string belts tying in the back or tightly fitted, knee length skirts and skimpy blouses—is enough to make writers on fashion and beauty jump right off Brooklyn Bridge.

Hats represent another possibility, which is too often neglected, for softening harsh facial outlines. A woman with a pinched in visage seems possessed to wear either a huge hat that snuffs her out completely or a little stiff model with turned back brim that pitilessly exposes every line and hollow. And this in a season when infinite variety and soft modeling characterize millinery.

A smallish hat of interesting shape flatters a thin face when it frames it by a cleverly folded brim. It is far better to invest in one hat that is perfect for you and to wear it constantly than to acquire a variety of shapes that contribute nothing to your looks.



As for jewelry, well, let me tell you one of a million instances of wrong judgment. The other day my bridge partner so afflicted my nerves by the necklace she was wearing that I trumped her thirteenth spade. Around a thin neck which was stringy and brown, with projecting collar bones, she wore a circlet of huge blue white pearls strung with thick squares of platinum studded with brilliants. Perhaps she thought one good knob deserved another. Anyway, what she considered an ornament made her skin look dark and gave publicity to every cord and bone.

The woman next her, however, somewhat restored my opinion of feminine taste. She had, poor darling, much the same sort of neck. But how she made you forget that fact! It was

*To fill out neck hollows, rotate the arms; then clap them alternately in front and back without bending the elbows.*

circled by an inch deep *black* velvet ribbon pinned with a cameo pin faced in ebony. Cameo earrings set in ebony repeated the effect of distinguished simplicity. The black brightened the flesh tones and the ribbon both concealed and constricted the projecting cords.

BY taking thought any woman can add several cubits to her beauty. All she has to do is to select apparel and ornaments, not on the basis of what other women are wearing, but on that of an honest and intelligent appraisal of her own needs.

One very smart Parisienne always slips her thin brown arms into a long sleeved bridge coat. She possesses half a dozen of these executed in beautiful fabrics to harmonize with various evening frocks. Furthermore, she wears antique ornaments to conceal the bones of her neck. One will be set with dull topaz to match her hair; another, with blue stones to match her eyes. Oh, she's a witch for cleverness.

Afflicted with a jumpy nervous system, she has deliberately cultivated a rather languorous manner. She wears her hair simply, but with enough fluffiness to give a youthful look to her small thin face. Nobody will ever accuse her of "going off." She understands too well the art of preserving the assets of extreme slimness by hiding her angles. She is fifty years old and looks a perfectthirty-eight.

But such ingenious concealment of the fact that we're having a thin time is not the whole story. We can actually, if we will, fill in some of these hollows and turn angles into curves. Take, for example, the neck. Several times in these pages I have submitted in detail specific exercises to restore and preserve its youthful contours. There is, however, still another movement which is excellent for filling in the hollows around the collar bone.

Stretch the arms at full length at the sides, even with the shoulders. First rotate them about twenty times at the sides, then clap them alternately in front and back without bending the elbows. If in doing this you keep your shoulders absolutely even and your head up, you will gradually develop firm flesh to conceal all neck and shoulder bones. No treatment is more certain than this. Daily practice makes perfect necks.

Of course, there is a slight benefit to be had from massage. Rub in the cold cream with a very vigorous rotary motion. Neck and shoulders can take a good drubbing. When it comes, however, to the task of fattening the face, massage is of little value.

Let me here remind you once more to be sure to replace by some hygienic type of movable bridge or plate any teeth from which you have had to part. Gaps in the jaw make hollows in the cheeks which no effort can eliminate.

Other hollows are immensely improved by the exercise of blowing out the cheeks as far as possible. Get out the old clay pipe and blow some soap bubbles, if you get bored. Or take up the bugle with the Girl Scouts. Such return to youthful sports will bring back youthful contours to the cheeks.

Now, when it comes to the wrists and hands, rotating and shaking movements are excellent. Here, again, massage is a great aid. But it must be done correctly. Rest your elbow on the dressing table and pretend you are back in the tight kid glove age and are being fitted. Work a nourishing cream well into the joints of fingers and wrists, stroking them downward with a firm pressure. Exactly the same treatment should be repeated for gnarled elbows.

INCIDENTALLY, don't forget our recent preachment on the art of using your hands gracefully. Any sort of hand may acquire quence of gesture and grace and postu hands have an inferiority complex a hide. Often these very hands, although in plump and tapering perfection, are i ing and powerful and full of character.

Arms and the woman is another beauty culture. Creams and cacao butte something to arms that are too thin. B tain sports are even better. If you don centrate too exclusively on one type of e you won't develop bulging muscles, wh "womanly woman" wants. Swimming, ing, and rhythmic dancing develop the long, invisible muscles that round out the arms.

What we really want is false thinness. It is the look of being round and firm without fat. So great is the contribution of this appearance to a woman's beauty that it is worth all the ingenuity and effort it may cost to attain it.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....113

The OILY NINETIES

Here's the "Administration Committee." Father to hold Willie . . . Grandma to hold his nose . . . and Mother to hold the dose of old-fashioned castor oil . . . that Willie probably won't hold in its entirety.

Because your grandad rode in a stage-coach . . . wrote with a quill pen by candle light and took old-fashioned castor oil . . . should not influence you to continue giving your child this noxious dose. Be modern . . . give

KELLOGG'S
*The Original*
TASTELESS
Castor Oil

☞ THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from ...o you . . . it is never sold in bulk ...y form other than the original ... oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want ... to you that Kellogg's is really ... A convinc- ... bottle will be ...u for 10c in ... Write for it ... Walter Jan- ...nc., 417 Canal ...ew York, N. Y.

...L DRUG STORES

...OUPON

Walter Janvier, Inc.
417-421 Canal St., N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me Trial Size Bottle of

KELLOGG'S TASTELESS CASTOR OIL

Name .....

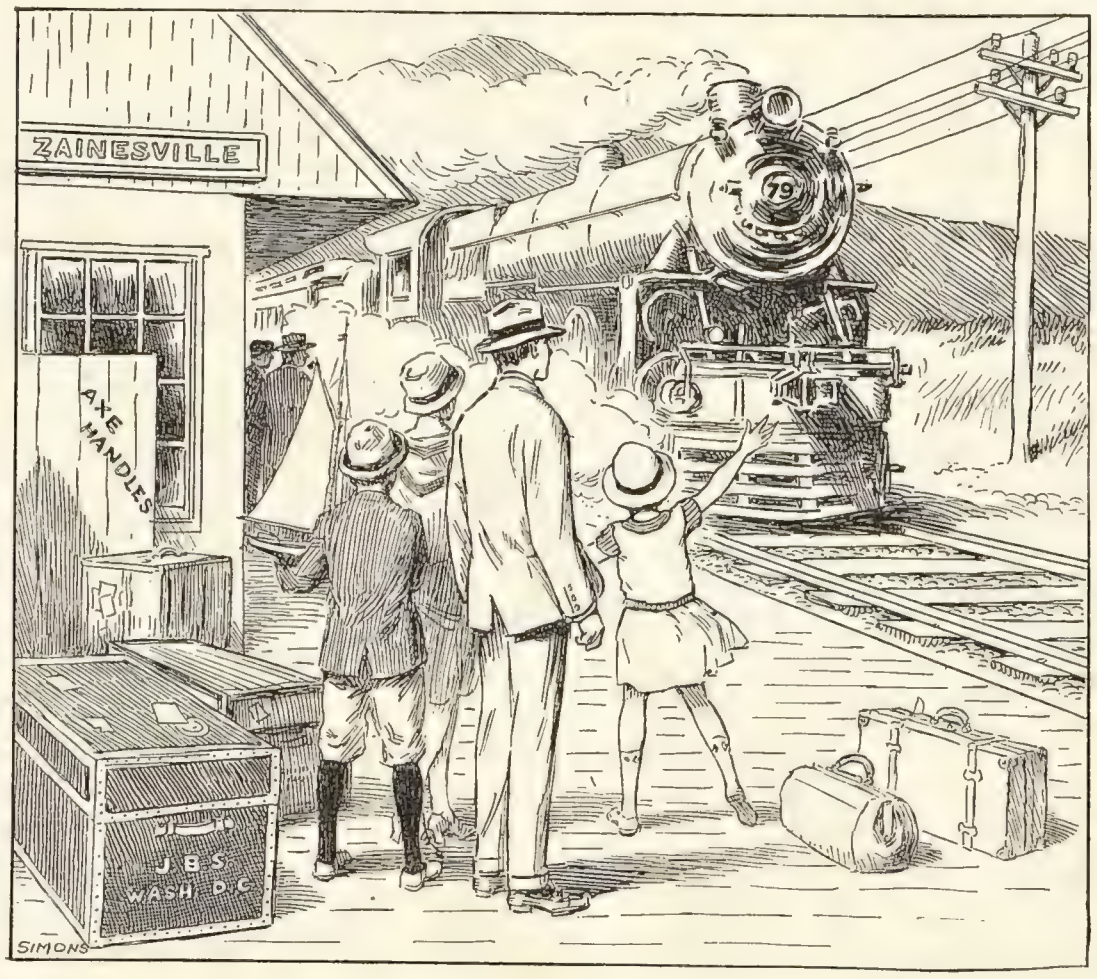
St. and No.
or R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

H

Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.


# Mind Tests




TO be able readily to observe and to remember details is an important part of one's mental equipment. Test your own ability along these lines by seeing how many of the following questions you can answer after you have studied the above picture for *one minute*.

What name is on the station building?
How many trunks are on the platform?
What inscription is on the trunk in the foreground?
How many pieces of hand luggage are on the platform?
How many people did you see?
What is the boy holding?
Is anyone waving at the train?
What number is on the front of the locomotive?
Is more than one railroad track to be seen?
How many telegraph poles are shown?

---

THE test below, which involves only elementary arithmetic, should be completed in one minute. You are asked to cross out the figures that are incorrect.

EXAMPLE: 2, 3, 5, 6 are divisors of 15. Cross out 2 and 6.

(*a*) 2, 5, 8, 9 are divisors of 16.
(*b*) 4, 6, 9, 11 are divisors of 22.
(*c*) 3, 4, 5, 7 are divisors of 35.
(*d*) 5, 7, 9, 12 are divisors of 49.
(*e*) 2, 3, 6, 29 are divisors of 58.
(*f*) 3, 4, 9, 13 are divisors of 72.

Answers will be found at bottom of the page.

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 65

1—New Mexico.
2—Imaginary lines marking the northern and southern limits, respectively, of the tropics.
3—A red dyestuff made from the dried bodies of certain insects.
4—The windpipe.
5—The Battle of Manassas.
6—Andrew Johnson.
7—The cuttlefish.
8—The Ballad of Reading Gaol.
9—Furniture.
10—South America.
11—Shetland ponies.
12—James J. Corbett.
13—William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and Harding.
14—Dover.
15—Pharaohs.
16—The mainland of Spanish America, especially the northern coast of South America from the Isthmus of Panama to the Orinoco or Amazon River.
17—General Charles Lee.
18—Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried, and Götterdämmerung.
19—One hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet.
20—The Thames, at New London, Connecticut.

---

Answers to Arithmetic Test Above:

Cross out (*a*) 5, 9; (*b*) 4, 6, 9; (*c*) 3, 4; (*d*) 5, 9, 12; (*e*) 3, 6; (*f*) 13.

A *FREE* SAMPLE

And our booklet "Efficiency Uses for Colored Pencils" will show you how fine a colored pencil can be and how helpful in your work. What color shall we send you?

Blaisdell
FINEST COLORED PENCILS
THICK OR THIN LEADS
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Arlac Duroderma

Do You Cut Stencils?

Here is an easy cutting stencil which gives clean, clear-cut typewritten copies and accurate stylus reproduction of art, autographic and line work.

*No mussy preparation*
*"O's" keep their centers*
*Easier proof reading*
*Durable for long runs.*

We'll send you—free—an Arlac Dry Stencil.

*Name* .....
*Address* .....
*for* ..... *machine.*

DURODERMA
Arlac
DRY STENCIL CORP'N
431 FOURTH AVENUE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A few desirable territories for dealers.

NEW JERSEY MAN GAINS 28 POUNDS

There isn't a skinny, scrawny man or woman alive who wouldn't look and feel better if they put some good solid flesh on their bones.

That's why every man or woman who longs for an attractive figure should take advantage of McCoy's offer. One sickly man regained his health and energy and added 28 pounds of needed flesh by following this sound advice.

McCoy takes all the risk. Read this ironclad guarantee: If after taking Four Sixty Cent Boxes of

McCOY'S TABLETS

or Two One Dollar Boxes any thin, underweight man or woman does not gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—the purchase price will be refunded. Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc., also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair like Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists

LUCKY TIGER

# DANDRUFF

## A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

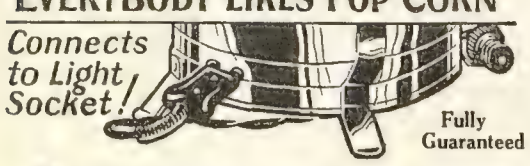
You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

**Excel Electric CORN POPPER**

**EVERYBODY LIKES POP CORN**



IF you like pop corn, you'll like it even better when popped with this latest in electric appliances—an Excel Electric Corn Popper. Get one now for Hallowe'en—loads of fun! Beautiful nickel finish, guaranteed heating element, removable lid, lifting handles—all for only $2.75, complete with cord and plug, and ready to attach to light socket. SEE YOUR DEALER. If you can't buy it locally, tear out this ad and order direct on 5-day trial with money back guarantee. The Excel Electric Co., Dept. M-10, Muncie, Ind., originators and largest makers. DEALERS: Write for liberal Christmas offer.

Name.....

Address.....

**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

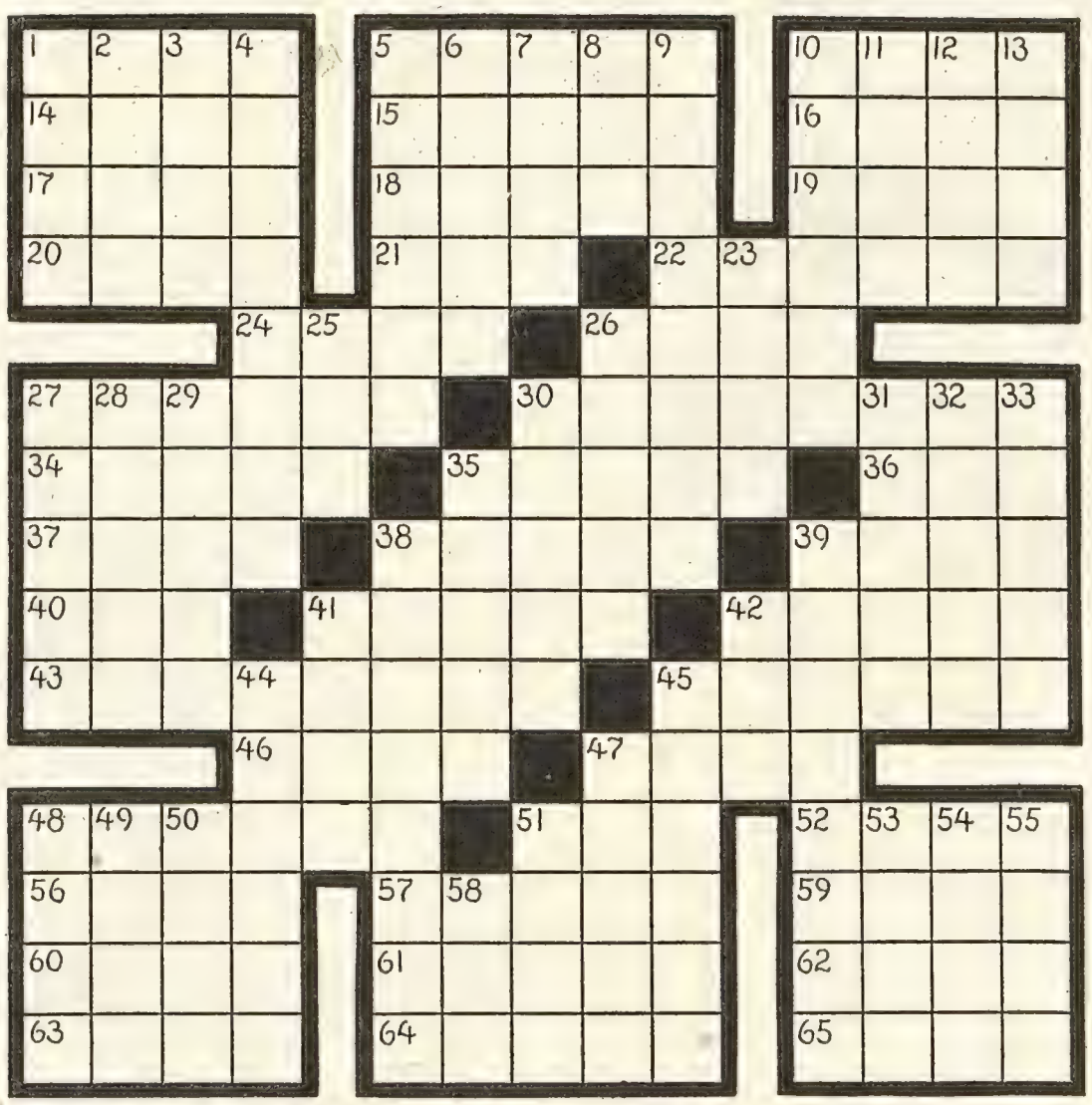
A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201, 70 5th Ave., New York

**Protect your skin, scalp and hair from infection and assist the pores in the elimination of waste by daily use of**

**Cuticura Soap**

**25c. Everywhere**


# Twin Diagonals PUZZLE



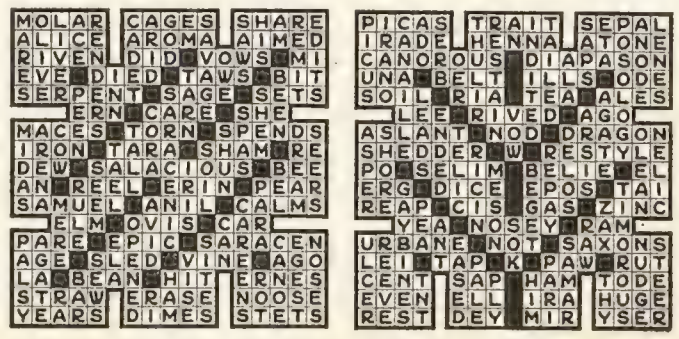
The lower left hand corner may prove fairly difficult because of Horizontal 56 and Vertical 48. However, the section is wide open—no unkeyed letters—and that should help some.

### HORIZONTAL

1 Impress by noisy repetition
5 Provide food
10 Unit of weight
14 River in Germany
15 Herb producing aromatic seeds
16 Wash
17 Apportion
18 Precipitous
19 American Indians
20 Comfort
21 Noun suffix denoting agency
22 Flower (plural)
24 Groups of ten
26 Stack
27 Leap
30 Mistakenly
34 Smooths and presses
35 Crawl
36 Recline
37 Large food fish
38 Felt solicitude
39 State of insensibility
40 Furthermore
41 Priestly associate of Moses
42 Disjoin
43 Duller and more self satisfied
45 Fondle
46 Repose
47 Walk in a yielding substance
48 Marsh
51 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
52 Contemptuous name for a child
56 Mesopotamia
57 Declaim
59 Hoarfrost
60 Part of the neck
61 Denominator
62 Seaport of Arabia
63 Malt liquor (plural)
64 Severe
65 Loan

### VERTICAL

1 Cupola
2 Notion
3 Mesh fabric (plural)
4 Salutation
5 Inclosing framework
6 Stake at poker (plural)
7 One of several rows one above another
8 Compass point
9 Mended
10 An adhesive, as gum or glue
11 Classify
12 Assert
13 State of disorder
23 Slide
25 Printer's measures
26 Trim or dress with the beak
27 Man's name
28 Stamp or impress with characters
29 Musical composition
30 Mistake
31 Hand covering
32 Citrous fruit (plural)
33 Measures of time
35 Mark denoting an insertion
38 Ammunition wagons
39 Pertaining to the brain
41 Grows old
42 Dejected
44 Males of certain fowls
45 Cave
47 Irrigate
48 One of a low caste of India
49 Verbal
50 Plunder
51 To make gentle
53 Go horseback
54 Verily
55 Have a tendency
58 Murine animal




Answers to last week's puzzles

**After You Try This Amazing NEW WAY to SHAVE**

## 365 Keen Shaves With One Blade

SLICK, velvety, shaves forever and no more razor blades to buy! That's what you can expect from KRISS-KROSS, the amazing blade *rejuvenator!* Makes new blades out of old a surprising way—week after week, month after month. Gives them a sharpness they seldom possess even when *brand new!* No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

KRISS-KROSS renews all kinds of blades (except Durham). Employs famous diagonal stroke of master barber. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic, decreasing pressure. Nickel jig notifies you when blade is ready with *keenest cutting edge steel can take!*

**Special OFFER Now!**

Right now, to introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper which is *never* sold in stores, I am giving with it (FREE) a unique new kind of razor. Really 3 razors in one! Gives *sliding* instead of *pulling* stroke. Reduces beard resistance 45%. Send for details of special offer today. No obligation. Just mail the coupon now.

**AGENTS!**

Make big money with KRISS-KROSS—$5 to $14 an hour and more. Many average $300 to $500 a month. Spare time workers often take in $6-$12 profit an evening. As soon as shavers see KRISS-KROSS in action, they *want* it! Generous commissions and profits. Get details today. Check bottom of coupon and mail today.

**RHODES MFG. CO.,**
**Dept. P-383**
**1418 Pendleton Ave. St. Louis, Mo.**

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. P-383
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligation, please send me detailed explanation of KRISS-KROSS stropper which is never sold in stores. Also tell me about 3-way razor you send without charge.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested in becoming representative.

# *Uses for* PAPER in the Kitchen

*By* ETHEL SOMERS

*A handy pack of cheap paper napkins is a convenient labor saving kitchen device.*

EVERY housekeeper welcomes the short cuts that lighten her tasks. Certain varieties of paper goods can be made to serve as important time and labor savers, as the list given below will demonstrate.

The one place where paper is taboo is for ice box purposes. Always remove the paper wrappings from foods to be iced, even though it is waxed paper. By so doing the low temperature maintained in the ice chest passes readily to the food to be chilled. It is very questionable economy to retard the melting of ice in an ice box by blanketing it with paper. The temperature in a box cooled with ice, even with the ice melting at a maximum rate, is none too cool for the proper preservation of food.

### *Time and Labor Saving Uses for Paper*

*Paper Napkins:*

Polishing nickel, silver, etc.
Wiping stove.
Wiping and polishing fruit.
Greasing pans (napkins cut in quarters).
Draining deep fat fried foods.
Drying potato slices before deep fat frying.
Wiping the hands.
Wiping up spilled foods.
Wiping out greasy kettles.
Cleaning griddles and other such metal utensils.
Handling and pouring dry ingredients.

*Newspapers:*

Lining garbage can.
Wrapping garbage for incinerator burning.
Wrapping woolens to make mothproof.
Wiping greasy stove rims.
Absorbing surplus greases.
Twisters for lighting fires.
Tie in stacks for burning in fireplace.
Extra wrappings to keep picnic foods either hot or cold.

*Paper Novelties:*

Picnics and beach parties.
Party tables.
Containers for gift foodstuffs.
Molds for ices and ice creams.
Molds for baking cup cakes.
Casserole frills.
Croquette skewers.
Chop frills.
Shelf paper.
Doilies for food service (in all colors).

*Wax Paper (both heavy and light may be had):*

To cover a half grapefruit, orange, or melon.
Used under the cover to insure sealing of steamed puddings or breads.

*Heavy waxed paper is a time and labor saver if used when rolling or kneading dough, and fills many other kitchen needs.*

Lining cake pans.
Lunch box uses.
Rolling and kneading doughs.
Wrapping roasts and fish during baking.
Wrapping cut cabbage to prevent drying.

### *Apple Sauce Loaf Cake*

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 to 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
¼ to ½ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup raisins, or any fruit chopped, if desired
1 cup sugar, white or brown
⅓ cup melted fat or oil
⅓ cup water
1 cup thick unsweetened sieved apple sauce (If sweetened sauce is used, decrease the sugar in proportion)
¼ to ½ cup nut meats, if desired

MIX the melted fat, apple sauce, and water. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. When the apple sauce mixture is cool, stir it right into the sifted dry ingredients. Line a loaf tin with waxed paper and oil. Oil the paper as well as the pan. Pour in the cake dough. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 45 minutes, or until the cake is shrunken from the edge of the pan and a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean.

### *Feathery Cup Cakes*

½ cup butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
1½ cups pastry flour, *or*
3 tablespoons less if family flour is used
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon flavoring.
½ cup currants, chopped dates, figs, or fruit and nuts (chopped) if desired.

THE fat should be well creamed, using a spatula or wooden spoon. Gradually work in the sugar. Then beat in the well beaten egg yolks and continue beating the mixture until smooth and creamy. The important point in the mixing is to work up a smooth, creamy mixture. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Alternate the addition of dry ingredients and milk and beat well after each addition of flour, being careful not to add enough milk at any one time to cause the butter to separate. Sift the last few tablespoons of dry ingredients on to the fruit or nuts (if any are used). After the last addition of liquid or dry ingredients, beat the cake mixture for 2 to 3 minutes. Carefully fold in the flavoring (also floured nuts and fruits, if used) and stiffly beaten egg whites. Cut or fold these in with as little stirring as possible. Put into paper cup cake molds, ungreased, and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove to cake racks to cool before frosting.

### *Sour Cream Cookies*

| (Soft Cookies) | (Crisp Cookies) |
|---|---|
| 3¾ to 4 cups flour | 3¾ to 4 cups flour |
| ⅛ teaspoon soda | ¼ teaspoon soda |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| ⅔ teaspoon salt | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 1½ cups sugar | 1½ cups sugar |
| ⅓ cup butter or substitute | ½ cup butter or substitute |
| 1 or 2 eggs | 2 or 3 eggs |
| ½ cup sour cream (the richer the better) | ½ cup sour cream (the richer the better) |
| ½ teaspoon nutmeg | ½ teaspoon nutmeg |
| ½ teaspoon vanilla | ½ teaspoon vanilla |

CREAM the butter well, gradually working in half the sugar. Add the well beaten eggs and then beat in the remaining sugar. When the mixture is thoroughly beaten and smooth, alternately add the mixed and sifted dry ingredients with the sour cream mixed with the liquid flavoring by beating. Work and beat the mixture after each addition of dry ingredients so as to keep it smooth and uniform. Cut or knead in the last bit of the flour. Handle the dough as soft as possible and roll out on a lightly floured waxed paper to ¼ inch thickness. (Chilling the dough before rolling will make the handling of a soft dough much easier.) Cut the rolled dough in any desired cooky shape and bake on a cooky sheet in a hot oven (390°F.) for 8 to 10 minutes, or until brown. Quicker baking can be achieved if two baking sheets are used. In such case bake for half the time on the bottom oven rack and then shift to the upper rack.

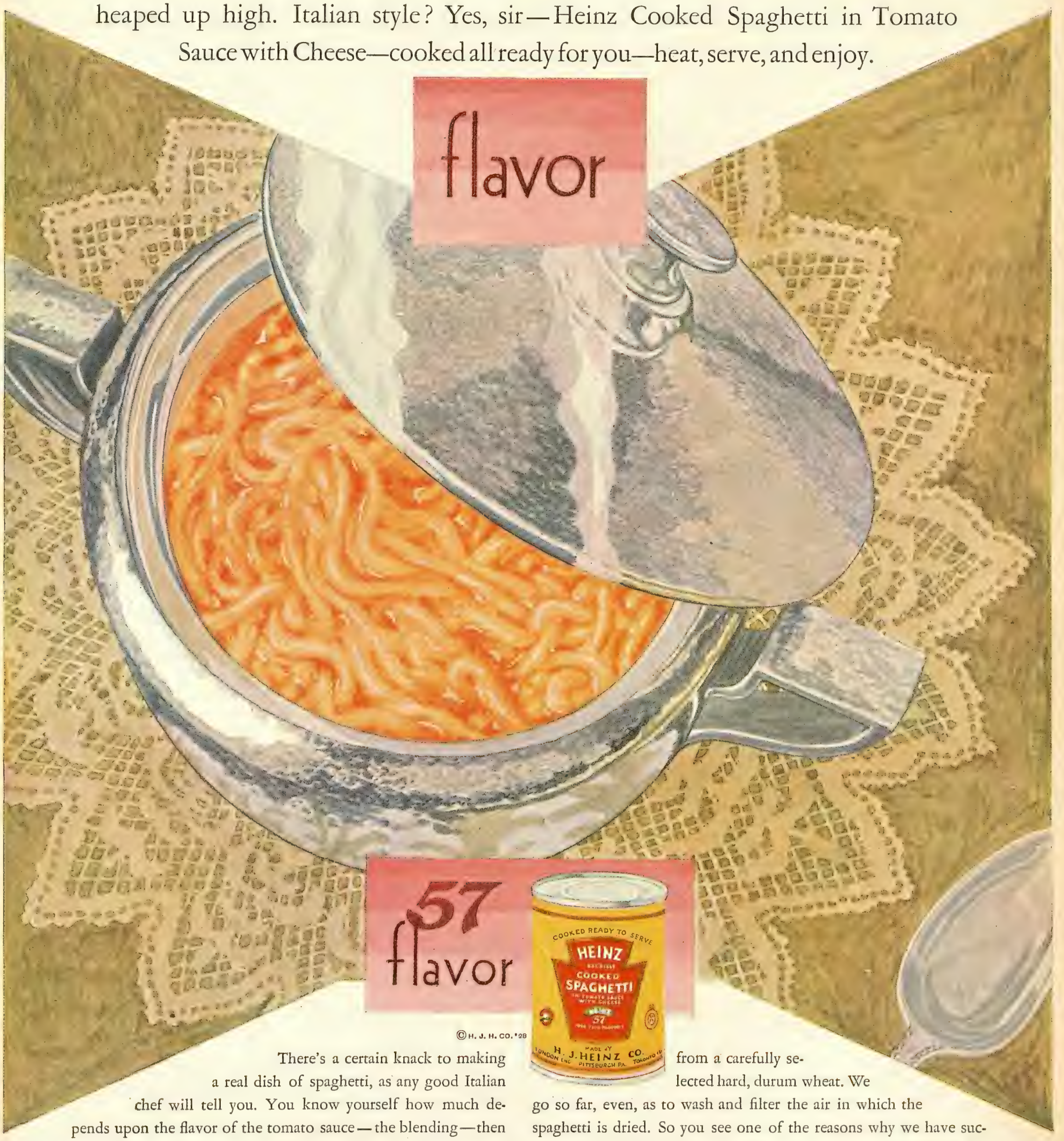
THE suggestions made on this page for the use of paper goods is only one phase of kitchen economy that can be adopted by LIBERTY readers. In her weekly articles, Miss Somers always offers suggestions that save time, labor, and money in preparing the family meals. Many items that have not appeared in these articles are included in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. Get them and profit by an expert dietitian's advice on kitchen economy. Each cookbook is 10 cents, but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
10-13-28

What, oh, what a flavor there is to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! What a snappy, tangy flavor. It's the special cheese you taste for one thing. And the sweet, spicy sauce of juicy, red, vine-ripened tomatoes. And the good tender Heinz made spaghetti, cooked just right. Serve it hot, serve it quick, serve it heaped up high. Italian style? Yes, sir—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese—cooked all ready for you—heat, serve, and enjoy.




© H. J. H. CO. '28

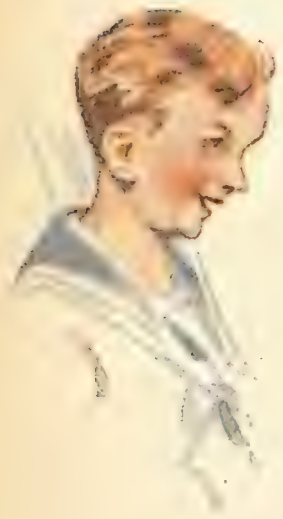
There's a certain knack to making a real dish of spaghetti, as any good Italian chef will tell you. You know yourself how much depends upon the flavor of the tomato sauce—the blending—then the cooking..... To get the sauce exactly right we grow our own tomato seed, start the plants, and use the tomatoes—fresh. The cheese is a special kind we import because of its remarkable savor. The dry spaghetti we make from a carefully selected hard, durum wheat. We go so far, even, as to wash and filter the air in which the spaghetti is dried. So you see one of the reasons why we have succeeded in catching the spaghetti *flavor* is because we take such extraordinary care that every ingredient is right. Such care with every Heinz product has made the name Heinz mean *Flavor* · *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

# HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

© 1928, N.C.A.

# Make Somebody Happy Sweetest Day

## The Most Unselfish Day in all the Year



YES, whoever first thought out this idea of Sweetest Day, hit upon the outstanding difference between human beings and the rest of the animal kingdom—the unselfish spirit. So on this day of days, (October 13th) when your part is to *make somebody happy*, what more perfect expression to sweeten the day, than Candy?

*Candy Week—October 7th to 13th*

Black Ivory

# The MIDDLE PASSAGE

*In Which a Young Man Steers a Dangerous Course through the Wild Waters of Love*

*(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)*

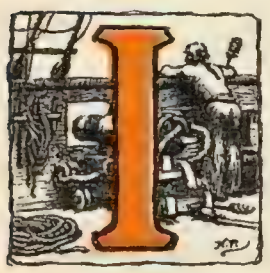
The Fourth Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

*Pictures by* NORMAN PRICE



T was food from the hand of a saucy maid that changed the course of my life. She saw me at the Battery, in New York, saw hunger in my face, and recognized the gentleman under my poor raiment.

She bade me lend her my arm and so we walked boldly to her uncle's mansion, where my suffering stomach was ministered to.

I learned that she was Cintra Quinn, niece of Captain Quinn, away on a mysterious voyage; and she learned that I was Strake, a onetime ship's officer, reduced to penury by England's villainous embargo which had throttled American trade.

Replete, I sat listening to Cintra's sweet voice at the piano, when her uncle burst in upon us.

His salute to me was a blow on the ear. I replied with my fists and we fought till the floor was slippery with blood.

All this was so to the old sea dog's taste that he offered me the berth of captain on his ship, The Happy Parrot.

There was a black fly in this good ointment. Quinn was a slave trader when slave trading was banned by law. But an empty purse knows no choice. I accepted, and we got away under cover of night and were well out to sea before we made a discovery that almost reduced Quinn to sobs of rage. Cintra, in flapping trousers, had boarded us as cook!

"Slops, the cook, she remains!" bawled Quinn.

And cook she did until a misadventure of mine called her from her pots to sew up my bleeding scalp.

I SAW little of Amelia Island, for we remained there but three days, and I was still languid of my wound which I had got of a flying splinter aboard The Happy Parrot when the pirate, Captain Nanfan, in The Love Dove, brigantine, let go his broadside at us off Cumberland Sound.

However, I could see that Amelia Island was well suited for our affairs, being inside the Florida border, and therefore Spanish territory, yet but a cable's length from the Georgia line, over which we could smuggle such slaves as we might gather on our voyage.

The "factory" owned by the firm of Maltby & Quinn consisted of a palm log fort armed with brass three pounders and swivels, Segrada's house, several log storehouses, Quinn's villa, and, close to the store, a barracoon where the kaffles, or consignments of wild Negroes fresh out of Africa, were housed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MIDDLE PASSAGE
Continued from page seventy-five]

There were, also, storehouses; ramshackle wharfs, badly wormeaten; skiffs, yawls, and canoes; and a forge under a palm thatched shed.

Also there was Quinn's sloop, The Mischief, which he used for pleasure or for business along the coast waters, bays, and inland sounds.

All else seemed to be palm forests, live oaks, and swampy jungle.

José Segrada was the factor, a handsome halfbreed Spaniard of forty, with silvered hair, whose teeth flashed when he laughed—which he did continually.

He lived outside the fort and had a house and a lively harem to care for him—quadroons mostly, half naked, superb of figure, and some quite handsome.

There was one of his slaves, a Pani girl, who really was very pretty. But I do not think that any of our Indians ever were meant to be slaves.

WELL, we patched our rigging and bulwarks at Amelia Island—where Nanfan and Buke Gooly had harmed us; and we did a little cleaning and much painting. Also we took on sweet water, farina, rice, hardtack, salt beef, pork, vinegar, some cases of trade muskets, tar, knives, and bolts of coarse scarlet cloth.

Chips, our carpenter, and Bungs, our cooper, were very busy between decks fitting us with extra flooring forward.

We took on a doctor from the fort—a hangdog fellow named Lister—known generally as Clyster, Blister, or just plain Squills.

We took on a linguist, too—a coal black, cruel faced Krooman who spoke English well, and Spanish and Portuguese, and could gabble quaqua in all the nigger dialects of the African coast.

Also three coal black Krooman cooks came aboard us—enough to damn any ship if boarded by a man-o'-war.

Quinn entertained liberal ideas concerning the Black Ivory traffic. It had been dangerous and difficult enough before England and the United States outlawed it and proclaimed all slavers to be pirates.* Now it was a forbidden and perilous business indeed to purchase slaves on coasts watched by British cruisers, carry them to Cuba or to Florida, risking capture by cruisers on the Middle Passage, land them in a healthy condition, smuggle them out of Spanish into United States territory, mix them with tame blacks, and sell them as such in Georgia, Carolina, or Virginia markets.

Yet, when accomplished, profits were large where every ten dollars invested yielded five hundred in a few months—that is, provided the goods were delivered alive and in prime condition.

And that was Quinn's policy—fewer niggers, but live ones; kind treatment, good food and plenty, ample and clean quarters, and a healthy cargo instead of a dead, dying, or diseased one.

And he bragged to me that the sharks which always followed all slavers on the Middle Passage, from Africa to the Caribbean, gave up following his ships in disgust or perished of sheer starvation.

"What's the advantage," he used to say, "in paying for and packing fifteen hundred prime niggers between decks, and then breaking out only two or three hundred sick survivors when you reach your home port? Every time you heave a dead nigger to the sharks you're feeding 'em hundreds of dollars' worth of expensive meat. Even if the insurance company bears it I waste my time all the same. If the home company stands it, why, *I* am the company, too.

"No, sir. Pick a healthy black and land him grinning. That's my motto, and that's how I've made my money! And you bet I'm not going to risk my neck and squander my money fetching a load of rotting shark food across the ocean!"

AS I say, we remained only two or three days at the factory.

It was hot weather, but evenings were cool, and I enjoyed them on deck or in the Spanish orange grove back of the barracoon where Quinn had a small house. Here he placed his niece in durance.

I had not seen Cintra since she had gone ashore. Quinn's plan was to await the next ship and take her back to New York; though what on earth he was to do with her there he had no idea. I could see that the responsibility was preying on his mind.

He said to me one evening on deck: "If she's wild enough to dress like a boy and smuggle herself aboard my own ship under my very nose, what'll she do if I leave her in New York alone? Go to the bad? What's the matter with her, anyway? She's gone crazy like this all of a sudden, and over the fences and her heels flying wild—"

"Was she not always somewhat—*spirited?*" I asked soothingly.

"She? Cool as a pail o' milk in the well! Put butter in her mouth and 'twould freeze! And now, when I arrive in New York, there she is in my parlour adining and wining a strange young man she picked up on the Battery!"

I flushed hotly. "It was all my fault—"

"'Twas her own! She had a roving eye. And lucky 'twas the son of your dead father or I'd have sampled his liver. And if I should take her home now, and leave her, I've no doubt she'll run wild again. She was ever a laughing lass, but never bold nor venturesome. Look at her now—with her hardy look and hardy ways! Is it her age? Is it a man she needs, then?"

I felt myself reddening again, and was conscious of sudden anger at what he said so rawly.

SILENCE fell between us for a while; he puffed hard at his long clay; then he looked up and fixed his brilliant blue eyes on me.

"If you'll marry her," said he, "you'll do me a favour. I've asked you once before. Will you?"

"I don't want her to make a hell of my life—with her sarcasms and her tempers," I replied.

"Make a hell of hers if she's saucy. Take a rope's end to her. A rope's end makes a happy wife, Mr. Strake."

"What do you know about a wife? You never married one," I retorted.

"Well, then, the wisest say to beat 'em! That's all I know. They'll laugh at you if you don't; they'll love you if you do. That's what wise folk say, anyway; and I believe it."

Another silence ensued. He smoked his pipe out, hurled it overboard, and went ashore.

When the night watch had gone on deck, Quinn came aboard again and sat in the Florida starlight, his long cheroot aglow, and a glass of rum and lime juice in his iron fist. For a while we sat there listening to Segrada's concubines singing with a banjer in the orange grove ashore.

Then, abruptly: "I'll give you fifty thou-

*The last slaver to be tried, condemned, and executed as a pirate was Captain Gordon of the slave ship Erie. He was hanged February 21, 1862, in New York.

*It was a lively scene. Long lines of slaves continued to file out of the barracoon.*

sand dollars if you'll marry Cintra Quinn," he said.

After a long while: "She wouldn't have me," I replied.

"She will. I've talked to her."

Astonishment held me dumb.

"I'll be honest," he said. "I don't think she cares for you very much. But she doesn't want to go back to New York. What she said was this: 'If he'll take me with him and let me see the world, I'll marry him.'"

A rather sickly hope died in me. I might have loved Cintra. I had begun to. I had come very near to love in the beginning.

But what a revenge for her insolence! Take this girl if paid to take her! Marry her for cash—whom I would not marry otherwise—unless she ever showed some trace of human sensibility and tenderness— But that was hopeless. She wanted none of me. She wanted to see the world. She had no stomach for tender things—no heart.

"Very well, Captain Quinn," I said.

"You'll marry her?"

"For fifty thousand dollars. And to oblige you."

He reached out and wrung my hand.

"God!" said he. "That's off my mind. I've sweated nights with the worry of her. Whatever I am, my brother was a gentleman and his wife a lady—God rest her body which wears no head at all. And it sickened me to see Cintra starting the road to ruin. . . . To disgrace the dead. . . . It did so. . . . And if you'll take a rope's end to her, I'll lay you a shilling to a jackstraw she'll make you a good wife, Mr. Strake!"

"I care not," said I sullenly, my triumph already ashes in my mouth.

He wished to write my draught for me at once, but I bade him wait till I demanded it.

After a few minutes I went below and lay down.

WHAT kind of woman was this, to marry a man she ridiculed and flouted, and whom she cared nothing about, so that she might indulge her gypsy cravings? So she might roam when he roamed and "see the world"! Even aboard a slaver.

Very well; she'd see something she scarcely bargained for, and maybe die of smallpox or fever; or maybe have her pretty head knocked off by a round shot, or her slim body ripped by grapeshot, or sit in irons aboard a cruiser, or lie in a felon's cell ashore.

After a while I got up to trim the lamp, and at that moment Quinn came in with Cintra. The latter wore the garments of her own sex again—a peach coloured slip gown without sleeves or neck, and thin stockings and shoes of the same tint. And carried a great fashionable beaded pocket.

"Some boxes came from New York for Segrada's women," remarked Quinn. "I bought a chestful for Cintra."

The girl looked at me coolly, unabashed, almost smiling.

"I'm on my own deck," said Quinn, "and I'm going to marry you now."

Astounded, dumb fear in my heart, I stared at him and at Cintra.

Quinn took a Bible from the shelf behind me.

"Here's a ring, too," he said; "Segrada has a boxful; I don't know where he got 'em."

Then, without further preliminary, he began to read the marriage service. I don't know what I said. I scarcely heard Cintra's calm responses.

"Now ring her," grunted Quinn.

Cintra's fingers were icy, and my hot hand shrank from their chill.

"All done," said Quinn, closing the Bible with a hearty clap. "You'd better kiss her, Mr. Strake. It's usual."

MY chilled lips touched a burning mouth, and recoiled as though stung.

"That's off my mind!" growled Quinn with a resounding oath. "She's sound and firm in wind and limb and you're getting prime goods, young man! You can make her or spoil her. But that's your affair now; and so I'll bid you both a hearty good night—"

When he had gone I placed a chair for Cintra and then seated myself.

"What did he really pay you?" she asked with smiling effrontery.

"Fifty thousand dollars," I replied, hoping to hurt her.

"Oh," said she; "I went cheap for cash, it appears. How mortifying!"

"Are you worth more than that?" I asked, striving to speak as brutally as she spoke.

"Not to you," said she. "You've been deceived, Mr. Strake; I'll never be worth a penny to *you*."

After a silence: "So I'm to see the world at last, after all," said she.

"That was your end of the bargain," said I. "And you may see it on Amelia Island, playing the banjer on your uncle's veranda, or playing cards with José Segrada's ladyloves. Or from the cabin windows of a slaver," I added, "—if you can endure the smell."

"Yes," said she, "that would be more entertaining. And—" She smiled, lifting her beaded pocket to the table, and drew from it a long packet wrapped in blue sugar paper. "Here," said she, "is your pistol. I did not have to use it on myself. But thank you, nevertheless."

I thought of Buke Gooly and of the mulatto with a cast in one eye.

"Keep the pistol," said I, "if you mean to sail aboard me. But you had better remain here."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# Gives Radio.. Records a new TONE!

*The*
BRUNSWICK
PANATROPE
with Radiola

$395

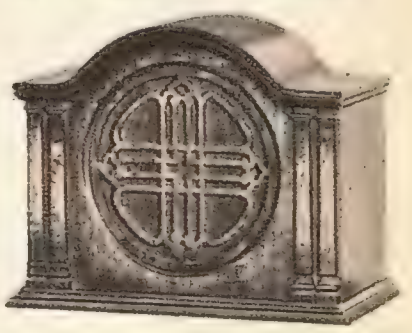
(Complete)

THE Brunswick Panatrope revolutionized recorded music. Its new reproducing principle brought the world a new vision of musical beauty. Now this instrument is combined with the latest type Radiola and thus gives you everything in both radio and recorded music.

*Brunswick this year offers more to choose from in both radio and record-playing instruments than any manufacturer in the country!*

Besides the Brunswick Panatrope and Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola in many designs, Brunswick offers this year Brunswick Radio built to the high musical standards of the Brunswick Panatrope. See and hear Brunswick instruments at the nearest Brunswick dealer's. Prices from $25 to $1275.

*Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola Model 3 KRO. Electrical type Brunswick Panatrope and latest Radiola combined at lowest price ever put upon such a combination. $395 complete.*



*Brunswick Model "A" Speaker, electro-magnetic type with output filter. Assures musically correct reproduction over entire audible range, $35.*

*Brunswick Super-heterodyne, Model 5 NO. This 9-tube set embodies the latest technical developments in the entire radio field. Used with the Brunswick speaker shown above it gives a quality of tone that amounts to musical perfection. Complete light socket operation. One dial tuning. Price $175, less tubes.*

Brunswick

Panatropes · Radio · Records · Panatrope-Radiolas

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Chicago · New York · Toronto · Branches in All Principal Cities

[THE MIDDLE PASSAGE
Continued from page seventy-seven]

"Very well," said she gayly, and placed it in her beaded pocket.

She looked around the cabin, rose, and went to the little door which opened into another tiny cabin forward.

"Where do you expect me to sleep?" she inquired.

"Where you like. Here, if you choose. I can bunk forward—"

She opened the door, looked in, entered.

"I'll sleep here," she announced calmly. "Be kind enough to send my chest and boxes aboard."

I ordered a boy ashore. In an hour he had stowed her baggage.

We were sailing about midnight. Quinn came aboard at 10 to bid us a last good-bye and to give me parting advice and instructions.

He was returning to New York on his next ship in, but would be back to see to us when we anchored after the Middle Passage. "About Christmas," he calculated.

HE drew me aside. "You use a rope's end on that jade and you'll find you've bought a jewel dirt cheap."

"I don't beat women," I retorted.

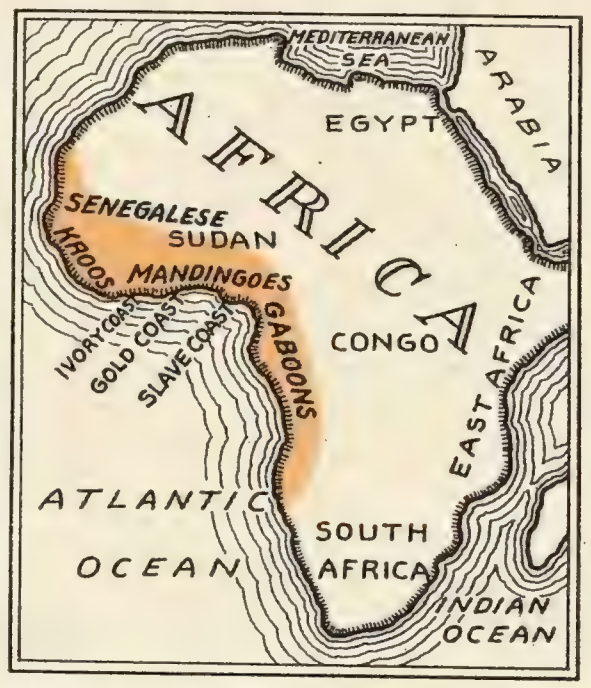
"Very well; spoil her, then. And she'll make a fool of you."

"I think not," said I.

"Anyway," said he, "draw on me when you're ready. I pay my bills."

Then he went to Cintra and drew her aside. But whatever he said to her merely made her smile disdainfully.

He turned his back on her, growled a farewell to me, and went out, striding.




*Showing the home of some of the tribes which yielded slaves to dealers in Black Ivory.*

## II

WE had a miserable passage, what with one hot squall following another and nasty, stifling, thick weather, greasy as soup; and for weeks I had all I could do to sail The Happy Parrot through gale and hurricane; and I saw little of Cintra.

Not that she kept her cabin. She was all over the driving, tossing ship, aloft, on deck, below. A sou'wester covered her clipped curls, a tarpaulin swathed her, and she went barefoot, for the smallest sea boots could have swallowed her body and legs.

We saw several sail labouring under bare poles, but never made them out.

A month out, the winds and murk left us, and a hot blue sky broke overhead where we were riding the tremendous swells—waves mountain high which threatened to hurl us on our beam ends.

Even then I had to forbid her the deck by force, and locked her below, and kept her there until the seas were somewhat subdued.

There came, then, a week of lovely weather—and of incessant care and rising anxiety for me. For the sea was whitening and we were approaching Africa; and in these waters were British cruisers patrolling, which were nearly certain to overhaul and board us for inspection, and might even press any of our men, as was their insolent habit with American ships.

So I seldom left the quarterdeck, and kept always a sharp lookout aloft.

Several times we sighted sails, but as soon as we could make out their course we avoided them so that they could not speak us; and being one of the very fastest craft aswim, The Happy Parrot soon lost them, whatever might have been their intentions.

Cintra was on deck while we were running away from a distant brig that looked to me like a man-o'-war.

When, at sundown, we had lost sight of her, Cintra turned to me, smiling.

"Speed," said she, "has kept many a rogue from the gibbet."

"What do you mean?" said I, flushing hotly.

"Why," said she, "since we are on filthy business, I am glad we ride a speedy deck. It would be a sorry bargain for me," says she, "to be overhauled and sent to jail upon my wedding trip."

I bit my lip and fixed a gaze on the sinking sun.

"A sorry bargain," she repeated, "to be jailed and never see the world, after all. . . . And on my honeymoon, too."

Her raillery hurt me, always; yet I knew well enough she despised me.

IT was strange how suddenly she had come to detest me, because in the beginning she seemed to care for me. But from the silly moment when she surprised me atoying with Debby's niece—whatever the wench's name was—Anne, I believe—every atom of real regard for me fled, and her friendship became altered, changed to a kind of careless, gay indifference; and she exhibited a personal distaste, too, taking care that I touched her not nor came very near to her person.

I had been near falling in love with her, but

NEW
NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK

AND now here's the last word in knit jackets—good news for the man whose jacket always wears out at the elbows.

Nockabout offers you not only attractive styles and modern colorings, but gives you Reinforced Sleeves.

The extra threads are so smoothly knit-in from arm hole to cuff, that you can't notice them. You can feel the extra thickness with your fingers and the longer life of the elbows proves that this practical improvement assures greater service from a Nockabout Jacket.

Ask your dealer to show the new Nockabout Jackets with the exclusive Reinforced Sleeves—costs no more than usual.

We make Vests—and how!

Be sure to ask your dealer to show you the latest, exclusive Nockabout Krinkle and Fancy Velour Striped styles. Popular prices.

If your dealer can't show you the new Nockabouts, *write us for colored folder.*

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL , 345 Broadway , Dept. L , NEW YORK

not yet so near that I thought harm in taking a passing kiss or two from provocative lips that laughed their challenge.

But she had it in her head in the beginning that I was a rake and likely to play loose with any woman.

And my carelessness with Debby's niece, when we spilled the laundry between us, seemed to upset Cintra, too.

But, Lord, was that a reason to flout me, and show me no human tenderness when her own uncle battered me? And, knowing me to be in pain, to sit and sing at her piano? And when I approached her with loving repentance and submission, to mock me and reveal her utter heartlessness?

And, finally, heartlessly to marry me in order to escape from ennui at home and "see the world," as she called it!

ONE hot evening when we were off the African coast, and I felt worn out with anxiety concerning cruisers, I went to my cabin to lie down for an hour.

Cintra was reading by the table. She glanced up with that indifference which was becoming irksome, and even maddening; then, without smile or word, resumed her reading.

I was weary, worried, lonely; and the absent glance she cast on me made me feel the loneliest man on earth.

I sat down on the bed's edge, staring at her back. Presently I said:

"Can't you be a little friendly?"

She finished the page and turned it before she looked at me over her shoulder.

"I'm not your enemy," she said coolly.

"You're not my friend, either."

"As for that," said she, "a woman of my race makes no friends among rogues."

"Because I choose to disregard laws made by cowards, fools, fanatics, am I a rogue?" I asked hotly.

"I could understand you," said she, "if you broke the embargo to sail honestly on forbidden seas and trade honestly in forbidden ports. But—a *slaver!*"

"Until the Congress stopped it, for two hundred years Godfearing and respectable gentlemen have been in the slave trade. The nobility and gentry of England have owned slave ships and made fortunes in the traffic. And today, in Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Italy, gentlemen are engaged in that business.

"And now, because England and the United States have a notion to forbid the African trade to honest men, and because France is like to follow their caprice, you call me a rogue because I do not choose to observe so senseless and hypocritical a law."

"Senseless?" she asked, smiling.

"Certainly. If slavery is wrong, why does not the United States free its millions of slaves? If the African trade is wrong on the high seas, why does not the United States forbid coastwise traffic of slave ships under forty tons?"

"I don't know," said Cintra.

"I don't know, either," I said bitterly. "All I know is that my country cut off what you call honest trade, and my ship rotted at the wharf, and I starved. . . . And that's why I'm driven to the Black Ivory trade. And if they stop me at that, it's in me to sail On The Account. And you might as well know it, and how much of a rogue I am capable of becoming."

*A man hung by his neck, swinging gently as the vessel veered.*

"On The Account," she repeated. "What does that mean?"

"The Red Sea Trade—as some call it."

"And what is that?"

"Piracy."

"Oh! . . . In that case you'd hang if taken, wouldn't you?"

"No doubt at all. And what kind of rogue do you think me now?"

"I don't know," said she.

"A fine husband, am I not?"

"As men go, I suppose."

"A bad bargain for you, Cintra."

"Well," said she, "in the meantime I shall make the best of it and see all of the world I can see."

After a little while she opened her book.

I lay down on my bed, the loneliest man on earth.

### III

AT daybreak, latitude six degrees ten minutes north, as agreed upon with Captain Quinn, the wind being light, we stood in for the coast. An hour later our masthead hailed the land. Here was our destination. The crisis was at hand!

Immediately I sent Mr. Wild aloft and ordered the second mate, Weems, to see that all men were on deck for sharp work.

I was exceedingly nervous, dreading interference; but Mr. Wild, aloft, saw no sails. However, a British cruiser might appear in the offing at any moment. We had to do our work in a very few hours.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


*and* BETTER

Reinforced Sleeves
Knit-in-Strength
Where wear is hardest

KNIT JACKETS

EXCLUSIVE with NOCK-A-BOUT

America's Finest Confection

Every confectioner shouts quality. It is natural that he should. If he failed to respect his own creations, who would? So to the uninitiated, our claim that Almond Roca is America's Finest Confection, is but a part of the general babble. You are alert to the situation — so are we. So we suggest: Put the burden of the proof on the product. Fair? We can think of nothing fairer! The package price is a dollar and a half — money back if you know another confection its equal.




The amazing new patented process employed for packaging Almond Roca guarantees kitchen-fresh delivery of this wonder product.

*If no near-at-hand dealer has it, we will ship direct, prepaid. Kindly include dealer's name.*

*Brown & Haley's*

Almond Roca

*America's Finest Confection*

BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect*
Tacoma, Washington


[THE MIDDLE PASSAGE
Continued from page seventy-nine]

As we stood in toward the land the shore opened out, disclosing what seemed to be an uninhabited wilderness of bush, thicket, forest, and swamp.

Presently, however, Mr. Wild reported a long, thatched shed under the trees, which looked like a barracoon.

However, I was not certain I had found the right place until, in the glare of sunrise, I made out some ruins on a small hill, which seemed to be what remained of Sir John Wilburne's factory.

There was a mud wall, a ruined gate to the southeast, ruined storehouses, and fragments of flanking redoubts. No doubt I had come to the right place. But where was the schooner we expected?

"Sail ho!" cried Mr. Wild from masthead.

"Where away?" I shouted.

"Dead ahead inshore, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"Schooner rigged, sir. At anchor. A yellow jack and two pennants flying at her main."

I told Weems to call all hands and have both anchors ready with thirty fathoms' range. I bent a red pennant to the signal halyards and ran it up.

"Boat pulling for us, sir!" reported Mr. Wild.

So I ordered Weems to come to anchor and lower sail.

The man who boarded us from the boat was a fat, excited Frenchman—a medico named Sauveur, and acting secret agent for Maltby & Quinn, spice merchants.

He told me that a patrolling British cruiser had passed the day before, standing toward Agra. He informed me further that he had 200 prime Negroes for me—160 young men and boys and forty girls; that they had cost an average of ten dollars a head and should fetch $400 a head in Havana, or $500 in Carolina—a net profit of $88,000, allowing for all commissions and expenses of the round trip.

HE explained to me that the black sand captains who had charge of them were expert Kroomen. All the niggers' heads had been shaved and scrubbed, their bodies washed and minutely inspected. He himself had examined every tooth in the entire kaffle; none was over twenty-two years of age, all as sound and plump as partridges, and not a yellow mug or a Gaboon among them.

Dr. Sauveur's excitability increased as the surfboats put off. He ran about the deck incessantly, a glass of spiced rum and lime in one hand, a cigar I had offered him in the other, while the surfboats followed one another out from the shore, loaded deep with blacks.

It was a lively scene. Long lines of slaves continued to file out of the barracoon, ready to embark when the surfboats returned. Our own boats were carrying ashore trade muskets, iron bars, anchors of brandy, bolts of red cloth, and kegs of rum—a perilous landing through the surf, but the crews were old hands and knew their business.

I tried to keep my eye on everything aloft, ashore, at sea, on deck, hailing our lookout every little while for seaward information, watching the boats coming and going, keeping an eye on the two Kroomen stationed to receive and

*"I'm on my own deck," said Quinn, "and I'm going to marry you now."*

stow our Negroes as they arrived upon our deck, and checking up accounts with Dr. Sauveur, who chattered incessantly, the burden of his gabble being brag and self praise.

Mr. Wild collected and fettered the gangs as they were herded on deck by our Kroomen, stowing men aft between hold and deck, and women forward, using main and fore hatches.

THE blacks were a wild lot, stark naked except for an inch or two of woven clout amidships.

They were neither frightened nor sullen. Some of their faces expressed lively curiosity; some perplexity; a few jabbered, and here and there a youngster laughed.

They were a bronze colour, not black, and their hair was curly rather than kinked. Few exhibited blubber lips and broad, flat noses; all had superb teeth.

As I went to the side to look over, a handsome girl sprang on deck, as finely proportioned as a bronze statue, with delicate ears and small hands and feet. There was fearlessness in her bearing as she cast a glance around her; and she disappeared forward with singular natural grace in every movement of limb and body.

By noon I had settled accounts with Dr. Sauveur. I was aware that Cintra had come on deck and was sitting on the taffrail watching everything; but I did not speak to her.

When the last gang of blacks had been received aboard us, counted, and stowed, surfboats continued to come with cargo for the hold—elephant teeth, great tusks of finest ivory; gold dust in bags, which already had been tested and weighed and found free from the usual brass dust; bales of grains of paradise; extra sacks of allspice, corn meal, and rice; palm oil in kegs; yams and bananas.

Then we hastened to take on sweet water, calling on the surfboats also.

Our Krooman cooks, since dawn, had been busy boiling rice and corn with allspice, pimento, and fish scraps, to be dressed with palm oil.

Two hundred pewter bowls, water pannikins, and spoons were now distributed among our slaves;

and very soon every African, male and female, was busy feeding; and a confused tumult of gabbling, dish clatter, and the jingling of fetters came up from below. With the odour of wild food arose the powerful smell of wild, black, naked bodies.

EVERY instant, now, my apprehension increased. Several times I went aloft to be certain that the lookout had missed nothing at sea.

Dr. Sauveur swilled limed rum, gesticulated, bragged of his medical skill, his unfailing judgment of blacks, his untold value as agent for Maltby & Quinn, and his own personal courage.

Also he bragged of his harem ashore, assuring me it contained even Spanish and Portuguese houris, and offered me dissolute hospitality if I would come ashore with him.

Cintra heard him. Passing her on deck on my way to the cabin, she asked me whether I was going to accept the Frenchman's invitation.

"If I do," said I, "what is it to you?"

"Nothing. . . . Only the fat little beast said that there is smallpox and fever ashore. I heard him tell you that."

"There always is," said I coldly, and continued on to my cabin.

Cintra came in while I was filing my accounts and watching the watering from the cabin window.

"The French beast didn't know you had a wife aboard," she said carelessly. "I told him."

I laughed rather bitterly. "Did you explain to him what kind of wife you are, Cintra?"

"What kind am I?"

I shrugged and went toward the door.

"Are you going ashore?" she asked.

"Perhaps."

I went on deck, but had to stuff my vouchers into Dr. Sauveur's pockets, as he was now too drunk to do so himself.

Mr. Wild got him over the side and into his own boat, which pulled away for his schooner, anchored dangerously close inshore.

He was singing when they rowed him away.

Our last water butt was now full. Our lookout reported all clear seaward. I told Mr. Wild to weigh and make sail, and I gave him his course.

Until we had cleared the low headlands and had lost the land and were standing northwest by west toward blue water, I never left the poop except to go aloft.

The westering sun was a red monster wallowing in fire and spitting flaming, feathery spume to the zenith.

Clots of vermilion cloud brightened to drifting flame overhead; around us the sea rocked blood red.

"Like a voyage through hell," came Cintra's calm voice at my elbow. I turned, and she leaned back against the rail, smiling.

"So you didn't go ashore to see Dr. Sauveur's harem," she remarked.

"He was too drunk," said I shortly.

"Oh, well," said she, "another time, then. When seeing the world one ought not to miss any experience."

"Oh," said I, "is that your view?"

"Certainly. For my part, I mean to accept any invitation offered."

"If you turn wild on my hands I'll have something to say about it."

"You have your fifty thousand dollars; you have no further concern with me," said she with all the impudence in the world.

THE long strain had shaken me and my nerves were raw, what with her behaviour to me, the incessant anxiety and care during the long voyage, the tension and apprehension of the day.

"Cintra," said I, "you have no kindness for me. That I know. I pretend to no claim on you as my wife. But if you attempt any waywardness to shame or confound me, I'll treat you as my property."

"How?" she demanded, flushing.

"If you drag my name through the gutter you'll find out."

"You're dragging it through your own slaver's scuppers," said she. "A gutter could foul it no further."

That was too much and my taut nerves shattered. I should not have laid a finger on her, but I took her by the arm above her slender elbow and jerked her about to face me.

"You listen to me!" said I. "If ever you turn wanton I'll take a rope's end to you."

Her blue eyes darkened and I saw black flames in them.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# NEW! MODERN! SMART!

## Two quick beautifiers

RIGHT in key with the quick, modern pace are the two smart new beauty preparations just perfected by the famous old house of Daggett & Ramsdell. A new petal-pink cream, meltingly soft and light, for quick cleansing. Vivatone, a clear topaz-hued liquid, for instant toning of the skin. Together, they give you a complete beauty treatment in just a few minutes.

Suppose, like most busy women, you barely have time after a strenuous day to dress for dinner—let alone linger over an elaborate facial treatment. Reach for your pink jar of Perfect Cleansing Cream. Scoop out a generous amount and spread it over your face and neck. It's so light that it fairly melts into your pores.

Then, with some cleansing tissues, wipe off the cream, leaving your face thoroughly cleansed, soft and smooth. Now take your Vivatone. Saturate a puff of absorbent cotton with this skin tonic and pat it all over your face and neck. If any surplus cleansing cream is still lurking there, Vivatone will remove it. It closes the pores. Stimulates circulation. Gives you an indescribable feeling of freshness and radiance.

Some women like to add a powder base as a last touch. For them there is Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. A mere whisk of it is all you need.

And on those occasions when you have a few extra minutes for more than this daily quick treatment, there's Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This famous cream is still unexcelled for facial massage and molding where you need slightly heavier body to work with.

The new Daggett & Ramsdell beautifiers mark an advance in style and smartness, but no change from the high quality and rare purity that this famous house has always stood for. At all leading drug and department stores.

## Introductory Offer 50¢

*Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 50c, you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples), a special tube of the brand new cleansing cream, and a bottle of Vivatone, all in a wonderfully neat and practical container to keep in your desk, or carry in your bag. Mail coupon today.*

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL**

**ROOM 11, 214 WEST 14th ST. NEW YORK**

Enclosed please find 50c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Perfect Clean-up Kit.

*Name*..... *City*.....

*Street*..... *State*.....

[THE MIDDLE PASSAGE
Continued from page eighty-one]

"You'll dare to flog me?" she whispered in such a passion that her mouth could scarce utter the words.

"Yes," said I; "if ever you degrade yourself I'll flog hell out of you."

She was white enough now, but her eyes had become two pits of darkness in the lamplight.

She said, "If ever it suits me to take a lover, I'll do so. If you mean to flog me you might as well do it now."

In my fury and exasperation I looked about for something to beat her with; and she saw in my face the black intent, for suddenly she twisted her arm around to break my clutch. But I held her, writhing and struggling, and when she ceased with a dry sob in her throat, I picked her up, carried her to her cabin, and tossed her upon her bunk.

"Lie there," said I. "I've had enough of you and your raillery and impudence and beggarly treatment. I can't find fault with you," said I, "because you have no kindness for me, but I'm damned if I stand any more ill treatment. If you hate me," said I, "let me alone. I'll keep out of your way; I'll understand your indifference. But I won't tolerate any more abuse and insult from you. Control your tongue or I'll give you something to wag it for!"

"I hadn't understood that you were this kind of brute also," said she in a stifled voice.

"Then you've learned something new—seeing the world—on your honeymoon," said I.

And I went out laughing and slamming the cabin door.

## IV

WE had a prime cargo of slaves aboard; we fed them well, watered them plentifully, had them on deck for a daily washdown with the hose, which they liked.

Within twenty-four hours they were laughing, jesting, cutting monkeyshines, singing. The whole ship echoed with their quaqua gabble.

One of our Kroomen had a banjer on deck when the gangs took their exercise; and very soon we had them singing and dancing and cutting all kinds of capers.

We watched them for suicides, but saw nothing in their demeanour to worry us. Nothing indicating plotting or mutiny, either — which, of course, preoccupied our minds, they being 200 against thirty-three, including our Kroomen.

The second week out on the Middle Passage, Mr. Wild had several likely blacks helping about the deck and learning to reeve rigging and make or take in sail.

As for the women, many of them were handsome and all had fine figures; but the girls were a heedless lot—like young animals: playful, wanton wild, naked—shameless in person, habits, behaviour.

All fear had left our Negroes—and such a condition required watching—and they responded to kind treatment like children, frisking when fetched on deck to bathe and exercise.

Some of the foremastmen were having sentimental affairs with these dusky nymphs. Weems had a pretty sultana; and I think Mr. Wild had another, but am not certain.

I made up my mind to take the whip away from the brutal faced Krooman intendant, who seemed only too eager to use it.

And all those days of blue skies, sunshine, and gentle, pretty winds, with no more than a topsail gale to speed us, I scarcely spoke to Cintra at all, although she was on deck often.

As for me, the strain of responsibility was telling on me physically. I became thin, sun brown as one of my own cargo, for I almost never left the poop except to go aloft, haunted always by dread of cruisers.

Such sail as we saw we avoided.

One ship chased us all day, but we lost her at night. Mr. Wild made her out a United States sloop of war. We never knew.

THERE came a day when we entered the Spanish Main. Here was peril enough, what with the British flag patrolling every island, and no hope for us if chased, unless we could find refuge in a Spanish port. But I did not wish to run for Havana. I wanted to land my cargo at its proper destination. So far it had been the luckiest voyage I ever heard of, and Mr. Wild agreed with me; for up till now we had lost only three blacks—one developing a white flux and nothing could save him; and two boys who fell overboard in a playful scuffle—sharks taking both before we could lower a boat.

For sharks follow the smell of a slaver; and whether it be the wild odour of their black skins, or the stench of vinegar and burning tar to clean their quarters, or the slops overboard, I know not.

On Christmas Day, being just off the Florida coast, Weems, sporting with his dusky inamorata, of whom he seemed very fond, came aft with her, hand in hand, and asked me respectfully if he might have an opportunity to buy her and turn in his wages on account.

I told him he was foolish; but he said he liked her better than his wife, and she could live ashore on Amelia Island.

The girl, who was pretty, looked anxiously at me. She couldn't understand English very much.

I'd noticed some of the foremastmen with their black belles; and how that when the men made them understand that they must soon be parted, the girls dissolved into tears.

I told Weems that I had nothing to do with that kind of thing and he must see Mr. Quinn about it. He seemed quite downcast, and went forward with his naked lady padding along beside him. He disgusted me; but what can one expect of a second mate?

Toward sunset, always standing in, I saw, far to the westward, a strange vast cloud rise over the sea, drift upward, then spread north and south like smoke.

"Birds," said Mr. Wild.

There were millions and millions of them. They swept across the setting sun and darkened it. In one vast arc they drove, then lower, lower, and vanished in the coast haze beyond the far horizon.

But out of that same haze Mr. Wild and I saw a sail emerge, and our lookout hailed the deck at the same instant.

"That's Amelia Island, sir," said Mr. Wild, "and that craft is blocking the channel."

"Can you make her out?"

"She looks like our factory sloop, Captain Quinn's yacht, The Mischief."

To her we must have been plainly visible, the sun striking us on a clear sea. But she made us no signal. To us she seemed a ruddy phantom in the shore haze.

AFTER a while it became apparent that she meant to speak us—she altering her course as we altered ours, or seeming to.

Suddenly Mr. Wild said sharply, "That's not land haze and sunset blaze, sir. That craft is on fire!"

As we beat up toward her I saw it was true. Her hull was burning aft, but neither her masts, sails, nor rigging had caught the blaze.

Our men gathered along the rail to look at her. She had not grounded and was lodged across a sand bar, and was veering, swinging in the wind as though set on a pivot.

The smell of burning came to us very strongly now. A red furnace glow kindled in her stern.

Cintra came on deck. "Is there anybody aboard her?" she asked anxiously.

We could not see a soul, and we were very near to her now. I threw over the helm and we ran by her.

"That's The Mischief," said Wild. "What on earth—"

"Good God!" said I. "What is that?"

To her topmast, where a half topsail was set, was nailed a pine board painted white, and on it was pictured a skull. Under the skull was printed in black letters: MERRY CHRISTMAS! Beneath this placard a man hung by his neck, swinging gently as the vessel veered.

From our quarterdeck we looked right into the hanged man's swollen face.

Then Cintra made a faint moaning sound and took hold of my arm, swaying toward me as though swooning.

For the dead man's face was the face of her uncle, Captain Quinn.

*We had a prime cargo of slaves aboard; had them on deck for a daily washdown, which they liked.*

---

*Cintra threatened by a terrible fate! You'll learn about her predicament, and Strake's part in it, when you read Honey Moon, the fifth episode of this serial.*

PICTURE OF A MAN FINDING OUT HOW THE NEW ACE

# STROPS ANY BLADE in 3 seconds!

PROTECTED BY AMERICAN PATENT PROTECTION CORPORATION

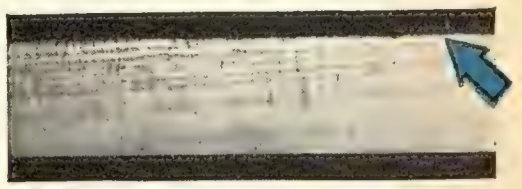
MAYBE you've used stroppers and didn't like them. Maybe they took up too much time when the minutes counted most. Maybe you've never used a stropper at all. In any case, the new Ace will appeal to you. Three light strokes—three seconds—through the balls of the Ace and your blade is as keen as new. No magic. Although revolutionary in application, the principle is age-old. It simply straightens out the curved teeth—cut and curled back by the stubborn beard during shaving—and irons them out into perfect alignment. No fuss—no adjusting—no effort.

It can't wear out—can't lose its efficiency—and can't harm the most delicate blade, for the very tip of the blade never touches any part of the balls, since the angle of their conversion is infinite and always greater than the angle of the blade edge itself.

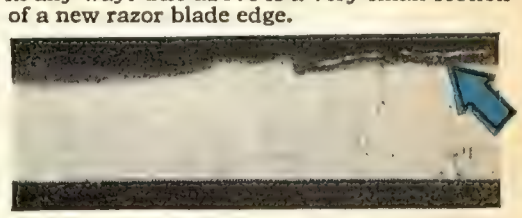
Yet it costs only fifty cents—many dollars under its actual service value and under any competitive devices. The extra shaves from the first few blades will more than pay for it.

Sold at drug, cigar, hardware and department stores with, of course, the usual Ace guarantee—satisfaction or money refunded. If they can't supply you, send fifty cents direct.

ACE HARDWARE MANUFACTURING CORP.
PHILADELPHIA OR CHICAGO
*Manufacturers of the famous Ace Knife Sharpener*



The photomicrographs reproduced here were taken in the Metallographical Laboratories of Temple University under 1000 diameters magnification, and are unretouched in any way. The above is a very small section of a new razor blade edge.



Here is the same section after being used for one shave. Note how the edge is cut up—curled toward you at the right, and away from you at the left.

This is the same section again after being stropped with the Ace. Note how the teeth have been straightened out and ironed back into alignment.

# NEW ACE RAZOR BLADE STROPPER

# Not Really Sick
# —and still not really well

*—does that describe a condition in which, too often, you find yourself?*

HOW often have you said to yourself—"Wish I felt better — don't know just what's wrong"? Not really sick—and still not really well.

That is the time to take stock of your physical condition. Nine times out of ten you're in need of a thorough internal *wash.*

Science has made some important discoveries in this matter of *internal bathing.* The trend toward a *water* laxative is indicative of that fact. Water, universally accepted for *external* cleansing, is likewise Nature's own provision for the *internal* bath.

Just think. If the water you drink every day were to pass through the intestines, you would never need any other laxative! Unfortunately, it does not. Instead, it is pre-absorbed—and excreted by the kidneys.

Quite the opposite with Pluto Water. The reason is easily explained. Pluto Water has a mineral content exceeding that of the blood. Therefore it is practically "absorption-proof." It passes directly through the intestines. And it *flushes* as it goes.

That accounts for the prompt action of Pluto—positive, complete results in 30 minutes to two hours—an unequaled safeguard to your health. That, too, accounts for its harmless, soothing effect. Since it merely *washes,* it does not gripe or irritate, and has no habit-forming tendency.

For nearly a generation, doctors have consistently prescribed Pluto Water. Either for regular daily use, or in time of emergency, you will find Pluto a never-failing friend. Dilute with *hot* water—directions on every bottle. Sold at all drug counters and at fountains. Bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana.

## PLUTO WATER
*America's Laxative Mineral Water*

### FRENCH LICK SPRINGS
*America's Spa of World Renown—Home of Pluto Water*

Thousands each year visit French Lick Springs to rest and play amid the gorgeous Cumberland foothills — to drink health-giving Pluto Water—to take the world-renowned curative baths. Facilities and cuisine at the beautiful 800-room French Lick Springs Hotel are unexcelled. Two 18-hole golf courses, horseback riding, hiking, tennis, offer variegated outdoor diversion. Fall is a favorite season—*come now!* Forty miles from the United States' center of population—conveniently reached from everywhere. Complete medical staff in attendance. Write or wire for reservation — or send for booklet. French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Indiana. T. D. Taggart, President.

*When Nature Won't, PLUTO Will*

# War Bugs

*Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War*

By
CHARLES MACARTHUR
Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F.
Afterward co-author of Lulu Belle and The Front Page
*Pictures by* RAYMOND SISLEY

*(Reading time: 24 minutes 24 seconds.)*

THIS is the tenth installment of a private's story of the war. It is written by a former artilleryman of the Rainbow Division as an intimate history of his battery's experiences in France. The other installments carried the battery through the battles of Champagne, Château-Thierry, the Ourcq, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne. In this installment the writer describes how the Kaiser's desperate defense began to collapse.

*Most of the mail revealed that our girls were getting married to naval ensigns in droves, or were giving lawn parties for second lieutenants.*

## AN ELEVEN HOUR BARRAGE

HERE it was October, a good month for oysters, football, forest fires, and everything but war; which, of course, was just getting good. General Summerall (from whom all blessings flew) had shoved us up again, right into the gold teeth of the German army.

Just for fun, we were parked on the back of a greasy little hill in front of Sommerance, difficult enough for little feet, let alone guns. In time they were placed and pointed at the foe, just as the foe started some roughhouse stuff that nearly sent us to the cleaner's. Shells skimmed over the crest fifty at a time, followed by gas, shrapnel, and stray machine gun bullets. The Heinies threw everything but their shoes. For a while nobody was safe.

A break, however. The ground was soft as Camembert. In ten shining minutes we were four feet under, guns and all. Thereafter we sat in the gluey mud and silently explored our bosoms for agile gray pests. Conversation had about died as a form of entertainment, especially as any repartee involved poking one's head out of the flop into a whining cyclone of steel splinters. We were too close for effective fire (there was some talk of throwing our shells by hand) and it was raining. And it was cold. And there had been no rations for five days.

Behind us were the reserve machine guns, adding to that unpleasant first line trench feeling—particularly when some snake-brained Yank accidentally leaned on his weapon and threw a bucket of bullets past our ears. Over the hill—if the lump of lard on which we were perched could have been called a hill—lay the doughboys and Germans; quite visible, if one cared to look. By that time, however, Germans were no treat.

The front was lousy with men. Every wood and templed hill bulged with U. S. citizens, itching to bust loose. Our old pals the marines came up and had a chair. They were assigned to relieve our badly battered infantry, which nearly precipitated mutiny.

We had been hacking away at this particular front for quite a while. Now, with all the artillery in the world massing—enough to blow a beautiful boulevard clean to Berlin—our boy friends were being yanked out and the marines were about to cash in on their chips. We mentioned this to various groups of Devil Dogs, with the usual results. Several of us got a brisk little workout before the actual battle started.

It was slow coming, that battle. Evidently G. H. Q. was taking no chances. The veined roads, empty by day, teemed at night as more and more and still more Americanos boiled up to the front lines and hung up their hats. Whatever happened, it was sure to be the biggest gate in history.

For three days we held fire while the Germans pegged away at everything they saw: Americans, trees, *Chocolat Ménier* signs, and barn doors. They were war crazy, those boys. Shells for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; and all night long the strange slither and slap of poison gas. The green wisps inched along the ground in the milky moonlight, fingering the sleeping caballeros, bringing us to our knees in the mud as we clawed at our masks. Sometimes we wore them for eight hours at a stretch, staring at each other through dirty bits of glass, chewing on stale rubber hose, and thinking long, long thoughts.

Sample:

"FOUR hours of this is entirely too much. I wish I'd joined the navy. Those boys got it soft, all right. Nice soft hammocks. Hot baths. Elegant food. It's a wonder more of them aren't sissies. A lot of them are, or maybe it's just the hats that make them look that way.

"I would rather be shot than wear a gob's hat, with all those ribbons on it. They probably wear elastic under their chins when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## Free! Plans for Your HALLOWE'EN Party

This year you can surprise your friends with a new and different kind of Hallowe'en Party. For Dennison has prepared complete plans for a gay evening filled with new games and stunts! They tell how to get up clever invitations, decorate your rooms, make new and novel costumes, everything to do to make your party a big success. And these plans are free! Just send coupon below.

No matter what kind of party you are planning, you will always find new ideas in the Dennison Party Magazine and the Dennison book, "Crepe Paper Costumes". You can get them together with all kinds of clever party supplies at your local stationery, department or drug store.

But send now for the free plans for your Hallowe'en Party. And why not the Hallowe'en, Harvest and Thanksgiving Number of the Party Magazine at the same time—it's only 20 cents.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 112-X
Framingham, Mass.

Please send *free*, plans for Hallowe'en Party

*Name*.....

*Street or R. F. D.*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

If you want the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 20c and check here....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

....*Crepe Paper Costumes* ....*Crepe Paper Flowers*
....*Table Decorations* ....*Lamp Shades* ....*Rope Weaving*
....*Decorating Halls and Booths* ....*Sealing Wax Craft*
....*Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making ($2)*

Dennison's

# A $10 BILL

*will protect you for a whole year against*

# SICKNESS AND ACCIDENTS

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted
No Dues or Assessments

$10,000 Principal Sum
$10,000 loss of hands, feet or eyesight
$25 weekly benefit for stated accidents or sickness
DOCTOR'S BILLS, hospital benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy

**Can you afford** to have your salary stopped and pay costly medical bills, perhaps lose your job, because of pneumonia (lobar), appendicitis operation or the many other sicknesses that are prevalent at this time of the year? Besides, an accident may disable you and stop your salary. Avoid that risk!

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

North American Accident Insurance Co.
CHICAGO
11 Bonnell Bldg. Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen:
At no cost to me, send details of the "NEW $10 PREMIER $10,000 POLICY"

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

# AGENTS: $14 a Day

Our wonderful new plan will put you in the $5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.

**New Plan—Big Profits**

We show you new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Work spare time or full time. No capital or experience required. Free outfit. Free automobile. Write now.

American Products Co.
742 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.


[WAR BUGS
Continued from page eighty-five]

soldiers aren't around. . . . I wonder if I got any letters on me? Oh, for the love of God—there's that ten page la-de-da from Ruth. All sunshine, she is. I wonder why she doesn't go to night school and learn longhand, or buy a typewriter, or break her arm. Blah, blah, blah, blah, and 'we had such a *wonderful* dance on board Lionel's boat. It's a subchaser.'

"I would hate to tell what I think anybody named Lionel is. I don't know why I even open her letters—they make me so mad. Better, almost, to correspond with the captain. . . . Damn that louse! [Not the captain!] I wish he would trip and break his neck.

"I wish I was General Pershing. *He* doesn't have to sit in a lot of mud sherbet with his face in a wet balloon. Not *that* baby. He's probably having his breakfast in bed in some swell Paris hotel. Sixteen majors and a field clerk drawing his bath. . . . I wish this damned war was over. . . . I wish my kid brother would quit making passes at my girl friends or quit writing results, one or the other. It's the hat, I guess. A girl will do a great deal in these trying times for an aviator's hat and he seems to have a trunkful of them.

"I wonder if Lieutenant Skinner really said he wouldn't speak to his brother if his brother was a private? You can never believe Quisno.

"I WISH I would get a letter from Alice. I'd write her if I knew how to spell her last name. It's my fault, only you can't ask a girl you've known for two years how to spell her last name. It could be Walz or Walls or Wauls or Wallace—I wouldn't know. She certainly was an elegant dish of beans. . . .

"Five hours. This is a lot of hooey. I wish that General Pershing had this pair of pliers on his nose. Maybe we'd get somewhere. . . ."

And so on. Besides the monotony of gas, there was more or less starvation. All the boys we could spare prowled the neighboring ration dumps, but with little or no luck. Even the amateurs had learned to watch their chow, although Porch Climber was successful in pinching a sack of bread from a marine detachment. Another raid yielded a pail of bacon grease, and for three days we lived by painting the bread with grease and frying it on a rusty field stove. The result was entitled French toast.

In the middle of a long gas attack Jack Bayless, Johnny Foster, and Roy Gullickson thought up some witticisms to yell at each other and momentarily removed their masks. Hospital. Clean sheets. Pretty nurses. Sam Katz smuggled us some Swiss chocolate and God rewarded him. He had scarcely left his billet in Sommerance on his errand of mercy when his town house was knocked cockeyed.

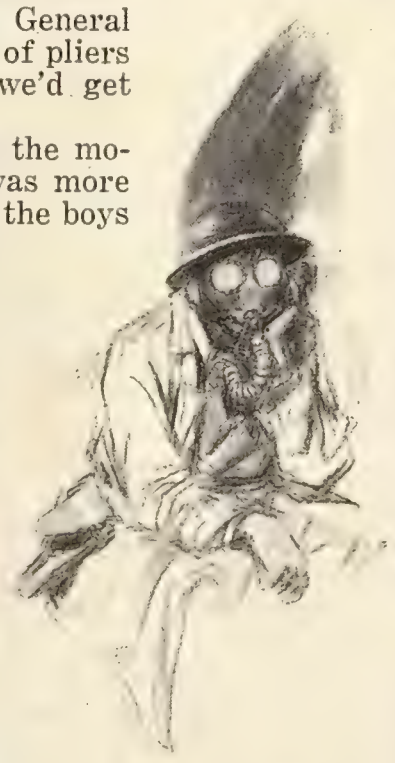
Everybody longed for the battle to begin, feeling that it would mean food, anyhow. German prisoners invariably were well heeled with such items as salmon and hardtack, not to mention a coffee substitute that tasted like Bull Durham. It was part of their efficient training never to nibble at reserve rations—a rule that frequently saved Americans from starvation.

TWO more days passed—dull days, during which we lay low in the mud and spoke bitterly of the war. No war is fun when you get a cold mud pack with every exploding shell and skies are dripping ice water. Water was a foot deep in some of the flops, and the boys were beginning to cough.

Meanwhile the mysterious tension of impending battle began to mount. The Germans felt it and sent over a tornado of shell that about used up the entire Krupp output for 1916, '17, and '18. It got on our nerves, especially as we had to desert our flops twice a night and dive like seals into the deeper, colder, and damper trenches beside the guns. So it was a great relief when Captain Stone announced, on midnight of the 31st, that the attack would commence at dawn.

In the last patriotic outburst of the war, the cannoneers banded together and agreed to stick to the guns through pneumonia, gas, and mortal injury. We were so shorthanded that every man was indispensable. Following this Episcopalian double ring ceremony, a courier galloped up with mail and thirty-six bars of chocolate—a neat touch of drama.

Letters were distributed by candlelight, shielded by the top's helmet; and the gloom of the gentlemen who had been overlooked would have made a general weep. We held matches for each other until all the mail was read. Most of it revealed that our girls were getting married to naval ensigns in droves, or were giving lawn parties for second lieutenants. Several correspondents cracked jokes about cooties—and what a word that is! All in all, it was the most discouraging mess of sweetness and light ever dished out.



*"I wish that General Pershing had this pair of pliers on his nose."*

Toward morning we split up the chocolate, sadly ate it up, and posted ourselves at the guns. Again we swore that we would stick in real Zouave fashion. The captain squeezed our hands with real affection, implying long good-bys. There was an excess of sentiment all around. If the attack had been postponed another day we would have been playing post office and kiss the pillow.

The shadowy tanks dipped along in the misty moonlight—Colonel Reilly had promised the doughboys

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# SAVE COAL—STOP DRAFTS—KEEP HEAT IN—

EASY TO APPLY

with DENNIS ONE PIECE-DOUBLE CUSHION WEATHER STRIP

**Easily Installed Without Removing Sash or Doors**

No muss, no trouble, no tools needed. Strip, nails and directions come in handy sets.

**Self Adjusting—Always Sealed Tite**

Patented "S" fold gives double spring action. Stops cold air leaks. Makes snug weatherproof seal conforming to all warping, shrinkage and expansion of sash and doors. Spring bronze lasts forever. Accept no substitutes.

Get the genuine DENNIS strip from your dealer. Or, if he can't supply you we will ship direct, postpaid, with full directions.

Sample Offer

W. J. DENNIS & CO.
2110-20 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Send.....Sample Window Sets at $1.75 each
Send.....Sample Door Sets at $2.00 each
I am enclosing my Check ☐ Money Order ☐
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
My Dealer's Name.....


IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

## On the Heights of the Meuse-Argonne

In the last breath-taking month of the World War the Yankees carved, with guns and bayonets and fists, an imperishable memorial of courage. How they did it is described in the next of

FREDERICK PALMER'S

*Stirring Series:*

## TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

SANTA MARIA

# CHARMING AND UNUSUAL

for the Living Room Mantel or Den to beautify a vacant corner

An exact model of the original SANTA MARIA or MAYFLOWER, first sailing ships.

The Hull is completely assembled ready to Rig and Paint. All Sails, Shields and Flags are fully picture decorated in beautiful colors at no extra charge.

Colored picture and full instructions furnished.

Wonderful pastime in addition to making the finest replica of this quaint old sailing ship for your home.

$4.45

*PLUS A SMALL PARCEL POST CHARGE send check or money order when ordering and mention style wanted; namely Santa Maria or Mayflower.*

GIFT CRAFTERS
1635 Mascher & Turner Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]

that "this time they would lose no bolts or screws." (So many had never reached first base at St. Mihiel.) Behind them the doughboys, a slow, murmuring river. The night became grayer and grayer, and at last was ripped open by 10,000 cannon.

The old and pretty picture followed. Fountains of red, white, and blue spray as more and more rockets rushed upward from the German lines. White hot shells splashed like comets across the sky, while the sheet lightning of thousands of cannon made the surrounding hills and woods look like something in a flickering 1905 movie.

Almost at once the Germans found us with a couple of batteries, and a dozen hissing white bursts plopped in and about the gun pits every minute—on the minute. We were still holding fire until such time as the doughboys ran the Germans into effective range. So we ducked and dug, and wondered how in hell we were going to fire with a million chunks of steel fluttering around like lame pigeons.

OUR own heavies opened up. The incoming shells began to skip a beat, then another, until they dwindled to three or four a minute. As well as if we had been there, we knew that three miles away several German gunners had gone to heaven. Also that we would not be likely to join them for quite a while. It is usually the first ten minutes of battle that inclose the sad fate of an artillery outfit.

Dawn limped over the horizon. We stood by as Captain Stone fingered his wrist watch and cursed his current dog robber for stealing his secret supply of coffee.

Directly in back of us the reserve machine guns broke out with unexpected clatter. They were less than a hundred yards away, and the bullets clipped close, hissing like steam. A good high jumper would have come down in six pieces. So close and unseemly was the barrage—intended to precede the doughboys—that Lieutenant Lochner mistook it for enemy fire and slid into the second piece flop faster than an African puma, calling on one and all to take shelter and sell their lives as dearly as possible.

We had been swapping eating tobacco with the machine gunners all afternoon and knew what was going on; but there was so little fun those days that we had to make the most of everything. So Buck Somers and Jack Walsh increased the lieutenant's distress by firing their forty-fives over his little cave and yelling loudly in bum German. The captain put a stop to the fun by ordering us to load. In three seconds we were slinging the wickedest barrage of the war.

It lasted eleven hours. Load and fire, load and fire—fire, fire, fire! Tons of German shells smashed against our sandbags unnoticed as the monotonous, rhythmic, slambang cadence kept up and up, a foot at a time. Judging from our ranges, we must have been on top of the *Landwehr*—so close, in fact, that our own shells occasionally cracked the top of the crest, 200 feet ahead, obliging us to duck our own damage.

The Heinies talked back a little. Incoming gifts blinked in the night and burst in the dawn, and Charlie Schell got a machine gun bullet in his shoulder. Faithful to our death pact, he stuck the whole route, screwing fuses with his good arm until cease fire came down.

It was a slick barrage, much too good for the marines. Two guns fired high explosive, one shrapnel and one smoke; and up and down the entire front every battery was repeating the order with an extra cup of coffee. The murdering fire rolled forward like lava, stamping out everything in its path. Pieces of Germans hung from every standing tree, and the ground was plowed up real pretty. Even birds were killed.

Behind the rolling curtain of smoke and steel straggled the weary doughboys and marines, not so cocky as they had been earlier in the war, but still worth twice their weight in Germans. Or French. Or English. The Katzies were fighting hard and shooting everything they had — shells, rockets, buffalo nickels—but principally their lunch. A few slipped through the iron brooms and made a bee line for American hospitality and food. As usual, we frisked them for *Schnapps* and rations as they passed the guns.

One kiddie named Ludwig, a hungry looking Bavarian with a handlebar mustache, paused in his rush to the rear in the ridiculous hope of mooching a handout. Rations had miraculously arrived during the morning, and, by pointing at a side of beef and rubbing his belly vigorously, Ludwig indicated that he was in a fair way of being hungry. It made no impression on us. We'd been starving for a week and were getting hard hearted.

But when Ludwig, in the course of watching us shoot up his countrymen, let on that he was a cook, it was a different matter. The little Greek had remained at the horse lines to catch up on his gambling, leaving the raw beef and sundries to cook themselves.

IT was voted that Ludwig dish up lunch while we dealt out destruction. He got on the job with apple cheeked alacrity, and in half an hour produced a bean soup equaled by nothing in all the world. It was an exquisite soup, a pearl among soups, and confirmed our long standing hunch that our Mr. Papolis was a Greek chippy chaser who had obtained his cook's job under the falsest of pretensions. We guzzled a washtubful while waiting for the roast. And what a roast!

Accustomed as we were to fried boots and saddles anointed with Greek perspiration, this beef,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


Mi Choice

Bunte WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES

THE charm of the unusual surrounds the gift of gifts—the Famous Mi Choice Package. ¶ The smooth chocolate coatings —the surprise fillings, vindicate your judgment in choosing the gift of gifts. Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five-pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for the Miniature Sample Package filled with the pieces which have made Mi Choice the choice of people who discriminate.

BUNTE BROTHERS
*Makers of fine chocolates since 1876*
3303 Franklin Boulevard CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUNTE BROTHERS, 3303 Franklin Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

☐ I enclose $1.50 for the one pound or $3.00 for the 2-pound Mi Choice package.

☐ I enclose 25c for the miniature Mi Choice sample package.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....*City*.....

*Dealer's Name*.....

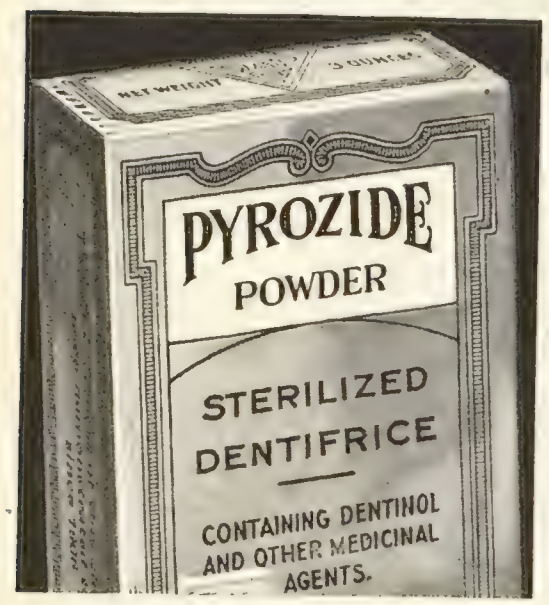
*Choose your Christmas Cards now*

It is not too early to buy. You can take time to select the very ones that express your individuality as to both design and wording.

*In shops displaying this seal you will find cards made by members of the Greeting Card Association—exquisite cards distinguished by the work of foremost writers and artists.*

*Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards*

# Soft Gums *need more than* nice flavor




DESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles are steadily on the increase. Soft, easily-irritated gums need a dentifrice that concentrates on *results* instead of taste. Pyrozide Powder has been doing this for twenty-two years.

This sterilized powder is not flavored. It contains *only* those ingredients that dental clinics have proved the most effective gum-stimulating and tooth-cleansing agents. It is medicated with Dentinol, used by dentists to promote gum healing.

Regular brushing with Pyrozide Powder allays irritated gums. It aids in making soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all drug stores.

*Free sample sent on request*

The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Sole Distributors, 1476 Broadway, New York City.

## Charming Hair!

*Now you can have it and keep it!*

Your hair, soft, fragrant—*lustrous!* Alive with that youthful sparkle that everyone admires; having it and keeping it that way is largely a matter of proper shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washings", but the regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair. There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly. At your dealers', or send 25c to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. J, 613 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Money back if not delighted.


[WAR BUGS Continued from page eighty-seven]

delicately pink and tender, was as unexpected as squab. We embraced Ludwig and asked him if he would consider joining the American army at $100 a month, the same to be chipped in by members of the battery. Ludwig was intoxicated with joy, and generously offered to join up for nothing. As he made this *beau geste*, he ate a spareribb, bones and all.

A few marines passed by, shepherding 200 prisoners. They gave Ludwig a bad eye. Instantly alarmed, we shed our khaki blouses until we found one of Ludwig's approximate size, and crowded him into it. There was no use taking chances with a good cook.

Ludwig was delighted with the change and asked for a monkey hat. By 4 in the afternoon he was as upstanding an American as you would want to see anywhere. By 5 o'clock he was beefing about General Pershing and demanding (in German) why we didn't get real rations, like the regular army. With the exception of field gray pants and black knee boots—for which we had no substitutes—Ludwig was as American as a stack of wheat cakes.

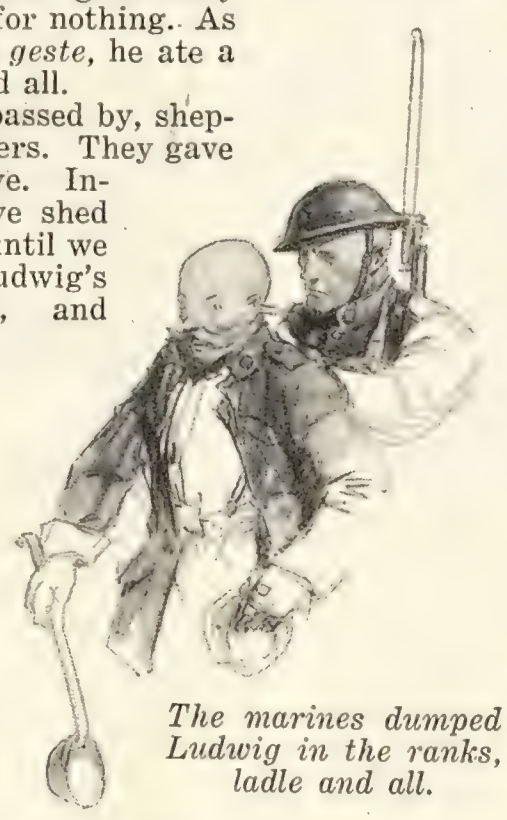
We complimented him on his citizenship and hoped that he would do something extraordinary in the way of dinner. Ludwig stated that we could cut off his ears if he didn't produce the most elegant repast we had ever punished, hinting darkly at *Apfelkuchen*, *Kartoffel*, and *Schweinfleisch*, all to be real home cooking.

AS he drew plans for the meal, the Greek appeared, bulging with francs. He was immediately put on kitchen police amid terrible yowls. We had a maestro on the job and intended to keep him there.

But man proposes and God disposes. We were still firing, late in the afternoon, still running the Heinies bowlegged, when another batch of prisoners came by, escorted by a still surlier mess of marines. In the midst of his housework, Ludwig spotted a Bavarian boy friend named Willie, and couldn't resist rushing out to the road and waving a greasy ladle. He had gained nearly twenty-five pounds since morning.

He called Willie's attention to this, and urged him to join the U. S. army, where the war was something like it. The astounded and angry marines pounced like panthers, and dumped Ludwig in the ranks, ladle and all. As many of us as could leave the guns rushed to the rescue, but we were heavily outnumbered. The chances are that Ludwig was shot. We went back to our old leather diet.

Cease fire came down shortly before sunset. Since early morning we had blown the Germans out of house and home. Our own casualties had been light, considering all the iron that had been skimming around. Addie Moore had been gassed silly, but was able to serve the guns until the end. A shell had nearly torn Buck Somers' leg off. He did the heroic thing of asking for a cigarette, and then borrowed all the money in the battery for circulation in the hospital areas.



*The marines dumped Ludwig in the ranks, ladle and all.*

Our last range was the extreme limit of fire. It looked as if the Germans had swiped our slogan of "Berlin or Bust." We certainly were running them out of gas. It was grand to shed iron hats and gas masks and twirl a dream, as the handmade construction of cigarettes was called.

While Number One men doused the white hot guns, the rest of us slept or halted the long lines of German prisoners and prowled them for *Schnapps*. We felt so sure and safe and swell that we squatted by the muddy road and sang the prisoners a little song about the *Eisenbahn*, with many rude variations of our own. And suddenly above the sunshine and laughter came a disturbing, familiar sound. To be explicit, a forty-two centimeter shell seemed to be coming our way, when it had no business to be anywhere around.

At the first dull boom every Heinie and Yank in the road congealed into a handsome waxwork effect. The iron monster drew nearer at the rate of 165 miles a minute. The roaring became louder, more intimate and personal. A thousand human beings miraculously disappeared in ditches, shell holes, and latrines, as a large barrel of dynamite descended into an abandoned farmhouse and threw it up for grabs.

"*That* wasn't fair," complained Art Williams mildly—at length. Art was a man given to clean living, high ideals, and gentlemanly language, as behooved a volunteer Y. M. C. A. worker. We supplemented his inarticulate opinions with a few remarks about the Marine Corps that made all further comment on this valuable branch of the service rather silly. Obviously a *Teufelhund* (marine) or group of *Teufelhunds* (marines) had come across the gun abandoned by the Germans, and had wondered whether or not it was loaded—thereby creating another bond between us.

WHEN we recovered from our start, we discussed the glowing future. Now we *would* get a rest, and probably one of those fourteen day leaves they were always giving out—in the *Stars and Stripes*. We had been shooting people for nearly nine solid months, and looked like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


## Matches are swell for cigarettes

but for LIGHT, I use a flashlight. Particularly around the house where there's a chance of fire. I wouldn't use a lighted match among clothes in a dark closet or around the dry things in an attic, for anything. Not even if it *was* a good way to find things, which, you know, it isn't. I use my flashlight, an Eveready. Touch the switch and there's a big, bright circle of light that the darkest corner can't escape. Better light and SAFER.

There's no place like home for the flashlight habit. Keep Eveready Flashlights handy, upstairs and down. And keep them full of light, bright and long-lasting, with Eveready Batteries. They're packed with endurance, crammed with power, and they say it with LIGHT.



## IRON GLUE

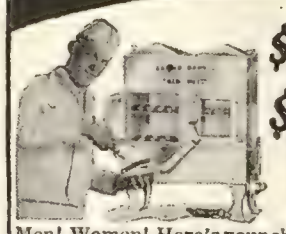
**To Mend Toys**

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.

McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.



## NEW "Wienie Mint" Red Hot Cooker!



**$5000.00 to $15000.00 a year profits**

**Amazing New Invention!**

Men! Women! Here's your chance to go in business for *yourself!* Investment SMALL! Profits ENORMOUS! $50.00 a week spare time—$5,000.00 to $15,000.00 a year full time! The NEW "Wienie MINT" cooks Red Hots by amazing NEW method—and OH! What a new and deliciously different flavor. Light. Portable. Write Quick!

Adams, Inc., Dept., 17-67, 500-510N. Dearborn St. Chicago



## $15 a day profits — New Food Idea

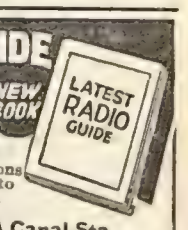
Men! Women! Investigate the wonderful *New* Brown Bobby **Greaseless** Doughnut. Sells like wildfire! You can easily make $50 a week spare time; $5000 to $8000 a year full time Investment *small!* No baking skill or experience needed. **Write** for big special offer.

**Food Display Machine Corp.**

500-510 N. Dearborn St. Dept. 17-67 Chicago



## FREE RADIO GUIDE




Radio has been changing so fast lately that it's hard to keep up with it. **Barawik's Big Radio Guide** will keep you posted on the newest wrinkles. Thousands of illustrations of sets, parts, new ideas. Big chance to save big money. Send for free copy now.

**BARAWIK CO.,** 2010A Canal Sta. CHICAGO, U. S. A.



## MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

# Index to Advertisements

## This Issue


| Advertiser | Page |
|---|---|
| Ace Hardware Manufacturing Corp. | 83 |
| Adams, Inc. | 88 |
| Alaska Refrigerator Company, The | 46-47 |
| American Products Co. | 86 |
| American Telephone & Telegraph Co. | 4 |
| American Tobacco Co., The (Lucky Strike Cigarettes) | 31 |
| Amity Leather Products Co. | 48 |
| Arlac Dry Stencil Corp'n | 70 |
| Art Metal Works, Inc. | 40 |
| Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc. | 39 |
| Barawik Co. | 88 |
| Barbasol Company, The | 57 |
| Beeman's Pepsin Gum | 65 |
| Benrus Watch Company | 68 |
| Blaisdell Colored Pencils | 70 |
| Brown & Haley (Almond Roca) | 80 |
| Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. | 77 |
| Bunte Brothers | 87 |
| Campbell Soup Company | 19 |
| Champion Spark Plugs | 60 |
| Coca Cola Company, The | 35 |
| Cracker Jack Co., The | 65 |
| Cunningham, Inc., E. T. | 62 |
| Cuticura Soap | 71 |
| Daggett & Ramsdell | 81 |
| Dennis & Co., W. J. | 86 |
| Dennison's | 86 |
| Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., The | 88 |
| Eastman Kodak Co. | 23 |
| Ethyl Gasoline Corporation | 61 |
| Excel Electric Co., The | 71 |
| Food Display Machine Corp. | 88 |
| Ford Motor Company | 9 |
| French Lick Springs Hotel Co. | 84 |
| General Electric Refrigerator | 52 |
| General Pencil Company | 44 |
| Gift Crafters | 86 |
| Greeting Card Association | 87 |
| Grushlaw & Sichel | 78-79 |
| Health Products Corp. | 41 |
| Heinz Co., H. J. | 73 |
| Houbigant, Inc. | 43 |
| Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc. | 56 |
| Ingersoll Watch Co., Inc. | 42 |
| Ingram, Frederick F., Inc. | 30 |
| International Harvester Company | 28 |
| Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. | 32 |
| Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil | 70 |
| Kobi Co., J. W. | 88 |
| Lambert Pharmacal Co. | 33 |
| Larus & Bro. Co. (Edgeworth Tobacco) | 67 |
| Leonard, Inc., A. O. | 71 |
| Life Saver | 10 |
| Liquid Arvon | 71 |
| Little Blue Book Co. | 6-7 |
| Lucky Tiger | 70 |
| Marmola | 89 |
| McCormick & Co. | 88 |
| McCoy's Tablets | 70 |
| Menhenitt Company, Ltd., The | 88 |
| National Carbon Co., Inc. (Eveready Radio Battery) | 45 |
| National Carbon Co., Inc. (Eveready Flashlights) | 88 |
| National Confectioners Association | 74 |
| National Jewelers Publicity Ass'n. | 58 |
| North American Accident Insurance Co. | 86 |
| Northwestern Yeast Company | 22 |
| O'Brien, Clarence A. | 38 |
| Rhodes Mfg. Co. | 71 |
| Shirtcraft Co., Inc. | 64 |
| Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp. | 26 |
| Taylor & Co., W. A. (Martini & Rossi) | 62 |
| Texas Company, The | 25 |
| Tung-Sol Lamp Works, Inc. | 20 |
| United States Rubber Company | 64 |
| United States Tobacco Company (Old Briar Tobacco) | 36 |
| Victor Talking Machine Co. | Back Cover |
| Waco Tool Works, Inc. | 89 |
| Waterman's Pens | Third Cover |
| Wrigley's Chewing Gum | Second Cover |
| Young, W. F., Inc. | 63 |
| Zonite Products Corporation | 3 |


**We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.**

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT]

it. This time, we agreed, General Pershing would *have* to unbelt with a pass to Paris. So, as always, we were ordered to shut up, pack up, and keep going. And *like* it.

The cannoneers have hair in their ears,
And they da dee da da da da. . . .

We moved out and ahead. It was raining again—in sheets. It came down with the force of Niagara, pounding on our tin hats, soaking into our marrow, blinding the horses so that they fell into every shell hole on the road. The carriages were swept off the road time and again.

The officers sloshed up and down the dripping ranks, threatening smokers with death in many extraordinary forms. (The officers were getting silly by that time.) Those of us who waded after the column had fun during the halts wading up to the forward sections and calling out of the darkness that hated and universal query of the A. E. F.:

"What outfit, buddy?"

Wearily our poor, soaked comrades would answer; whereupon the jokers in the shadows would play they were marines and twit the battery on its accomplishments in the war, adding many disparaging remarks concerning the regiment, the Forty-second Division, and the National Guard.

For a time the forward sections advised the supposed marines to button their noses, until the remarks got too personal, when they swore dejectedly, tied reins to their saddles, and dismounted sadly and with intent to kill. On discovering who their tormentors really were, they were so sore that they fought it out anyhow.

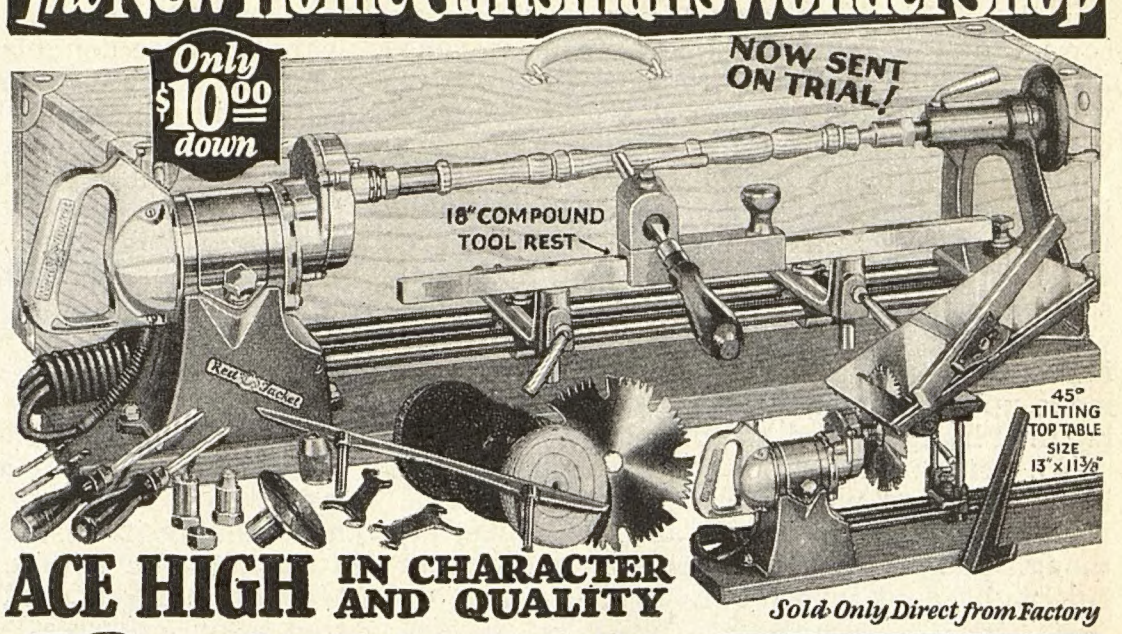
WHAT a night, and *what* a night! Endless columns of German prisoners going slop-slop along the other side of the road, talking like tonsils, on their way to warm American beds, dry American clothes, and hot American food. We felt like kicking them in the pants.

Beside one German officer limped a beautiful police dog. Harley Tucker grabbed it. The German consigned his little pal to us with many tears. He said the mutt's name was Max, and that we should be very careful when we took the machine gun bullet out of his foot on account of Max being the greatest human being in the world. We promised, and gave his owner a can of corn willie and fifty francs. The operation was performed on the spot. Max howled forward toward Germany.

Past Sommerance the moon went out entirely and the officers lost their way. The cannoneers took advantage of the wait to duck into a shack at the side of the road, safe from the roaring rain. Between cigarettes, talk turned to food, and everybody took a crack at inventing a suitable menu for our first dinner on American soil. It included seventeen kinds of soup, steak six inches thick (buttered), potatoes in every known style, beets, cauliflower, asparagus,

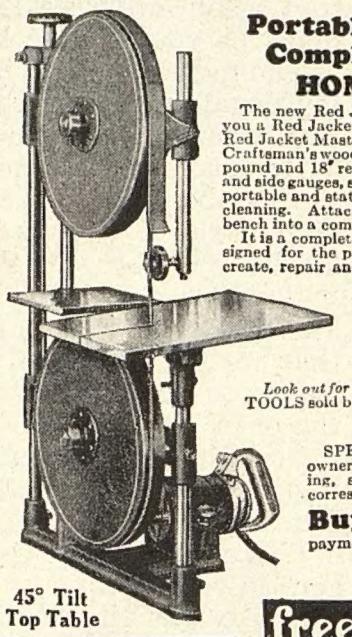
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


The New Home Craftsman's Wonder Shop




ACE HIGH IN CHARACTER AND QUALITY

Sold Only Direct from Factory




**Portable--Interchangeable--Complete RED JACKET HOME WORK SHOP**

The new Red Jacket Combination of Electric tools brings you a Red Jacket Band Saw and in addition the powerful Red Jacket Master Drill Motor with direct drive to the Waco Craftsman's wood turning lathe (capacity 9"x36"), also compound and 18" rests, a tilting top mitre saw with both depth and side gauges, scroll and jig saw, and all accessories for both portable and stationary power drilling, buffing, grinding and cleaning. Attaches to light socket and converts your work bench into a complete private tool and machine shop.

It is a complete chest full of electrically driven tools designed for the private use of tool lovers and men who create, repair and appreciate handy tools at home.

**Make Things at Home Electrically**

Send coupon at once for information valuable to those interested in beautiful handiwork. It is FREE. It tells you how easy it is to operate a Red Jacket set of tools and lists the advantages and privileges that are free to member craftsmen. Don't miss knowing all about Waco. You are invited.

*Look out for imitations.* There is only one Red Jacket—one Waco—you will not find WACO TOOLS sold by retailers. All sales made direct from factory.

Grand Prize of American Master Craftsmen's Association.

**Special Crafts Course FREE**

SPECIAL CRAFTS COURSE and blueprint service is free to Red Jacket Shop owners—all there is to know about handicraft methods, raw materials, woods, carving, sawing, turning, designing, carpentering, decorating, is taught by special correspondence.

**Buy On Your Own Terms** Only $10.00 down. Liberal discount for cash. Easy monthly payment plans. It is no hardship to own a Red Jacket.

The FAMOUS WACO GUARANTEE
If it is not what you want when you get it — send it back.

free BLUE PRINTS

**Send the COUPON → Interesting Literature Free**

Send the coupon. You will be surprised with all it contains. Beautiful, Instructive, Fascinating, Interesting. Fill in and MAIL TODAY.

**WACO TOOL WORKS, Inc.**
**5216 W. Kinzie St. Chicago**
Manager. Dept. 710. Please send me all free information and literature on Red Jacket Assemblies and FREE Services.

Name .....

Address .....



# Where Is the Fat of Yesterday?

Have you noted how fast excess fat, with men and women, has disappeared in late years? Slender figures are the rule. Think what millions have gained in youth and beauty, health and vigor by that change.

A great factor has been a discovery made some 25 years ago. Medical research found a cause of excess fat. It lies in weakness of a gland which largely controls nutrition. Too much of the food goes to fat.

Modern physicians in treating obesity now feed that gland substance. And that is the main factor embodied in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola was perfected by a famous medical laboratory. Its chief factor is a gland food. People have used it for over 20 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told the results to others—the loss in weight, the gain in health and vigor. Thus, year by year, the use has grown to very large proportions. In the past year alone it has doubled.

The results are seen everywhere. Excess fat has been banished to a large degree.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes, you know exactly why. No hard work, no starvation. Just take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Try this method which for over 20 years has brought new joys to so many. You owe that to yourself. Watch the gradual loss of fat. Enjoy the new energy that comes. You will be delighted. Don't wait longer. Get Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

**MARMOLA** Prescription Tablets
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*



TOTAL DISABILITY
*A stirring romance of blind love*
By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
*In Next Week's* LIBERTY

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page eighty-nine]

squash, wheat cakes, several turkeys, chickens, cows, reindeer, and such edible animals as came to mind. The meeting broke up in disorder when Art Donnals discovered a crate of condemned beans. We were pretty damn hungry.

On Dead Man's Hill, near St. Juvin, a bread truck lay stalled on the road. We went through it like something through you know what. The driver defended his load to the last, and then said he guessed it was all right anyhow, as the war was over. Three German envoys, he said, had come over the line blindfolded to kiss and make up with Foch, Pershing, and Haig. We laughed heartily, and he got sore.

We were still laughing as we pressed on, our blouses stuffed with bread, and singing The Raggedy What Do You Call It Cadets—although the bread proprietor was more than half right, as it turned out.

AT Thénorgues we flopped in a field and snored like generals, although our clothes froze to the ground. One hour's sleep and it was giddy-ap again. Some Y. M. C. A. secretaries overtook us at Buzancy in a swell automobile. One of them had the misfortune to laugh, politely—doubtless with good reason. Even Y. M. C. A. men have to laugh. Brick Bristol and Doc Evans interpreted the snicker as detrimental to our good name, and forthwith stopped the car. In gifted and bitter terms they told the boys off unmercifully.

Through Bar to Harricourt, where there were barracks—very lousy barracks, but barracks. The last ten miles had been a feat of somnambulism. We threw ourselves on the crawling wet straw, packs and all. The Sandman came like a shot. So did a squadron of German bombing planes, and hammered and hammered and hammered with wash boiler bombs. The barracks rocked like a rowboat in mid-Atlantic.

We rose on our elbows and waited for the aviators to let up, but they had no notion of letting up. Obviously, they were the same humans in fiend form who had incensed the A. E. F. by blowing up the co-educational center at Bar-le-Duc, killing three of the bonniest lassies who ever mistook a cigar coupon for a five dollar bill.

"My God!" groaned Harry Cureton, as one explosion blew in the doors. "I'll never feel safe till we're back in the front lines!"

By that time the Germans were taking the front lines back to Berlin at the rate of forty kilometers a day, and in our famished, exhausted state it was almost impossible to keep up. The horses were dying like flies, and the men *would* have died had they had enough nerve.

Some of the drivers had been in the saddle so long that their legs, from crotch to instep, were caked with blood and cemented to their dirty pants. The cannoneers were worse off, if possible. (The condition of the horses forbade riding on the carriages.) The boys had scuffed through their shoes long ago, and the toes of several flopped out like frankfurters.

Everybody was sick, everybody was filthy, everybody was hungry and underweight.

It was impossible to leave Harricourt on our own steam, so the dying horses were cut out of the traces by nearly dying men, and the strongest of E and F batteries combined for a final dash. Everybody who could walk was in the parade.

Through Authe to Brieulles, where we caught up with the first wave of doughboys—now our own doughboys, under command of our own colonel, Hank Reilly. We were happy to learn that the doughboys liked him as well as we did. New York unbelted with food and coffee, and we swapped opinions of the war, as always. Our opinions always proved that (*a*) New York was the best regiment of infantry in the world, and (*b*) Illinois was the best artillery. Throughout the war it was New York and Illinois against the world.

At Les Petites Armoises we took position for the night on a soggy yellow mound more like a cow flop than a hill. The horses were all in from painful detours over dynamited roads. They couldn't make the grade up the hill.

Pappy Le Prohon appeared. He had been returned to us before the battle, and a happy homecoming it was, too. But now, at the defection of the horses, Pappy felt inclined to blame the drivers, and gratuitously announced that when he was a lead driver in the Philippines he could make horses climb palm trees.

The men were in a tough mood and withheld the usual applause at this old gag; whereupon Pappy pulled a driver from his saddle and undertook to eat his words. He socked the horse in the ribs, and emitted a geyser of loud Canadian French words sounding like cognac labels. The horse gently folded his legs and died.

It was a gesture so simple, so charming, so like what every one of us wished he could do, that we set up a loud cheering; which caused Pappy to burst important blood vessels, chiefly the ones in his neck.

Standing in the wet field, with shells bursting in air, he bawled at the top of his forty-two centimeter voice that:

1. He had been twenty-six years in the So-and-So regular army.
2. He was the best So-and-So horseman in the same So-and-So army.
3. He was now a First So-and-So Lieutenant, by Gar.
4. As such, he was entitled to shoot any So-and-So-and-So who laughed at him.
5. However, he was able and willing to kill everybody present with his bare fists, instead.
6. He was liable to lose his temper if we didn't watch out.

All of these statements were received with loud and enthusiastic cheers. Pappy blew up completely and screamed swear words that were nothing short of genius. The war stopped cold while we egged him on. Unquestionably, he would have gone screaming, tittering nuts if Captain Stone hadn't intervened. And yet we loved Pappy. That's why we razzed him.

Eventually we scrambled into position and passed the night carrying ammunition from the horse lines to the guns and back again. For no reason. Nobody got a minute's sleep. And why should they? The officers caught their usual eight hours. And why shouldn't they?

Before starting forward, the officers gave us a little talk. The command was forward, and to get anywhere we would have to strip down to the minimum of equipment, it seemed. Hereafter every item of equipment, short of harness and shell, would be carried on our bony backs. Orders.

The men yelled their hearts out, openly, loudly. Captain Stone was firm. In the end we said all the known words and threw out our trophies, our blankets, shelter halves, tent pins, mess kits, and underwear into the adjacent trees, reserving one wet blanket apiece.

THE lieutenants tried to kiss in with the captain by quelling this perfectly natural demonstration, and heard plenty. Their shushing was a bit inappropriate, especially as we knew that *their* bedding—pneumatic and a foot thick—was in the supply wagon.

It remained there until the first halt, when we tied ropes from each blanket roll to the trees along the road. Again "Forward" came down. The sagging mules gave a tug. The fat rolls flopped out of the wagon, and with them all the German binoculars, French cognac, deviled ham, hair tonic, silk underwear, and other such curiosities peculiar to officers. What was sauce for the goose was tabasco for the gander.

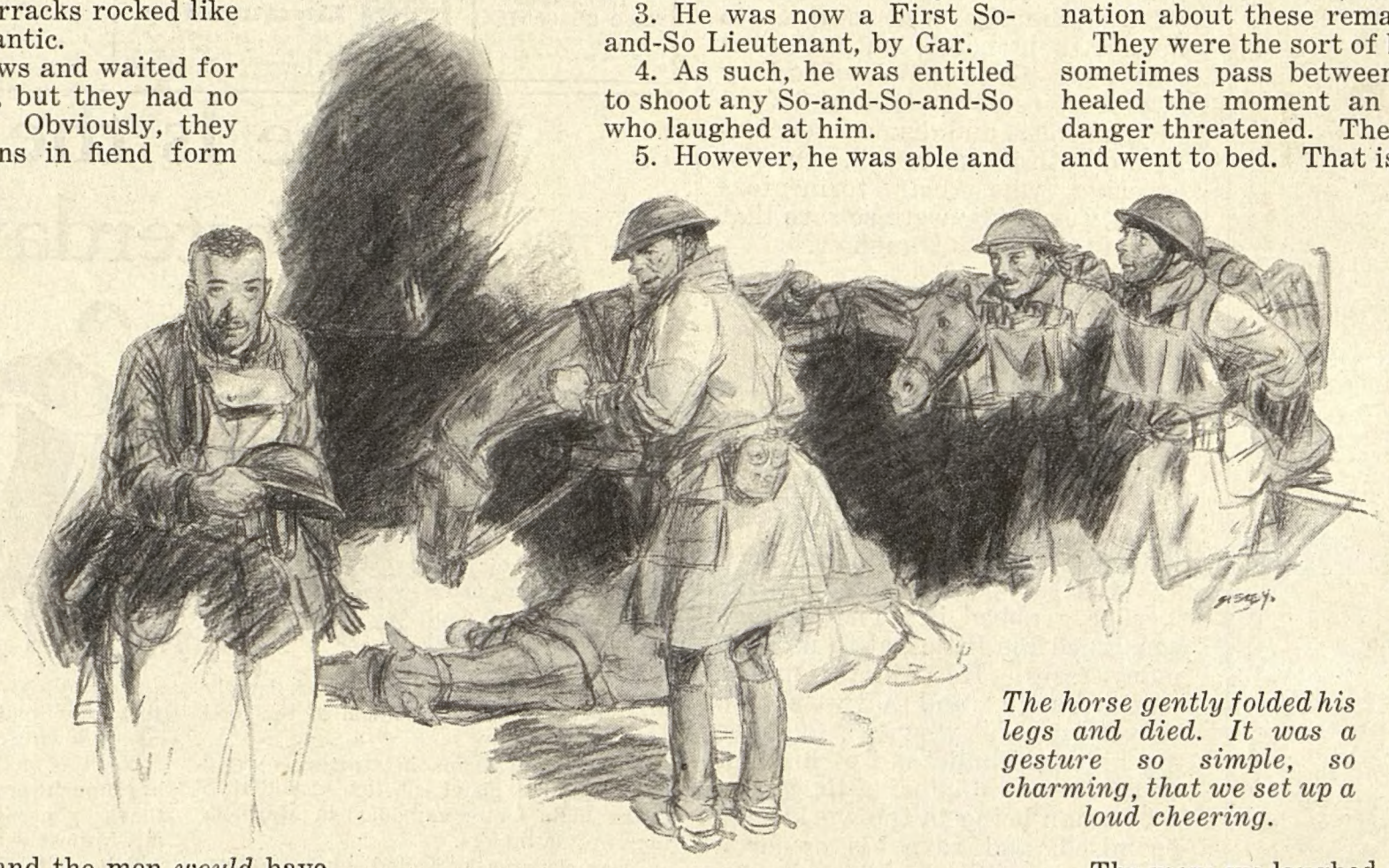
A day's march on split and bleeding feet. At sunset we halted past La Neuville and were ordered to dig forty degrees in bed rock.

Blasting wouldn't have accomplished more than twenty degrees, and we set up another yell, led by Kline Gray, one of the three noncoms who were forever informing the officers as to what could be done with chevrons—in a pinch. The officers sought to admonish, then calm, and were told curious facts about shoulder bars. Somehow, there was no insubordination about these remarks.

They were the sort of blaaa-blaaa-blaaas that sometimes pass between husband and wife—healed the moment an outsider appeared or danger threatened. The officers finally gave up and went to bed. That is, they summoned their dog robbers and *prepared* to go to bed.

When the rape of the blanket rolls was discovered, they set up a yodeling that beat ours by eight octaves and sixteen miles. It appeared that all their food had been stowed in the missing rolls, and they were hungry. We paid no attention, slugging away at the bed rock and singing:

If you want to find the officers,
We know where they are,
We know where they are, etc., etc., etc.
&%$‡* etc.



*The horse gently folded his legs and died. It was a gesture so simple, so charming, that we set up a loud cheering.*

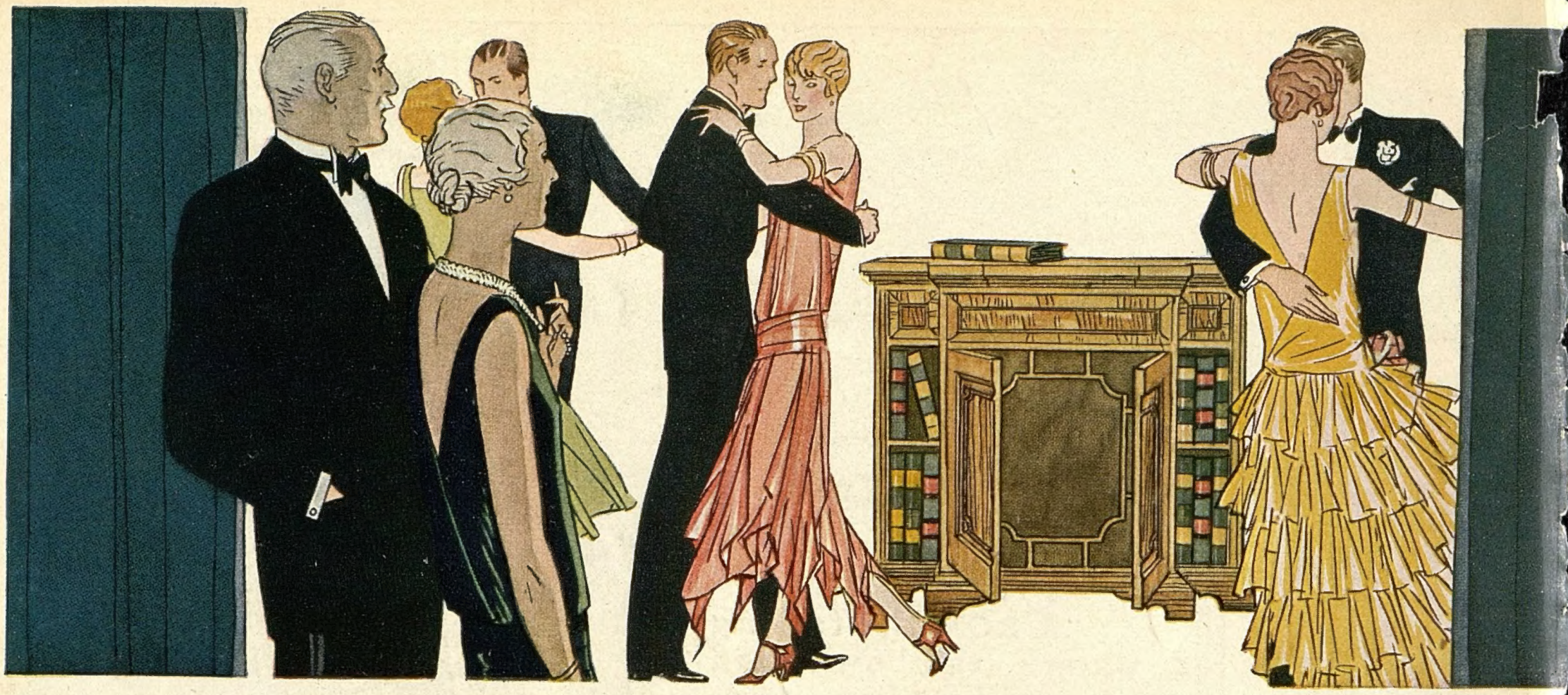
The more we laughed, the louder they yelled. Officers have no particular sense of humor. Their conduct at the loss of their bedding was only an indicator. The jokes they told and laughed at over their mess when the war was over established this lack beyond cavil or doubt.

Toward midnight Nick Richmond discovered four cans of salmon in a clump of German dead. Lieutenant Skinner smelled it a kilometer away, and drifted over with many soft words. They were as softly returned, but there was no handout. One reach, and five Weary Willies would have chopped his arm off. And eaten it, probably.

---

*The drive for Sedan, involving some of the bitterest fighting of the war, will be described in a new installment of War Bugs in next week's Liberty.*

FROM the falling water's rainbow-tinted mists and the radiant ripples of the sunlit mountain pool came the inspiration for these alluring two-tone Ripple Rubber Waterman's.
There are color values that only ripples can express in these new Ripple-Blugreen, Ripple-Rose and Ripple-Olive fountain pens.
The fact that these pens are made of stainless rubber, light and resilient, is added assurance that they will satisfy.
Ask at the nearest Waterman's dealer to see all three colors in two sizes. There are pencils to match.
PRICES
All Colors
Large pen $5.00
Short pen $4.00
Pencils to match
$2.00 and $1.50
Waterman's



# Harry Says It's the Best Investment ¶We ever Made

Our house isn't a mansion, but it's home, after all, and we are proud of it. We had new throw-rugs in the living-room; two or three new lamps; and the wicker furniture on the enclosed porch had just been done over. All in all, it looked nice and homey.

But one article of furniture stood out like tan shoes with a full-dress suit, as Harry put it. I mean our poor little old talking-machine. It was a jarring note in more ways than one, particularly after we had seen and heard the Orthophonic Victrola.

We had had it since we were married.

¶ *We had had our Victrola ever since we were married*

("The Pink Lady" was popular then!) And in the meantime, we had turned our car in for a new model—yes, a couple of times. We were pretty much up to date in everything but our music. Well, that's all ancient history now. We have an Orthophonic Victrola and it's simply *wonderful!* I mean, it really is.

Even with the old records, some of which we kept, it brought out shades of tone and beauty we didn't know were *in* the records before. And with the new Orthophonic records, you'd swear the singer or player was right in the same room. Harry declares he can hear the musicians turn the pages of their music! I'm not prepared to go *that* far, but *really* it's marvelous the way music sounds on the new Victrola.

The children have some wonderful parties with it. They say it's as good as a ten-piece orchestra any time. And another nice thing—our Victrola has an electric motor. We don't have to wind it or anything. You just put on a record . . . sit back and enjoy it, or get up and dance. Harry says it's the best investment we ever made. And it is.

*Model Seven-eleven. Victrola with Radiola* 18. *List price, with tubes,* $250.

*Victrola Radiolas for complete entertainment*

Go to the nearest Victor dealer and let him show you the new, all-electric Radiola 18, combined with the Victrola. For there will be times when you will want to hear programs from the air, and others when only music from records will satisfy. The new Victrola Radiola combinations are in cabinets of rare beauty and charm, at prices to fit your purse.

*The New Orthophonic*

# Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.